



VOL. VI.

REPOSITORY

Arts, Literature

FASHIONS &c.

New Series

DIEU ET MON DROIT

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VI.

JULY 1, 1818.

N^o. XXXI.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit unannouncements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The entertaining quotations furnished by D. W——r, from James Howell's Familiar Letters, will probably appear in our next.

Asmodeus will perceive that we have availed ourselves of his offer, and we shall rely upon him for a continuance of his Dialogues of the Living.

*H. K. and T*** are under consideration, as well as The Calamities of an Old Bachelor.*

Pertinax Single will see that we have at length availed ourselves of his entertaining communication: we hope to hear again from him.

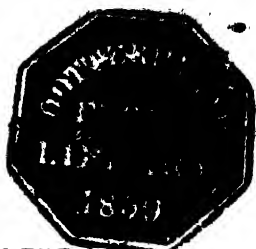
We shall insert on a future occasion, some of the extracts from a Gleaner's Commonplace-Book. We apprehend that it is an error to say, that the last male descendant of the house of Stuart died in 1788. The Cardinal d'York died only a few years ago.

We regret that we have been obliged to omit or postpone several pieces of poetry.

The favour of our old and constant Contributor from Worcester was unluckily mislaid. He will allow us to add, perhaps, that the subject of his last communication was not so well adapted to our purpose as many of those he has previously sent us.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VI.

JULY 1, 1818.

Nº XXXI.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 315, vol. V.)

PLATE I.—VIEW OF BRIEG.

FROM Sion to Brieg, a distance of ten leagues, the Valais, inclosed between two parallel chains of lofty mountains, presents no very picturesque landscape. After traversing the waste and sandy plains which are intersected by the Rhone, the road passes near the town of Leuck, which the traveller perceives on the right bank of the river on the declivity of the mountain. It is known by the springs of mineral waters which flow from thence two leagues to the foot of the Gemmy. The road continues along the valley, which as far as Viege is composed of meadows sprinkled with hamlets. It then becomes marshy, and the bed of the Rhone is fringed with rushes to some distance: the firs seem scarcely to vegetate on the steep and barren mountains, and nothing is to be seen but a few dwellings collected on the hills, in situations where the inhabitants of the Valais have been able to construct aqueducts to supply them with water. These little spots, covered with verdure, and

with cottages encompassed by trees, afford a singular contrast to the sterility of the rocks which surround them; but the country soon opens and becomes more fertile. The traveller arrives at Brieg.

This town*, the best built of any in the Valais, is seated at the foot of the Simplon, and presents a smiling picture in the midst of a savage country. The huts dispersed on the hills, the hamlets shaded by trees, the beautiful village of Naters on the opposite bank of the Rhone, enliven and vary the scene: it seems as if Nature had delighted to lavish her bounties on this remote portion of the Valais.

Several convents, and a castle flanked by four towers surmounted by metal globes, give an original appearance to Brieg. The castle belongs to the family of Stockalper, one of the richest and most ancient in the country.

Brieg and its environs suffered

* Brieg is situated 364 toises above the level of the sea; and only 193 above the level of the lake of Geneva.

the most fatal consequences of the war which the Directory carried on against the people of the Valais in 1798 and 1799. The inhabitants of this unhappy country opposed to the superior numbers and tactics of the French army the most courageous resistance; but compelled at length to yield to necessity, the few who remained fled to the mountains, abandoning their desolated plains. The effects of these ravages are gradually disappearing. The establishment of the new road, the affluence of strangers which it draws into the country, and the conveyance of merchandise, will in time restore wealth and prosperity.

The view of Brieg, taken from the banks of the Rhone near the village of Naters, embracing the whole of the country, gives an ex-

act resemblance of it, and shows the direction of the two roads of the Simplon: the old road, passing the town, ascended steeply but circuitously to the first stage of the mountain; the new road, quitting Gliss, leaves Brieg on the left, and after passing a covered bridge*, beneath which the deep torrent of the Saltine rolls its foaming waves, rises by a gentle and uniform ascent, and arrives after a long circuit at the top of the same mountain, leaving the old road beneath it. It is again seen on the side of a distant mountain at the foot of the glaciers which bound the horizon.

* The arch of this bridge has a span of 84 feet. It rests on piers of 100 feet in height.

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 2.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

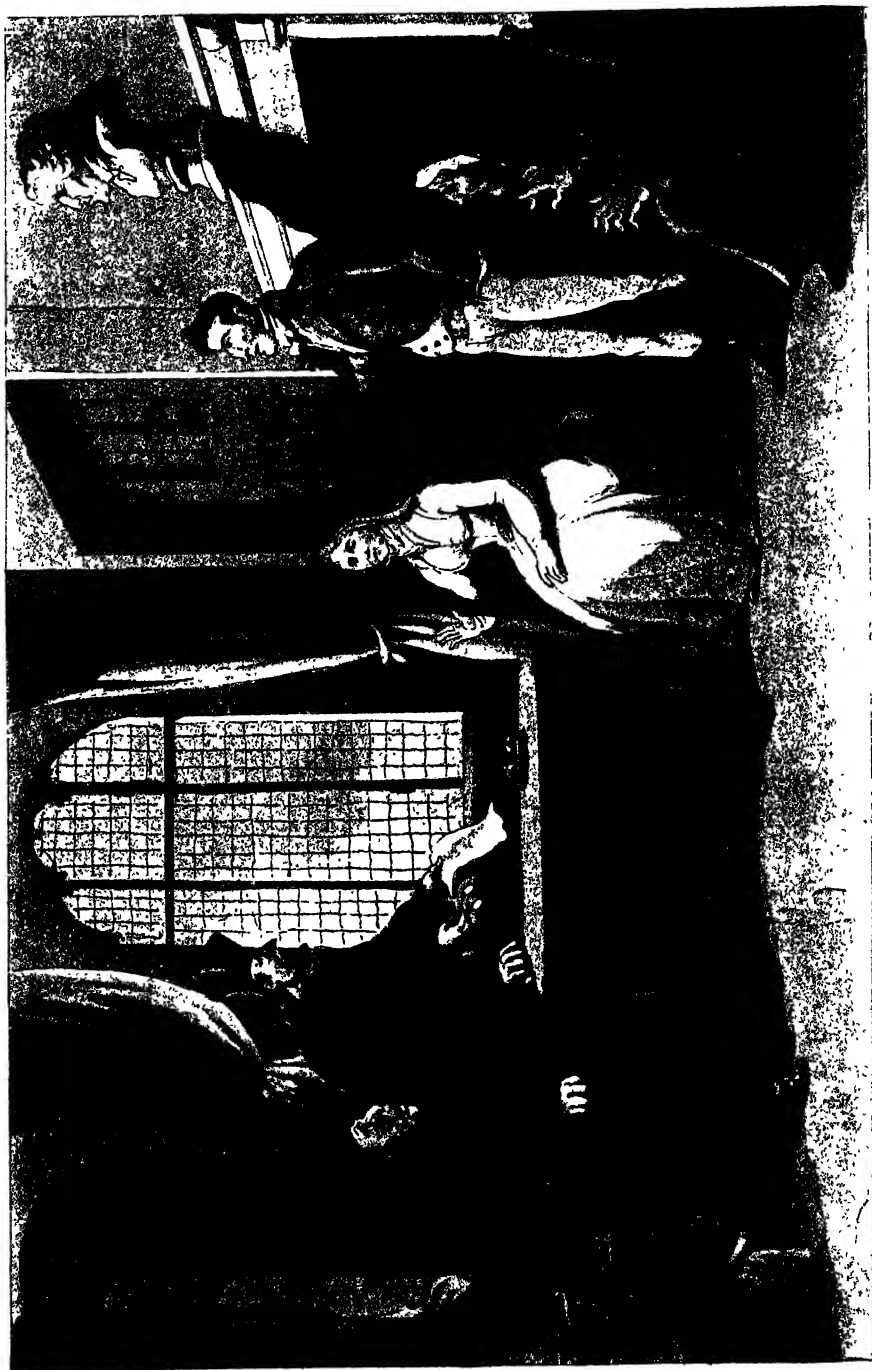
LETTER XX.

Jan. 8.

MY miracle is performed, and I am free—not like a manumitted slave, but a triumphant conqueror. It is owing to you alone that I am not at this moment flying through the streets, and bestowing my blessing upon the multitudes on their knees before me. What an important personage is a worker of miracles among such people as these! I need but nod, and I might be feasted by all the prelates of this happy state, and every mother would cheerfully throw open to me the chamber of her envied daughter. The house in which I live is surrounded with pilgrims, like the holy

house at Loretto. Troops of blooming maidens wait on the staircase and in the antechamber; they throw flowers and kisses towards me whenever I appear, and ask for nothing in return but my benediction.

And whence then arises this difference between yesterday and to-day? Whence this uncontrollable admiration—this tumult of reverence, which elevates me to the tottering throne of Avignon? Whence proceeded this rapid transition from the thralldom of an old woman, to absolute sovereignty over the public mind? What produced this mass of important consequences? How were they developed in so short a



space of time?—By pious fraud. You shall hear, Edward; if I am but able to tell you for the noise of the hymns that resound from every corner in my praise.

The decisive morning appeared. Bastian entered; pale and trembling, he stood before my bed, and after a solemn pause, asked if I would not put on my black clothes. He stared not a little when instead of returning any answer, I laughed him in the face, and pointed to the suit which I usually wore. As soon as I had finished dressing, I threw myself into my arm-chair, placed my watch upon the table before me, and calmly looked forward to the farce that awaited me. I studied in silence the unwonted part that I should have to act in it, read over my speech, and after sitting thus about an hour, found by my watch that I had but another left for my further meditations till the opening of my trial—when suddenly the door of my prison was unlocked, and in came my accusers, judges, and witnesses—the dean and the *procureur*, old Bertilia in the middle, and her niece in the rear. If I was somewhat surprised by their visit, which I had not expected so early, I was not less disconcerted by the cold judicial *hauteur* which they brought with them. I had not calculated upon either; but what gave me the most anxiety was, the probability that my guardian angel, the canon, might arrive too late to my assistance.

The dean pompously approached the table, and threw himself into my chair, without returning the obeisance with which I relinquished to him my convenient seat. The

procureur first took from his pocket the draft of the accusation, and then five or six sheets, which seemed destined for the report of my examination. Laying his spectacles on the table, and the papers beside them, he planted his lank and meager figure on the left of the jolly rotund president. The asthmatic aunt pushed her chair to one side of the fire-place among the proofs of my guilt, on which she fixed her malignant eyes; fortunately without suspecting what far more important evidences were secreted close to her, under the bust of a man who had not in the least the appearance of a traitor. Clara, with her look of innocent simplicity, placed herself on the opposite side; parallel with her worthy aunt. Thus the order in which they chose to take their seats, forced me to occupy the only point that was left vacant, between the two ladies. The ashes of the casuists lay behind me; and the head of my friendly concealer overtopped mine; and with me faced the dean, who did not on that account abate one jot of his pompous manner. Here then I stood, for want of another chair, before this scurvy tribunal; and for some time enjoyed the fun of tickling their judicial arrogance by an assumed air of timidity and humiliation. But when Prologue had brought the pens, and Epilogue the ink—when the *procureur* had taken his place, and the canon was preparing to speak, while not an eye had the politeness to look round for a seat for me—I gave a sudden shock to the two ladies beside me by the air of dignity with which I strode across the floor, rang for Bastian, and ordered him to bring

chair which I had made Bastian bring for him at the same time with mine. The haughty defiance in the countenance of the dean, the jaundiced expectation which was expressed in the eyes of the *procureur*, and pervaded the wrinkles of the aunt, and the mixture of Heaven knows what sensations painted in the rosy cheeks of the niece, were well worthy of delineation, but this would require time. I have more important matters to treat of; and besides, I expect company to dinner with me.

As soon as the accusers, witnesses, and judges had resumed their seats, I began, with as cheerful a look as I could put on, a speech, of which I shall only give you some extracts. After an appropriate introduction on the value of conscious innocence, I thus proceeded:

“My justification needs no ornament. It results from the simple exposition of my way of thinking, and lies exposed in my history. I quitted my country, governed indeed by a mighty, but, alas! an unbelieving monarch! I quitted it with the design that ought to guide all travellers, to seek truth and wisdom in those regions where in our days those virtues grow as naturally as they formerly did in Rome and Greece. Thus did I travel from land to land, till I at length reached the happy region of the Comtat, and there found the object of my search. What a feast for the eye both of body and mind! At every step my astonishment increased. Superb roads leading through verdant pastures, enlivened by the variegated mixture of browsing flocks and herds—immense plains covered with rich crops—mountains

crowned with vines—hills clothed with fruit-trees—tranquil, pleasing villages—magnificent towns thronged with joyous and happy inhabitants—affection and loyalty in every face—and this vast and magnificent picture encircled by an ever-serene sky!

“At such a surprising prospect it is natural for a well-constituted mind to investigate the causes which produce such effects. Full of this commendable curiosity I entered this capital, which I considered as the primary source whence all these blessings were dispensed over the country; and made it my duty to seek to discover the power that keeps such an ingenious machine in equable motion. Is it, said I to myself, the rigid laws of a Lycurgus, or the philosophic principles of a Frederic, that govern this happy land? What power is it that enables its government to perform such wonders? The question is solved as soon as it is proposed. Who can live one hour among you, citizens of this state, without perceiving the mighty genius by which all this is achieved—the spirit of your religion? This it is that, under the influence of your constitution, stands unshaken like a rock amid the everlasting tumult of the billows. The blessings which your church daily dispenses, mocks that anxious solicitude which the most prudent sovereign often manifests in vain to procure practised and vigorous hands, to which he may commit the management of the public weal. I beheld with amaze the simple means which the catholic faith here opposes to the darkness of philosophy. Instead of finding the preservation of order

and the administration of the laws consigned to experienced veterans — instead of seeing the government of the country entrusted to active and sharp-sighted magistrates, I here saw youths called to the office of pronouncing condemnation and acquittal, and consecrated the fathers of their country. Instead of finding industry among the people, I beheld nothing but devotion. I passed numberless images of saints, surrounded by kneeling worshippers, before I came to one shop that was not empty. I heard scarcely any noise that bespoke labour, but so much the more frequent were the sounds of bells summoning the believers to the adoration of the saints. Every where I observed forsaken houses and overflowing churches. I saw an unemployed population pouring forth upon long pilgrimages for the purpose of touching a martyr; I saw the children receiving instruction at the feet of a wonder-working image, and the days of busy age devoted to pious festivals. In a world where I foolishly conceived every thing to be subject to decay, I saw lamps that are kept burning for ever; relics that cure every disease of the body; sacred signs that remove every ailment of the soul; consecrated drops that wash away a long life of guilt; beheld the hand of the dying miser still turning over the treasures which he was obliged to quit, in order to purchase endless riches for eternity at the lowest price for which they were to be obtained; and observed how officious piety strewed the passage of a guilty spirit into the other world with never-fading flowers. Struck with such unaccustomed sights, like

a person born blind who should recover his vision in an opera-house, and amidst the working of secret machinery, I long strove to account for the impressions which I felt, without venturing to decide whether that which so powerfully affected me were truth or illusion. How many things of infinite importance to me depended upon the clearing up this doubt! Was I, like a native of this happy country, to be satisfied with the faith that I found universally established? Was I, with the confidence of a patient in his physician, to avail myself of the remedies which your holy religion presents? or was I, before I swallowed the medicines, to examine their composition, and to investigate their object? As a sojourner, I thought I had a right to do the latter; and with that candour which I owe to you, magnanimous judges, I acknowledge, that with all the mistrust which error begets, I proceeded to the examination of those principles which ye, happy mortals, have received as an inheritance from your forefathers, without for a moment doubting their legitimacy. In the labyrinth which I thus entered, I could not take a single step till I had previously ascertained the safety of the ground, and I involved myself in mazes in which I became quite bewildered; so that the upright intention of investigating the mysteries of your religion, had well nigh plunged me into the misfortune of being its adversary.

“Among the mass of excellencies which your religious system presents, none excited my astonishment to such a degree as the relics of your saints. These indis-

putably constitute the chief wealth of your country—that was sufficiently evident; but I could not persuade myself that other countries were the poorer because they possessed a smaller portion of these spoils of antiquity than yours. It was long before my eye, dazzled by the splendid remains of Grecian and Roman art, could take delight in your often unobtrusive relics. I could not persuade myself that a temple erected over the body of a saint, and hung with his bones and venerable rags, was on that account more remarkable than the Pantheon, or more imposing than the Coliseum. Nay, I confess with shame, that my soul, imbued with the prejudices of my country, refused belief to the powers emanating, as you boast, from the remains of your martyrs. The more I strove to remove these doubts, the stronger they became. Fortunately, the recommendation of a pious prelate introduced me to the acquaintance of one of your fellow-citizens, and placed me under the protection of an enlightened divine, whose presence forbids me to say more, than that his least ornament is the royal purple with which he is invested. He received me as though he were already aware of the conflict in my soul. His first conversation expatiated in a kind and instructive manner on the value of religious relics. He was the first that directed my attention to the most invaluable of them—the three stones which belonged to St. Clara, and which elucidate much more eloquently and convincingly than any tongue or pen, the greatest mystery of our faith. The attestation which he read to me on the discovery of this

treasure—indeed agitated my heart, but it was far too incredulous not to find on this occasion a pretext for weakening the impression which it began to make upon me. Distrust of the voice of truth is the natural consequence of error. I hear to be sure, said I sighing, the important testimony, and feel in its fullest extent the irresistibility of the deductions which it involves; but where are these sacred stones to guarantee the truth of the record? where are they, that I may go and worship them? that with them in my hand I may silence imaginary science, which opposes to our belief the authoritative axioms of a pagan Euclid? If, as it appears, they have been lost in the turmoil of ages, I can but deplore their loss, and even doubt their existence till they are re-discovered, and till Providence shall be pleased to remove the inequality between me and the favoured mortal who had the happiness to see, to handle, and to weigh them. My next duty then seemed to be, to seek these sacred relics during the remainder of my days. I ransacked all the cabinets of natural history, all the collections of relics, and here and there found a single stone, of the independent existence of which there could be no doubt, but which, when tried with two others of like properties, could not abide the test. I now took another way, by which I hoped, not without the strongest probability, to approach the lost jewels. Willingly would I pass over in silence this equally fruitless attempt, lest I should disturb the modest tranquillity of that virgin soul which afforded occasion for it; but the superior duties of sincerity

at this moment incumbent on me, imperiously forbid me, haughty Clara, to spare your blushes.

"I observe, venerable judges, with what pleasure you turn your eyes to this friend of your circle, to this pious partner of your spiritual transports, and you will, I doubt not, think the high expectations which I formed of her, more than justified by the brilliant qualities which attach all of us to her. The happiness of living so near this elect lady; the exquisite psalms with which her harmonious voice nightly lulled me to rest, and awoke me every morning; the innocence which beamed from her every motion, from every fold of her dress; the unparalleled piety of her youth—all tended to convince me, that the saint whose name she bears, whose faith she has inherited, and whose virtues she copies to the life, had also bequeathed to her the inestimable treasure, for the discovery of which my soul was inflamed with such ardour. This idea would have been sufficiently powerful to impel me to the extreme poles to ascertain its correctness; how much more forcibly then must it not have operated in that happy proximity to the object of my hope!

"In the solemn silence of a brilliant night I approached the door of this phoenix of her sex. My heart beat high in anticipation of the discovery of the important secret, but it was not yet worthy of that honour. The pious guardian of our friend, like a seraph, forbade my entrance to this Eden, and sent me back to my solitary cell. Thanks to thee, venerable Bertilia, for that rigour which then appeared so insupportable; since it awakened the desire of ren-

dering myself worthy of the glory to which I aspired. The image of my fond hopes was ever present to me in the occupations of the day, and haunted me in my dreams at night, cheered my solitude, and bound me with wreaths of flowers to the duties of my high vocation. Under the protection of the purple of my illustrious friend and companion, I prostrated myself at the feet of St. Genovia, and joined my prayers for illumination with those of the congregation. I made a pilgrimage to the grave of Laura; enriched myself with the experience of its keeper, and sought to gain conviction in the same path in which he had attained his. I sought out the saints, wherever they were to be found, through the labyrinth of their legends, on the rich throne of their altars, and in the silence of their tombs. Not a sacred bone of their anatomies was exhibited at your magnificent festivals, but I approached it with reverence. I purchased the powerful intercession of St. Concordia, and with money coined in honour of her name, I at length acquired a relic which drew aside the veil, behind which I imagined the precious relics of St. Clara were concealed. I triumphed, but prematurely. Durst I venture to lead back the peerless maiden, who kindly honoured my bootless zeal with her pity, out of the circle of this tribunal to the important hour of my pious search, she would not hesitate to attest to you, my judges, the feelings of grief, mortification, and despondency with which I re-crossed her threshold."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

I AM a widow for the second time, and although I have never enjoyed any happiness in the holy state, yet I must own I am strongly tempted to marry again: to say the truth, the principal reason which at first withheld me from doing so, was a fear of exciting "the world's dread laugh," but this fear has every day grown weaker and weaker; in the mean time I am distracted by advice, but I am afraid none of it is disinterested. The friends of my lover advise matrimony; my own relations and several of my acquaintances set forth the advantages of a single life, and terrify me by prognosticating, that my third marriage will turn out as unhappy as either of my others.

In the perplexity which this diversity of opinions occasioned me, I applied for advice to a sensible friend, who herself declined giving me any, but counsels me to refer the matter to you; and that you may be enabled to judge more accurately of my case, I have drawn up, for your perusal, a brief sketch of my married life.

I had the misfortune to lose my father while I was yet an infant, and my mother, who beheld in me his living image, doted on me to such an excess, that she never would suffer me to be contradicted. I was naturally of a susceptible disposition, and my sensibility, which ought to have been restrained, was fostered by my mother's permitting me to read romances, and by the descriptions in which she indulged herself of the violent attachment that had subsisted between her and my father.

With a mind thus prepared for the reception of the tender passion, it is not wonderful that at the age of sixteen I should become deeply attached to a gentleman, who was allowed to be one of the most elegant and fascinating men in London. This gentleman, Captain Bellair, was at that period something more than thirty. The idol of the female world, admired and courted equally by women of rank and fortune, and by the most celebrated beauties, the captain, if he thought of me at all, regarded me only as a child; but he felt some interest for me for the sake of my family, with whom he had been long connected. This interest shewed itself in a kindness of manner, which I mistook for the effect of a more tender sentiment, and believing I was beloved, I gave myself up to an attachment the most romantic and imprudent that I could possibly have formed.

I passed some months in the hope that every day would bring the wished and expected proposal from the captain; but I looked for it in vain. My disappointment affected my health; I shewed symptoms of a decline, and my mother, half distracted at the thought of losing me, summoned the first medical aid. The physicians all agreed that my disorder was seated in the mind, and my mother's tears and entreaties drew from me the secret of my passion for Captain Bellair.

I was too much agitated at the moment of confessing it to observe how my mother received my declaration, but I remember that she pressed me with an excess of emotion to her heart, and burst into

tears; but quickly recovering herself, she conjured me to tranquilize my spirits, and to rest assured that the captain could not be insensible to my tenderness and beauty. She assured me, that she had no doubt in a little time of seeing him at my feet, if I would only be so much my own friend as to endeavour to get well.

These assurances, and the affectionate manner in which my mother gave them, were balm to my heart. I soon grew better, and as my fond parent had predicted, the captain presented himself to me in the course of a few weeks as my lover.

We were soon after united. During the first week I was the happiest of human beings; before the end of the month I began to suspect that there is no true felicity on earth; and in less than six weeks, I thought myself a very wretch: for by that time I discovered that my husband, who as I supposed married me from motives of the purest affection, had been induced to bestow his hand upon me from pity; a sentiment which no doubt was considerably strengthened by an addition of ten thousand pounds which my mother made to my fortune.

To paint what I suffered in consequence of this discovery is impossible; suffice it to say, that I managed to convert a lot which might have been easy, though never happy, into one of excessive misery. My husband did not love me; he had naturally very little sensibility, and he was too much spoiled by flattery and admiration to feel any degree of gratitude for my attachment to him: as, however,

he was good-tempered, he always treated me with politeness; but I was miserable, because I saw clearly that I did not possess his heart: I gave way to jealousy, and I soon found that my suspicions were not ill founded.

During two years I led a life, the remembrance of which even now makes me shudder; not one day of happiness, or even of repose, do I recollect enjoying in the whole of that time. If I saw the captain pay attention to any lady, I directly thought that he was in love with her; if he appeared serious, I concluded that he was struggling with a hopeless passion; and if he were gay, I imagined that he was a successful lover. Unfortunately my jealousy was but too often well founded; the violence of my temper led the captain to disregard appearances, and the consequence was, that our matrimonial squabbles furnished amusement for half the tea-tables in town.

Our wretched union was dissolved by the sudden death of my husband soon after I had attained my nineteenth year. Ill as we had lived together, I was a sincere mourner for his loss, and if I had followed my own inclinations, I would not have married again; but it was my misfortune to make a conquest of Mr. Dubious, a gentleman of unexceptionable character, agreeable person, and large fortune. It was in vain I repeatedly told him I never could be his; that I had suffered so much from love as to render it next to impossible for me ever to feel the passion again; and though I pitied his sufferings, pity was the warmest sentiment I could ever bestow upon him. He heard me in

silence, and solicited with the greatest humility, that he might sometimes be allowed to see me, protesting that that was the only favour he would desire; and at the particular request of my mother, I permitted his visits.

My mother was warmly in his interest. I could not be insensible to the sacrifice she had made to promote my happiness in my first marriage, for she suffered many privations in order to make an addition to my fortune; and her reasons in favour of Mr. Dubious appeared so specious, that I began to consider it as in some degree my duty to bestow my hand upon him.

She argued that all the unhappiness of my first marriage had sprung from my husband's indifference towards me; Mr. Dubious, on the contrary, was dotingly fond of me. Bellair had shewn himself careless of my happiness, and my sensibility was continually wounded by his coldness and neglect; the ardent affection of Dubious would most probably lead him to indulge my every wish. If the indifference of the one had prevented him from taking the least trouble to please me, it was but fair to conclude that the excessive attachment of the other would induce him to think no trouble too great to promote my happiness; and at all events, my mother added, there was one thing very certain—my own indifference towards Mr. Dubious would put it out of his power to render my life as miserable as Bellair had done.

I listened without suspecting that my mother mistook reverse of wrong for right. Her advice had great weight with me; my lover persevered, and at length was accepted: but I was soon convinced,

that my prospects in this second union were not likely to be happier than they had been in my first.

Within a few days after our marriage, my husband began to reproach me for my continued indifference: these reproaches, it is true, were at first tender; soon, however, they began to assume a more serious form, and in a short time they became loud and violent. Instead of endeavouring to gain my heart by attention to my wishes, he gave me to understand that I ought to have none independent of his will. Passive obedience and non-resistance were doctrines which my inherent love of liberty, strengthened as it was by the education I had received, rendered it very hard for me to digest, and presuming on the love which, with all his caprices, I knew he really felt for me, I made a bold struggle for freedom. I formed what engagements I pleased abroad, and took care, by always having company at home, to prevent as much as possible those *tête-à-têtes* which were becoming daily more irksome.

But I did not know the spirit I had to deal with. One morning on my return from a ball where we had kept it up till six o'clock, I found Mr. Dubious waiting for me in my dressing-room. He dismissed my woman, and desired me to prepare for a journey into the country. Prayers and supplications were in vain, appeals to his affection were answered by reproaches for my abuse of it; in short, after two hours of violent altercation, I was obliged to yield to the will of my tyrant, and we set out for a seat he had at a considerable distance from London.

My opposition to the journey did

not proceed from any particular delight in the gaities of town, but I dreaded being condemned to the perpetual society of my husband. I soon found, however, that my anticipations were far short of what I had to endure. Mr. Dubious possessed a great share of vanity, which was deeply wounded by my continued indifference, and he had neither patience nor temper to take the proper method to conquer it. He lavished on me alternate reproaches and caresses: one moment he was upon his knees, beseeching me to love him; the next, he vowed I was the most ungrateful and hard-hearted of women, execrated himself for ever having thought of making me his wife, and vowed he would separate himself from me directly.

These scenes were repeated almost daily. We had few neighbours, and the visits even of those few were rarely received or returned. You will probably, Mr. Adviser, believe that my lot was a hard one, but it is impossible for you to conceive the misery I endured: shut out from social intercourse; deprived of the means of conversing or employing myself in a rational manner, for by a strange caprice Mr. Dubious would never suffer me to occupy myself without interruption; and compelled to endure an alternation of fondness and reproach, each equally abhorrent to my feelings. This life lasted for eighteen months; at the end of that time the death of my husband left me once more at liberty, and I formed a resolution, little short indeed of a vow, that nothing should ever again render me a dependent on the will of that tyrant, man.

During the first moments of my recovered freedom I became acquainted with Mr. Allworth, a gentleman whose companionable talents are of the first order. I liked his company, and I soon perceived that he sought mine. During the first months of my widowhood I had beguiled the time of my seclusion with books; I had naturally a taste for reading, and my early disappointments led me to apply myself more eagerly than perhaps I otherwise should have done, to literary pursuits. Mr. Allworth is extremely intelligent, he has read much, and I found his conversation interesting and full of information. I indulged myself in the pleasure of seeing him, because I was very certain that my feelings for him were merely those of esteem and goodwill: but our acquaintance would have it that a more tender sentiment subsisted between us, and though I was sure that that was not the case, I was obliged, in order to preserve my reputation, to forbid Mr. Allworth my house.

This step drew from him a proposal of marriage. He had, he said, been for some time in search of a woman whose temper and disposition would assimilate with his own, one with whom he could hope for rational happiness; and such a person he thought he had found in me. His declaration was not made in the language of an enamoured swain, nor with the gallantry of a man of the world; but in plain, manly, and apparently sincere terms. I persisted, however, in giving him a decided refusal, but I own that I could not do it without reluctance.

However, I assure you, Mr. Adviser, that passion had no share in

this reluctance; it was the sensible, estimable friend, the rational companion that I regretted, and not the lover. He received his dismissal without murmuring, though with evident sorrow. He did not, however, talk of living in misery, nor of dying in despair, but from that time to the present, now nearly three years, he has remained single, and I understand that it is his intention to continue so in case I prove inexorable.

I must own, Mr. Adviser, I miss his society very much; the strength of his judgment and the goodness of his heart also render him a valuable friend: but I am not insensible to the sneers which my contracting a third marriage may expose me to, and if after all, there should lurk under the apparently amiable qualities of Mr. Allworth, some hidden defect of sufficient power to render me miserable, what would become of me? I am scarcely twenty-five, consequently may have a long life before me, and when I think how truly miserable that life may be made by an ill-judged union, I am tempted to remain single; yet, on the other hand, if I am not deceived, and Mr. Allworth is really what he appears to be, I must be much happier in a union with him than I can ever be as a single woman.

Will you, good sir, in this perplexity assist me with your advice? Shall I risk the ridicule which my becoming a third time a votary of Hymen may draw upon me, and the chance of my lover turning out a jealous, ill-tempered, or ill-natured husband? or shall I, by remaining a widow, shut out hope and fear for the rest of my days?

This last prospect is after all a dreary one. I believe matrimony, with all its risks—but I forget I am asking advice; yes, and with a determination of taking it too. So pray, Mr. Adviser, consider my case well, and be as speedy as possible in your reply to your very humble servant,

DOROTHEA DUBIOUS.

Let my fair correspondent consult her heart and her reason; when a woman has attained the age of twenty-five, they ought to be her only counsellors in the important affair of matrimony. Strange as she may think my assertion, I must tell her, that neither of them has been consulted in the two unions she has formed. The first sprang from a childish inclination, with which reason had nothing to do: the other from an opinion, that she could be happy with a man for whom she felt only indifference; with this marriage the heart had nothing to do.

Dreadful must be the lot of her who plights her faith where her conscience tells her she cannot give her affections. I am not speaking of that sentiment equally violent and evanescent which is sometimes miscalled love, but of that tender and decided preference, which alone can render the bonds of marriage easy to a woman of delicacy and feeling. If my correspondent feels this preference, and her reason tells her that her lover is worthy to inspire it, let her bestow her hand upon him without fear. She may be assured of always having in her husband the greatest blessing Heaven can bestow—a sincere and tender friend.

SOLOMON SAGEPHIZ.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

No. I. *

It has been said, that there is both more amusement and instruction to be derived from one hour's attentive observation of what is passing around us, than from a month's perusal of the histories of times gone by: yet, from causes which we leave graver heads and deeper searchers to explain, the first receives from writers far less notice, and excites far less interest, than the last. The manners and habits of our ancestors, the public or private events in which they have been engaged, and even their minutest peculiarities of education or conduct, fill volumes of every ordinary library; and authors, as if waiting until the lapse of generations shall have thrown difficulties in their way, do not begin to discuss such topics until obstacles have arisen which render their labours greater, and the advantages to be derived from them less. The important transactions of every hour, the curious opinions floating upon the surface, and the varying manners which those opinions produce, are usually deemed unworthy of their attention: they are not satisfied to travel in a road they think so open and easy; their penetrating sagacity requires impediments to animate its efforts: noon-day and its brightness is wasted upon them; they delay until twilight has cast a deep shadow over what is valuable, and until what is beautiful has withdrawn into the recesses of obscurity. Then, and not till then, they issue from their hiding-places to rescue mighty trifles from merited oblivion; like the owl, which

losing the day in the hollow of a tree, at last, on the approach of night, sallies forth in search of a miserable and contemptible reptile.

True it is, that now and then some satirist appears, who, concealing his scourge under the cloak of a fabled narrative, or brandishing it openly in view, attempts to lash the age into reform; but the one generally fails from being not understood, and the other often defeats his own purpose by unmerited or injudicious severity.

In the series of articles we are now commencing, and which we entitle *Dialogues of the Living*, it is of course not our intention to imitate either the one or the other: we shall not treat merely of the faults and follies of our times; and of those who live in them, but shall advert as well to prevailing excellencies as defects; for it is much more to our taste to praise than to reprove, and if now and then we indulge in a little raillery, we promise that it shall be good-natured; and avoiding all personality of allusion or expression, we will never run the risk *pour un bon-mot perdre vingt amis*.

Books, arts, opinions, manners, and the business of the hour; in short, all those topics that usually form the conversation of a well-educated and a well-regulated society, will be discussed by us, or more properly by the personages we shall introduce, in a manner which we hope will both amuse and inform; never admitting merely learned prosing, or the tedious harangues of dogmatical dulness; but

diversifying the graver subjects, when they arise, with such light or humorous matter as may render them most acceptable. The form of a dialogue is selected not only for the sake of freedom and ease of style, but for the purpose of bringing before our readers a variety of characters, whose peculiarity of thought and manner may farther enliven the discourse in which they are engaged. It will not, we apprehend, be necessary formally to describe them, nor to dwell upon the habits or qualifications of each individual, since that purpose may be accomplished by hints as we proceed.

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The comparative Merits of St. JAMES'S PARK and the ELYSIAN FIELDS at PARIS; with a Digression concerning French and English Ladies.

Scene—St. JAMES'S PARK.

Persons—Sir JAMES and his daughter LOUISA; afterwards Mr. DAPPER and Lady FRANCES.

Sir James. Say what you will, my dear, there is nothing in the neighbourhood of Paris equal to the place where we are now walking. It is the fashion now to abuse every thing that is our own; but for my part, I prefer St. James's Park to the much-boasted Elysian Fields, which in truth have little more than the name and crowded lime-trees to recommend them.

Louisa. La! papa, how can you say so? Every body who has been in Paris, declares that the Elysian Fields are the most delightful walks in the world.

Sir James. Yet it is very singular that they are never walked in. If you go there in the morning, you

find nobody. The newspapers and chairs in the Tuilleries gardens have much greater attractions; and in the evening these Elysian Fields are only the resort of a few idle apprentices, who amuse themselves at nine-pins or bowls: such are the pleasures of the French Elysian Fields.

Louisa. It does not prove that the walks are not pleasant because the French do not frequent or enjoy them: their amusements are not of that kind. But do you really like the formality of this park, with its straight rows of trees, its straight walks, and straight canal?

Sir James. I do not admire it more on those accounts, but I would much rather have a constrained formality than an affected irregularity: what can be more offensive to the eye than the pretended *rurality* of a citizen's garden in the near neighbourhood of London; with his serpentine gravel-walk, just to draw your attention to its shortness, and his spruce clumps of shrubs, as if on purpose to make you look out for the wall! I would much rather see an old English bowling-green, with its quadrangular border of yellow gravel, than all these contemptible affectations. As to formality, nothing, you will allow, can be more stiffly so than the gardens of the Tuilleries, cut out more like mathematical figures than flower-borders.

Louisa. Aye, there you are right; nothing can be more odious: but they are not the Elysian Fields.

Sir James. I see that you are like the inhabitants of Paris, captivated by the name; call them the Elysian Fields, and they are satisfied:

is we see, near Islington or Walworth, small rows of houses assuming the title of Paradise and Prospect, when the one faces a dusty road, and the other a dead wall. But here comes Mr. Dapper, whom we met in Paris; let us hear his opinion. I think you will find in him a strenuous and voluble, if not an able, supporter. [*Enter Dapper.*] Good morning to you, sir.

Dapper (*taking off his hat with a flourish à la mode, and holding it in his hand*). Miss Louisa, I kiss your hands; Sir James, your most obedient.

Sir James (*to Louisa*). Till he went to France it was, "How do you do?" and "I hope you are well." My daughter and I, Mr. Dapper, were just discussing the comparative merits of the Elysian Fields and St. James's Park. Which do you think is to be preferred?

Mr. Dapper. I should have thought, until you mentioned it, that there could not have been two opinions. Every person of taste, more especially those who have improved and cultivated it by foreign travel, I should apprehend, must give the palm to the *Champs Elysées*: they are delightful, enchanting, exquisite, delicious, superb!

Sir James. In short, every thing that we can fancy of the fabled Elysian Fields: surpassing far, no doubt, the gardens of Armida, or the bowers of Acrasia.

Mr. Dapper. True, Sir James; you have expressed me to the life.

Sir James. But in what respect do you hold them superior?

Mr. Dapper. In all respects. First of all, the company—the ladies.

Sir James. I presume that you do

not consider the ladies a part of the Fields? Are they wood or grass?

Louisa. They are flowers at least, papa.

Mr. Dapper. And some of the most beautiful that the world can boast.

Sir James. Full blown, and as sweet-smelling as musk and otto of roses can make them. But you have been more fortunate than I was, for it never was my luck to see many respectable people in those Elysian Fields, and females very rarely or never.

Mr. Dapper. Indeed, Sir James, you are uncandid in the extreme. I do maintain that the *Champs Elysées* are the most delightful, and the French ladies the most enchanting, things in the world—the one seems made for the other. Oh, Heaven! where is the comparison—charming trees, delightful women! St. James's Park sinks into nothing in the contrast. Wood, water, and grass are all very pretty, very pleasant—but the Elysian Fields! There is nothing like them in the whole world: in short, Paris, the whole city, is an elysium, and none but the blessed should be allowed to dwell in it. The French ladies are the most exquisite creatures—I can never praise them as they deserve.

Louisa. Well, Mr. Dapper, I did not think that your French gallantry had so far overcome your English politeness; because I thought it was universally admitted, even by foreigners, that the ladies of England far excelled in point of beauty the females of any other country.

Mr. Dapper. And so they certainly do, Miss Louisa: I admit it; the ladies of England are certainly

incomparably beautiful, charming beyond expression, lovely to a degree; but then——

Louisa. What, Mr. Dapper?

Mr. Dapper. But then the French ladies——

Louisa. Are also “incomparably beautiful, charming beyond expression, lovely to a degree.” Are they not, Mr. Dapper?

Sir James. No-doubt each have their peculiar excellencies: the great difference between disputants on comparative beauty is, that they do not distinguish at all between beauty of feature and beauty of expression. Now, in my opinion, in the first the English ladies excel, and in the last the French: not that I mean to say that the expression of the countenances of English ladies is bad, but that they are deficient in it. Now the fault of the French ladies’ countenances is directly the reverse, they have too much expression to please me; there is nothing like sedateness or tranquillity about their features. This contrast is striking and even offensive to many Englishmen, who are fond of repose, who dislike to see a face perpetually upon the work; it keeps them continually on the fret, producing nearly the same effect as sitting in company with a person who is always beating what is vulgarly called *the devil’s tattoo*. But we have wandered from the point under debate, and I fear if we were to return to it, we should not be able to throw much new light upon it, or to convince each other by any fresh arguments. What do you think, Louisa?

Louisa. I confess, sir, that what Mr. Dapper has advanced has had its weight with me [*Dapper bows*]:

and now we have reached the top of the Mall, and turning round, I see the fine trees of the Birdcage-walk on my right; the rich, sloping green intersected by the canal, and terminated by that stately and extensive building the Horse-Guards in front, with the Green Park and that noble range of houses in Piccadilly and in St. James’s Place on my left, I begin to be à convert to your opinion.

Sir James. I am glad of it: there are few places where finer elms and limes can be found than here, and just where we now stand, that formality of which you so much complained is scarcely perceptible, unless in the straightness of the canal; even that is lessened by the pagoda bridge, which, however ugly in itself, has this advantage. It is to be hoped, that when it decays (and symptoms are already visible), a light iron bridge will supply its place, which, while it breaks the direct line of the water, will not hide what you fitly term the stately buildings of the Horse-Guards, Admiralty, and Treasury.

Mr. Dapper (*striking his boot with his riding-whip, and turning his foot as if admiring the hollowness and symmetry of it*). Well, Sir James, perhaps I am of your mind too, but still I cannot quite give up the *Champs Elysées*.

Sir James. Nor need you; they have their advantages; they have fine trees, but too crowded, and not well disposed in groups, and the grass is very little attended to. It is to be regretted that the wood in our park is rapidly decaying, and that more pains are not taken to provide a succession of trees: how many vacancies there are in the Mall,

and the very noble clumps that formerly were seen in the centre, and overhanging the water, are much diminished. I am convinced that justice is not done to this park; if people would impartially view it from the spot where we now stand, I think they must admit, that it exceeds every thing of the kind abroad, but certainly near the French capital. I know that foreigners themselves allow it, but we English are always apt to un-

dervalue the advantages which our own country has over other nations. I mean of course only in these particulars, and especially of late years, since the rage for travelling commenced.

[Here the conversation dropped, and Mr. Dapper, wishing his friends a pleasant promenade, passed through Buckingham-Gate, while Sir James and his daughter proceeded up Constitution-Hill.]

CELESTINE.

MADAME D'AUBIGNY was what would be termed in England a managing mamma; she had taken great pains to secure for her only daughter a splendid alliance, and as soon as Mademoiselle d'Aubigny had attained her sixteenth year, she was removed from the convent in which she had been educated, in order that her nuptials with the Marquis de Rosiere might be celebrated.

Celestine d'Aubigny had always been taught, that she must bestow her hand on the object of her parent's choice; as to a will of her own in the matter, it was quite out of the question; and indeed young and timid as she was, it could hardly be supposed that she would think of having one: to the astonishment, however, of every body, she asserted her right to a negative, and steadily refused to give the marquis her hand.

The surprise and mortification of her intended husband at what he termed her unaccountable obstinacy, exceeded all bounds. True he was sixty, and Celestine had scarcely completed her sixteenth year:

but this disparity signified nothing in his opinion; was he not the gallant, gay De Rosiere, whose triumphs over the fair had procured him some thirty years before the appellation of *l'Irresistible*? And did a mere child, a girl too without fortune, presume to refuse his offered hand? Were all the pains which he had taken to persuade himself to sacrifice his dearly prized liberty to be thrown away? No, he could not consent to be so shamefully foiled; Mademoiselle d'Aubigny should be his, and if persuasion could not make her so, force should.

The marquis was not so inexcusable as he may appear to some of my fair readers, since he thought that if Celestine once became his wife, she must be one of the happiest women in the world; for that any woman could be otherwise than happy in a union with him, his self-love would not suffer him to believe. He persevered in his addresses, and he was ably seconded by Madame d'Aubigny: but for a considerable time all their endeavours to bend the spirit of Celestine to their will were ineffectual;

neither threats nor entreaties seemed to move the obstinate girl, and they were about to give up the matter in despair, and to consign the offending Celestine to a convent for life, when one morning Madame d'Aubigny received a billet from her daughter, containing only these words:

"I consent to marry the Marquis de Rosiere."

The antiquated innamorato, who dreaded the ridicule to which the breach of the marriage would expose him, received her consent with transport. Her mother lavished on her a thousand caresses. The most expensive dresses, the most magnificent jewels were ordered for the approaching nuptials; but nothing had power to interest Celestine, or excite her attention. She received the caresses of her mother with coldness, shrunk from the raptures of the marquis with disgust; and when forced to look at the clothes and trinkets provided for her, regarded them with an air which plainly proved how little the possession of these glittering baubles tended to tranquillize her mind, or to conquer the reluctance she felt to the intended union.

The marriage ceremony at length took place, and the young and timid Celestine was immediately afterwards introduced to the first circles. The admiration which her uncommon beauty excited was not a little checked by the settled gloom of her manners; and her chilling reserve, so opposite to her years and to the general disposition of her countrywomen, soon procured her the appellation of the fair icicle.

Some men of gallantry, however, who were not wanting in self-con-

ceit, fancied that, with a little trouble, they could thaw the marquise's ice: how far their conjectures might have proved just it is impossible to say, for at the end of six months the sudden death of De Rosiere left his lady one of the richest widows in Paris.

As it was well known that Celestine had been forced into the match, every body expected that when she threw off her weeds, she would blaze forth a bright star in the gay circles of fashion; but to the utter surprise of all her acquaintances, she fixed her residence in the country, where she received no visitors; and it was generally said, that the gloom which had hung over her in her husband's lifetime did not appear in the least abated.

The men expressed surprise, the women contempt, at this apparently strange conduct. Some declared that our fair widow was a fool; others, more charitable, were of opinion that her marriage had affected her intellects, and that she was melancholy mad: all agreed, however, that it was a thousand pities so large an income should be in the hands of a woman who had not the spirit to enjoy it.

Among all the female friends, or rather acquaintances, of the marquise, there was only one who defended her conduct; and to the honour of the sex be it spoken, that one was as handsome, though not as young, as Celestine herself. Her name was St. Ange; she was a widow, and distantly related to the late Marquis de Rosiere. She had paid Celestine great attention, and though it was received with cold civility, she did not feel offended; on the contrary, she always spoke

of the marquise in terms of respect and admiration.

One day Madame St. Ange happened to be present where the conduct of Celestine was pretty severely canvassed; she was defending her warmly, when casting her eyes accidentally on her brother, the Count de Beaumont, she saw in his countenance an excess of emotion, which convinced her that he was deeply interested in the subject.

For a moment Madame St. Ange was silent through surprise; she had never heard her brother speak of the marquise, and he was the last man on earth who was likely to become her captive. He was nearly thirty-five years of age, had uniformly resisted all the charms and graces of the most celebrated beauties, and his insensibility had at length become proverbial. Burning with curiosity, Madame St. Ange took the first opportunity to speak to the count on the subject, and though in words he denied her charge, yet his countenance confirmed its truth beyond a doubt.

"And what, my dear brother," cried Madame St. Ange, "do you intend to do?"

"Nothing," replied the count.

"Nothing!" repeated Madame St. Ange in a tone of surprise and disapprobation: "do you mean to say then that you will take no steps to gain the heart of Madame de Rosiere?"

"Certainly not, for I am sure that my efforts would be unavailing."

"You will then try to conquer your passion?"

"I have tried, and unsuccessfully; I can hope for a cure only from time."

"Pshaw!" cried Madame St. Ange impatiently, "time indeed! No, no, we must not trust to so slow a remedy; as you cannot conquer your passion, you must endeavour to gain the object of it."

"But how? which way is it to be done?"

"Come to me to morrow-morning, and let us try whether we cannot together devise some plan."

The count agreed to the appointment, less in hopes of any benefit he might derive from it, than to indulge his sister, of whom he was very fond.

"Well," cried she, the moment she saw him, "I shall set out in a few days for the chateau of my friend Madame Tronval; fortunately for you, she is the near neighbour of your pretty insensible. It is true, that in Paris Madame de Rosiere treated my advances coldly, but perhaps the solitude to which she has so long condemned herself may dispose her to receive me with more kindness; if I can but ingratiate myself with her, depend on my pleading your cause warmly; but to enable me to do it effectually, you must tell me all that has passed between you."

"In truth, I have nothing to tell. I never spoke to Madame de Rosiere, whom I have seen only once, and I know not whether at that time she observed me."

At these words Madame St. Ange burst into laughter. "Well done, my sage brother!" cried she. "After boasting for so long a time, that you were invulnerable to the power of Cupid, you have at length become the captive of a woman whom you have only seen once, and of whom you know nothing! Why I

protest you are quite the hero of a romance."

"Not quite so romantic as you may imagine," said the count dryly: "accident gave me incontestible proof of the goodness of the marquise's heart, and you know that I have heard you yourself more than once extol her good sense and her charms. I met her in the habitation of wretchedness and penury, whither she came as a ministering angel; and though I saw her only once, the account which I received of her from those whom she had preserved from perishing, was sufficient to render the impression indelible. Hearing that she was a widow, I hoped that by approaching her at a proper time I might succeed; but she continues to bury herself in retirement, she wholly secludes herself from a world, which at her age one would imagine was full of charms for her. Oh, my dear sister! what interpretation can I put on this conduct, but that it proceeds from a decided resolution not to marry again."

"And truly, if all men were like you, she would be compelled to keep this wise resolution, since your unaccountable timidity would never afford her a decent pretext to break it. All you have said, however, does not discourage me; I shall do my utmost to procure you an introduction, the rest must depend upon yourself."

Madame St. Ange kept her word: in a few days she set off for the country. She found her friend Madame Tronval, and indeed the more wealthy part of the whole neighbourhood, prepossessed against the marquise, who had uniformly repulsed all the overtures they had

made towards intimacy: notwithstanding, Madame St. Ange lost no time in paying her a visit, and she did so at a moment favourable to her wish of being received.

Our lovely recluse was indeed just beginning to be sensible of the truth of Voltaire's observation: "Solitude is a charming thing, but we always want somebody to whom we can say, Solitude is a charming thing." She persuaded herself that it would have been excessively rude to reject the visit of her old acquaintance, and though she positively declined visiting at the chateau Tronval, she did not refuse to receive Madame Tronval now and then during her stay in the country.

Madame St. Ange was quite elated at having gained this point, but she soon saw with sorrow, that it was the only point she was likely to gain. Celestine indeed said little respecting her future plans, but that little was expressed in a manner at once so decided and so unaffected, that it nearly deprived Madame St. Ange of hope; but at the moment when she was about to abandon her project, a circumstance occurred which induced her to persevere.

This was the illness of the marquise: she was attacked with a malignant fever, and for some days her life was despaired of. Madame St. Ange, whose heart was really excellent, attended her with unremitting care: braving the danger of infection, she remained day and night by her bedside; and though nearly exhausted with anxiety and fatigue, she felt herself amply repaid for her benevolent exertions, when the physician pronounced the marquise out of danger.

For some days before the crisis

of her disorder, Celestine had been delirious; when her senses returned, the first object she saw was Madame St. Ange leaning over her. Celestine was too weak to utter her thanks, but her looks eloquently expressed them; and Madame St. Ange, who knew how fatal the least agitation might prove, hastily retired from her sight.

The marquise rapidly recovered: her gratitude to Madame St. Ange, to whose care she in a great measure attributed the preservation of her life, was unbounded. "Ah!" cried she one day, "what do I not owe to you? That life which you helped to preserve will not in future pass without enjoyment; my

heart, which perfidy of the blackest kind had shut to every human being, is once more accessible to friendship; and this blessing, a thousand times more valuable than existence, I owe to you."

Affected by the energy of her manner, Madame St. Ange tenderly pressed her hand. From that moment reserve was at an end between the friends, at least on the side of the marquise, who related her history with a frankness which convinced Madame St. Ange, that it would be the ruin of her brother's cause to bring forward his pretensions openly, or with precipitation.

(To be continued.)

HANDEL AND HIS ORATORIOS.

THE following curious letter is extracted from a weekly publication contemporary with the distinguished composer to whom it refers, and it affords some singularities and interesting particulars regarding him and his works, not generally known. As we hear that a *Life of Handel* is in the press, we the more readily give insertion to it.

"As I know your zeal for liberty, I thought I could not address better than to you, the following exact account of the noble stand lately made by the polite part of the world, in defence of their liberties and properties against the open attacks and bold attempts of Mr. Handel upon both. I shall singly here relate the facts, and leave you, who are better able than I am, to make what inferences or applications may be proper.

"The rise and progress of Mr. Handel's power and fortune are

too well known for me now to relate.

Let it suffice to say, that he was grown so insolent upon the sudden and undeserved increase of both; that he thought nothing ought to oppose his imperious and extravagant will. He had for some time governed the operas, and modeled the orchestra, without the least controul. No voices, no instruments were admitted, but such as flattered his ears, though they shocked those of the audience. *Wretched scrapers* were put above the *best hands* in the orchestra. No music but *his own* was to be allowed, though every body was weary of it; and he had the imprudence to assert, *that there was no composer in England but himself*. Even kings and queens were to be content with whatever low characters he was pleased to assign them, as is evident in the case of *Signor Montagnana*, who, though a King, is al-

ways obliged to act (except an angry rumbling song or two) the most insignificant part of the whole drama. This excess and abuse of power soon disgusted the town; his government grew odious, and his operas empty: however, this, instead of humbling him, only made him more furious and desperate. He resolved to make one last effort to establish his power and fortune by force, since he found it now impossible to hope for it from the good-will of mankind. In order to this, he formed a *plan*, without consulting any of his *friends* (if he has any), and declared that at a proper season he would communicate it to the public; assuring us at the same time, that it would be very much to the advantage of the public in general, and of operas in particular. Some people suspect that he had settled it previously with the Signora Strada del Po, who is much in his favour; but all that I can advance with certainty is, that he had concerted it with a *brother of his own*, in whom he places a most undeserved confidence. In this brother of his, *heat* and *dulness* are most miraculously united. The former prompts him to any thing new and violent; while the latter hinders him from seeing any of the inconveniences of it. As Mr. Handel's *brother*, he thought it was necessary he should be a musician too; but all he could arrive at, after a very laborious application for many years, was a very moderate performance upon the *Jews' trumpet*. He had for some time played a *parté buffa* abroad, and had entangled his *brother* in several troublesome and dangerous engagements, in the commissions he had given him to

contract with foreign performers; and from which, by the way, Mr. Handel did not disengage himself with much honour. Notwithstanding all these and many more objections, Mr. Handel, by and with the advice of *this brother*, at last produces his *project*; resolves to cram it down the throats of the town; prostitutes *great* and *awful* names as the patrons of it; and even does not scruple to intimate, that they are to be sharers of the profit. This scheme set forth in substance, that the decay of operas was owing to their *cheapness*, and to the great *frauds* committed by the *doorkeepers*: that the *annual subscribers* were a parcel of *rogues*, and made an ill use of their tickets by often *running* two into the gallery: that to obviate these abuses he had contrived a thing, that was better than an opera, called an *Oratorio*; to which none should be admitted but by *printed permits*, or tickets of one guinea each, which should be distributed out of *warehouses of his own*, and by *officers of his own naming*; which *officers* could not so reasonably be supposed to cheat in the collection of *guineas*, as the *doorkeepers* in the collection of *half-guineas*: and lastly, that as the being of operas depended upon *him singly*, it was just that the profit arising from hence should be for his own *benefit*. He added, indeed, one condition to varnish the whole a little; which was, that if any person should think himself aggrieved, he should be at liberty to appeal to *three judges of music*, who should be obliged, within the space of seven years at farthest, finally to determine the same; provided always that the said judges should be of

his nomination, and known to like no other music but his.

"This extravagant scheme disgusted the whole town. Many of the most constant attenders of the operas resolved to renounce them, rather than go to them under such extortion and vexation. They exclaimed against the insolent and rapacious projector of this plan. The king's old and sworn servants of the two theatres of Drury-lane and Covent-Garden, reaped the benefit of this general discontent, and were resorted to in crowds, by way of opposition to the *Oratorio*. Even the fairest breasts were fired with indignation against this new imposition. Assemblies, cards, tea, coffee, and all other female batteries were vigorously employed to defeat the project, and destroy the projector. These joint endeavours of all ranks and sexes succeeded so well, that the projector had the mortification to see but a very thin audience at his oratorio; and of about two hundred and sixty odd that it consisted of, it is notorious that not ten paid for their permits, but, on the contrary, had them given them, and money into the bargain, for coming to keep him in countenance.

"This accident they say has thrown him into a deep melancholy, interrupted sometimes by raving fits, in which he fancies he sees ten thousand opera devils coming to tear him to pieces; then he breaks out into frantic incoherent speeches, muttering *Sturdy beggars, assassination, &c.* In these delirious moments, he discovers a particular

aversion for the city. He calls them all a parcel of *rogues*, and asserts that the *honestest trader amongst them deserves to be hanged*. It is much questioned whether he will recover; at least if he does, it is not doubted but he will seek for a retreat in his own country, from the general resentment of the town."

"P. S. Having seen a little epigram, lately handed about town, which seems to allude to the same subject, I believe it will not be unwelcome to your readers."

EPIGRAM.

Quoth Walpole to Handel, shall we two agree,
And excise the whole nation?

H. Si, caro, si:

Of what use are sheep, if the shepherd can't
shear them,

At the *Haymarket* I, you at *Westminster*.

W. Hear him!

Called to order, their *seconds* appear in their
place,

One famed for his *morals*, and one for his *face*:
In half they succeeded, in half they were crost;
The *excise* was obtained, but poor *Deborah* lost.

This epigram refers to the new excise which the minister of that day endeavoured to obtain, but failed. It exercised the pens of all the periodical writers of the time on one side or the other. Mr. Budget wrote a pamphlet in defence of it, but without avail, and became the laughing-stock of the writers in *The Craftsman*, *Fog's Journal*, and other papers. Dr. Drake, in his memoir of this unfortunate pamphleteer, who ultimately drowned himself at London Bridge, does not refer, if we recollect rightly, to the circumstance.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE, AND HIS EARLIEST AMOUR.

THERE have been no works in modern times more popular in France than those of M. de Jouy, a member of the French Academy, the author of *L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, and of *Guillaume le Francparleur*. They have also met with many admirers in this country; but his *Hermite de la Guiane*, and his *Hermite en Province*, especially the latter, are but little known: indeed the *Hermite en Province* has but recently reached this country, though it has passed rapidly through three editions in Paris. It is conducted upon much the same system, as far as any system is pursued, as the others, and gives the pilgrimages or travels of the hermit to the south of *Charente*: his adventures are entertaining, and his descriptions vivid, and they are interspersed with stories and anecdotes very amusing and very little known. We quote the following as a specimen, and in a subsequent number we shall probably make some farther extracts.

Though of all princes Henry IV. was most liable to this reproach, yet, nevertheless, he is not the one who had most to fear from it. He had many mistresses, and two vile wives; but his mistresses did not rule him, and he would have sacrificed them all to Sully, as he himself said. Admitting, however, that these weaknesses tarnished his glory, "he frankly required pardon for those gallantries, which in no respect injured his people, as some compensation for what he had suffered, for the troubles, the fatigues, the anxieties, and the dangers

through which he had passed from his infancy to his fiftieth year." It would doubtless be ungrateful, and even unjust, to seek minutely for the blemishes of so admirable a life, or to call a prince to account for his gallantries, who was the object of his people's love, the glory of his throne, the honour of his species, and who so well justified the motto he adopted: *In via virtuti nulla via est*.

The Prince de Béarn (afterwards Henry IV.) had not reached his fifteenth year when Charles IX. arrived at Nerac in 1566, to pay a visit to the court of Navarre. The fortnight he passed there was distinguished by games and fêtes, of which young Henry soon became the hero and the ornament.

Charles IX. was fond of archery; and as it was intended to afford him this diversion, it was shrewdly conjectured that none of the courtiers, not even the Duke of Guise, who excelled in the exercise, would have the imprudence to shew himself more skilful than the king. Henry, then called Harry, stepped forward, and at the first shot struck the orange which had been placed as the mark. According to the laws of the game it was his turn to begin again, but Charles opposed him, and repulsed him with displeasure. Henry drew back a few paces, and drawing his bow, aimed the shaft at the breast of his adversary. The king immediately took shelter behind some of his fat courtiers, and ordered others to remove his dangerous little cousin from his presence.

Peace having been restored, the

game was renewed on the following day, but Charles found some excuse for staying away. The Duke of Guise, on this occasion, struck the orange, and divided it. As they had no more oranges, the young prince snatched a rose which was worn by a pretty girl among the spectators, and placed it as a mark. The duke shot first, but missed it; and Henry, who followed, striking the centre of the flower, returned it to the pretty damsel without taking out the arrow, which served as a stalk to the rose. The confusion which overspread the countenance of the young villager, and which enhanced her beauty, communicated itself to him who was the cause of it; and the looks which by stealth they exchanged, were the first indications of the new course of life they were now to commence.

When Henry returned to the castle, by questioning those who surrounded him, he learned that this pretty girl was named Floretta, that she was the daughter of the gardener of the castle, and that she lived in a small house* near the extremity of the stables. From that day gardening became the passion of young Henry; and he chose a spot, a short distance from a fountain, to which he knew Floretta resorted many times in the course of the day. He surrounded it with a trellis, made plantations, and worked with the more ardour because he was assisted by the father of Floretta, whom twenty times a day she either had occasion, or pretended to have occasion, to see.

If I were writing an *historical* ro-

* This house is still standing, and gardening tools are now deposited in it.

mance, I should have the liberty of arranging or of inventing a thousand little incidents; but I am telling an anecdote, and I shall therefore confine myself to the relation of the principal facts. In less than a month Harry declared himself to Floretta; they loved each other extravagantly, and as yet were ignorant why they loved; but they made the discovery one night at the fountain. Floretta had come there rather late; the air was clear; the murmuring of the water, and the song of the nightingale, charmed the whole forest into silence. What passed between the young prince of fifteen and the young damsel of fourteen I need not relate: all I can say is, that on returning from the fountain the young damsel leaned on the arm of the young prince, and the young Prince de Béarn carried the pitcher on his head. They separated at the gate of the park; the one returned gaily to the castle, and the other wept when she once more entered her modest retreat.

Floretta's father did not observe that from this day his daughter went later than usual to the fountain; but the tutor of the young prince, the virtuous La Gaucherie, perceived that his royal pupil always found a pretext for escaping at a particular hour, and that in the finest weather his hat was constantly sprinkled with water. This circumstance roused the watchfulness of the sage Mentor, and following the young prince at a distance unobserved, he arrived near enough, and soon enough, to discover that he had come too late. As he was convinced, with Fénelon, that flight is the only remedy for love, without

remonstrance he announced to Henry that they must return on the following day to Pau, from whence they should proceed to the *Interview at Bayonne**.

The instinct of glory, and perhaps that of inconstancy, already spoke to the heart of Henry: the necessity of a first separation, which he ran with tears to disclose to Floretta, found something, unknown to himself, at the bottom of his soul to render it less painful. But how shall I paint the agony of the innocent and tender Floretta? In the last moments of departing happiness she beheld all the miseries of the future. "When you leave me," said the fond girl choked by her tears, "when you leave me, you will forget me, and then I can only die." Henry consoled her, and vowed eternal love, which Floretta only should possess. "Look at this fountain," said she at the moment when the clock recalled the prince to the castle, and gave the signal of departure, "absent, present, you shall find me always there—always there!" she repeated with an emphasis and expression which he never forgot.

The fifteen months which passed before the return of Henry to the castle of Agan, had roused in the bosom of the young hero virtues incompatible with the purity of his first love, and the maids of honour of Catherine de Médicis were intrusted with the task of effacing from his memory the image of poor Floretta. She, more grieved than surprised at a change which she had foreseen, did not strive against the evil she had predicted, and only

* Where the destruction of the Protestants was determined upon.

sought to resign herself to her fate. She had often seen the Prince de Béarn walking in the neighbouring woods with Mademoiselle d'Ayelle, and one day could not resist the desire of throwing herself in their way. The face of Floretta, rendered more beautiful and touching by her sorrow and paleness, awoke in the heart of the young prince a tender recollection. Next morning he went alone to her cottage, and appointed a meeting with her at the fountain. "I will not fail at eight o'clock," said she, without raising her eyes from her work. Henry hastened away immediately, and awaited with all the impatience of his first attachment (which one look of Floretta had revived in his bosom) the appointed hour. The clock struck, he quitted the castle by a secret gate, and passed along the skirts of the wood, fearing lest he should meet any one in the avenues. He reached the fountain, but did not see Floretta: he waited for some minutes, while the rustling of every leaf made his heart palpitate: he paced backwards and forwards, and then paused: he approached the fountain, and beheld a small stick planted on the very spot where he had sat so often with Floretta. It was an arrow; he recognised it; the withered rose was yet fixed upon it, and a paper was attached to its point. He seized it, and endeavoured to read it, but daylight had departed. With beating heart and troubled mind, he flew back to the castle, and opening the billet, read these words:

"I told you that you should find me at the fountain: perhaps, though you passed near, you did not see me. Return, and be more careful

in your search. You no longer loved me! It was inevitable! Pardon me, Heaven!"

These words made Henry distracted; the palace re-echoed with his cries. Surrounded by servants with torches, he arrived at the foun-

tain. Why should I dwell on the melancholy particulars? The body of the innocent and hapless damsel was drawn from the bottom of the deep basin into which the waters fell, and was buried between two trees that yet are standing.

HOW TO AVOID MATRIMONIAL MISERY.

MOST young people when they marry set out with the notion, that although all the couples of their acquaintance have some cause or other of discontent and dissatisfaction, they are to be an exception to the rule, and to be at all times the happiest pair in Christendom. This in truth is the great misfortune of matrimony, and one principal source of the disagreements so often witnessed: for if those who are about to enter into that state, would sit down calmly, and recollect the many chances that there are against uninterrupted connubial felicity, and study some of the means of avoiding them, they would not only make a better calculation, but the effect would be, that each party would endeavour to moderate that temper, and correct those habits and inclinations, which in others produce disagreeable and continual disputes. Not half so many would stumble if they used their eyes; but when people are wilfully blind to what is obvious, they almost cease to become fair objects of compassion.

Is not this, let us ask, one reason, and not an unimportant one, why the quarrels of men and their wives, instead of exciting regret, usually produce laughter and ridicule?

Many have been the schemes published to secure or promote ma-

trimonial happiness; from the earliest times, not forgetting the beautiful letter upon this subject addressed by Madame de Maintenon to the Duchess of Burgundy: but we are not aware that the votaries of Hymen, as they are called, live more peaceably now than formerly; indeed the contrary would seem to be the case, judging from the recent rapid increase of suits at law of a certain description.

One of our correspondents, however, does not despair still of effecting something beneficial, and he has inclosed to us a number of rules and maxims for producing connubial felicity, the observance of which, he feels well convinced, would be attended with the most advantageous consequences to others; and the neglect of which, he is equally firmly persuaded, has been the cause of many of the calamities he has himself endured in the married state. He has accompanied them by a letter, which is somewhat too long for insertion, detailing the particulars of his sufferings; and if we exclude it, our decision is not to be attributed to any incivility towards him, but because we fear that the distresses he enumerates, and which, in the depth of his grief, he fancies peculiar to himself, are in fact endured, in a greater or less degree, by every couple at the

present moment united in the holy bondage. Consistently with what we before observed, if we did lay this tale of woe before our readers, we apprehend it would excite more ridicule than commiseration: though some might sympathize in the writer's sufferings, the number would be extremely limited, and their fellow feeling could in no respect benefit him, or improve them.

We, however, subjoin his scheme, rather to gratify his hope of doing good, than with any expectation on our part that the hope will be accomplished.

RULES AND MAXIMS FOR MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

1. When courting your mistress, never miscall her by the name of angel or goddess, lest she mistake it for truth, and forget that she is mortal and a woman.

2. When *putting the question* (as it is termed), be careful not to allow her to suppose that your happiness, or even comfort, depends on her assent: recollect that you are making a proposal, not begging a boon.

3. Teach her beforehand, that the marriage ceremony is not a mere matter of form, and explain fully the meaning of the word *obey*.

4. Be careful, at church, that she repeats every word distinctly after the clergyman, that she may afterwards have no excuse for acting in opposition.

5. When you take her home, tell her that she is to command your servants, but that you are to command her. On placing in her hands the household sceptre, make her understand, that she is only a tributary sovereign, and that you are her liege lord.

6. Be not imperious, but decided, and always speak as if it were a matter of course to be obeyed.

7. Be not backward to blame, lest she attribute it to fear: if once she knows that you are afraid of her, your authority is at an end, and you become a poor, degraded, dependent, miserable creature.

8. If pleasure or business take you from home, expect cheerful looks on your return; the surest way to secure them is to give them: a wife, like the moon, should shine by reflection, and her brightness should arise from the glory of her husband. Be sure, however, to guard against the variableness of your moon, and allow no one to eclipse her in your eyes.

9. If she be of an obstinate or sulky temper, do not proceed to extremities, lest you fail, but shew her that you do not mind it: treat her as if you did not perceive it, and her own mortification will be her cure.

10. If she be passionate and violent, be you cool and collected in proportion: if she irritates you, she has mounted one step of her throne, and you descended one step of yours.

11. Treat her as the mistress of your family before the servants, owning you only as her superior and lord paramount.

12. If she be fond of reading (which itself is a misfortune, and to be discouraged), let her have no novels: if she must read, give her the memoirs of Roman wives and matrons: if she prefer light reading, put before her the works of the fathers of the church.

13. Be careful that she do not think too well of herself in point.

of learning, lest she soon fancy herself your superior.

14. If she be witty, teach her that the best mode of shewing it is to conceal it.

15. If you take her to places of public amusement, make her know that it is the reward of, and not a bribe to, good conduct.

16. Let her be as little as possible alone: if a man, according to the philosopher, is not to be trusted by himself, ought we to have more confidence in a woman?

17. Finally, love her, but do not shew it too much, lest she take advantage of it: as all wives desire power, it should be the business of all husbands to prevent their obtaining it.

Such is one part of the plan recommended by our correspondent, who is most sanguine as to its success. It is obvious, that the rules he lays down apply only to the husband, excepting so far as the conduct of the wife is to be inferred; but in order to render his system more complete, he has furnished us with a corresponding set of rules referable to females, a few of which we also beg leave to subjoin.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED BY WIVES.

1. When a young gentleman makes you an offer, hold yourself flattered by his preference, and be proportionably grateful.

2. If you accept him (which we will suppose of course), study his temper and inclinations, that you may better accommodate your own to them.

3. After marriage obey him cheerfully, even though you think him in error: it is better that he should do wrong in what he commands, than that you should do wrong in objecting to it.

4. If he flatters you, do not forget that it is but flattery: think lowly of yourself and highly of him, or at least make him believe so.

5. If you see any imperfections in your husband (which there may be), do not pride yourself on your penetration in discovering them, but on your forbearance in not pointing them out: strive to shew no superiority, but in good temper.

6. Bear in mind continually, that you are weak and dependent; and even if you are beautiful, that it adds to your weakness and dependence.

7. If you displease him, be the first to conciliate and to mend: there is no degradation in seeking peace, or in shewing that you love your husband better than your triumph.

8. If misfortunes assail you, remember that you ought to sustain your share of the burden: imitate your husband's fortitude, or shew your own for his imitation.

9. When you rise in the morning, resolve to be cheerful for the day: let your smiles dispel his frowns.

10. Take pride in concealing your husband's infirmities from others, rather than in proclaiming them: you will only be laughed at by all your acquaintances if you tell his faults to one.

11. Endeavour rather to save than to spend your husband's money: if his fortune be large, strive to preserve it; if small, to increase it.

12. Be not importunate or obtrusive in your fondness, and choose proper occasions for your caresses, lest they prove wearisome.

13. Finally, recollect always that God has made you subject to him, and that he is your natural guardian and protector; that you owe

your husband not less honour than love, and not less love than obedience.

We shall conclude this article with a short and whimsical letter we have received upon the same subject from another friend, and which has for some time been in our possession, not knowing exactly where to find a fit place for its insertion: as the opportunity now offers, we gladly annex it. It is entitled,

▲ PROJECT OF A LAW FOR PREVENTING UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

It has often struck me, that it would be very practicable, by some legislative enactment, to diminish the number of unhappy unions both in high, middle, and low life, which we all so much regret; and I wonder that some member of parliament (many of whom have often had cause in their own persons to lament the non-existence of such a law,) has not before now brought a bill for the purpose into discussion. Were universal suffrage once established, and, as a part of the same scheme, females admitted into the two houses, I doubt not but that some individual would step forward with a measure that might meet with the approbation of both sexes.

Of course, there would be degrees in this as in all other offences, and particular clauses ought to be inserted to impose particular penalties, greater or less according to the delinquency of the case. Allow me to offer a few hints.

When a rich, old, decrepit, toothless hunk marries a young blooming virgin, and quarrels, or infidelity ensues, it ought to be declared *felony*; or if she were under his

protection, without the ordinary ceremony, *felony without benefit of clergy*.

Where a desperate penniless fortune-hunter runs away with a rich heiress from her father's house, as misery must be the consequence, it should be held *burglary*.

Where a young gay fellow marries a rich widow for the sake of her money, it should be considered *grand larceny*; or if the fortune be small, *petty larceny*.

Where a young man of good expectations throws himself into the arms of an old *belle*, supposed to be wealthy, and finds that she is an Irish heiress (that is to say, with debts to the amount of 5000*l.*), he should be adjudged to be a *felon de se*.

When a couple marry, mutually supposing each other to be rich, but mutually deceived, they should suffer the same punishment as for *picking pockets*.

Where a young single man unites himself to a widow with five or six children, he should be sentenced to the *pillory*.

Where a young officer of family in the army, or in any other situation, without a penny in the world, starts for Gretna-Green with a milliner or a mantua-maker as poor and as thoughtless as himself, it should be considered *lunacy*, and the parties should be confined for the rest of their lives.

It would be easy to enlarge this list, and to make the proposed measure much more extensive in its provisions, but what I have given above will be a sufficient hint to any person who has philanthropy and industry enough to undertake the formation of a bill.

If it be objected, that such a law would tend to discourage matrimony, my answer is, that if it prevented such marriages as we now daily witness, I should be very well contented; for it is much better that the king should have a few less subjects, than that his realm should be

constantly exposed to the civil wars and domestic animosities that now disturb the peace of so many families.

Until the present system be altered, I shall remain your humble servant,

PERTINAX SINGLE.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXXI.

The proper study of mankind is man.—POPE. *

I NOW proceed to fulfil the promise of my last paper, by considering the structure and improvement of the mind, and the regulation of the moral powers, which will be best explained by illustrating the dispositions of the heart and will, the passions and the affections.

The office of the WILL being to prefer and reject, according as objects appear good or evil, the proper management of it consists in regulating its choice by the dictates of *reason* and *conscience* in what is pursued, and an acquiescence in the appointments of *Providence* as to what is *attained*.

The AFFECTIONS and PASSIONS, morally considered, proceed from the HEART; and being so many different modifications of the WILL in the choice and pursuit of good, it will facilitate our right comprehension of them if we consider their nature, their division, their end, effects, and government.

As to their NATURE, the *passions* may be regarded as sensible commotions of our whole frame, both soul and body, which arise from the perception of an object, according to some special influencing properties belonging to it; and an object calculated to excite them,

must be supposed to be rare and uncommon, good and agreeable, or evil and disagreeable.

The DIVISION of the *passions* may be resolved into pleasing and painful, offensive and defensive, private and public, primary and secondary.

Their END and EFFECTS may be considered under the following exemplification.

And here it must be premised, that the *passions* are not designed, as from their operations they are not qualified, to determine what is *truth*, or what is *falsehood*; what is *good*, or what is *evil*; as that is the especial and exclusive province of *reason*; and it is from its weakness or aberration that we are led to submit to the dominion of *passion*.

Every *passion*, according to its nature and influence, confines us to one side of a question; and fixes the mind to that peculiar property of its object which immediately produced the incitement and inflamed the sensibility.

Thus the *passions* magnify or diminish their objects. *Anger* renders an offence more heinous: *fear* renders a danger more formidable. *Fear*, united with, or increased by, *cowardice*, converts mole-hills into mountains; and *courage* sinks moun-

tains into mole-hills: *joy* gives an added flight to *time*, and *sorrow* renders its progress tedious.

The powers of the mind are *awakened*, and the animal spirits *roused*, by the passions, in order to prevent what is hurtful to us, and to obtain what is useful; and when we have formed a right judgment of what is good and what is evil, they *quicken* us to pursue and avoid it with a more ready and prompt effect, than when we are solely influenced by the mere operations of tranquil reason.

They *fix* the natural spirits and thoughts more forcibly on the objects that excite them, by magnifying their importance.

They are perfectly suited to our condition in life, when considered in its genuine and real character, as a *state of trial*, by offering the opportunity of choosing which of the two contending powers we determine to obey, *reason* or *passion*.

The *painful passions*, under a due degree of regulation, are well suited to our present state. *Fear* renders us vigilant; *anger* preserves us, more or less, from insults; *shame* and *sorrow* tend to make us renounce our follies, and seek relief from our weaknesses and distresses. It is only in their extremes and excesses that they can hurt us.

The *pleasing affections* of *love*, *hope*, and *joy*, make our troubles more tolerable, and render our duties more easy and agreeable in the performance of them.

The GOVERNMENT of the *passions* may be said generally to consist in having the *defensive passions* proportioned to our dangers, the *private passions* proportioned to our wants, and the *public affections*

suitied to the dangers, wants, and relations of others.

And here it becomes us to consider, that the government of the *passions*, as it is essentially necessary to our present and future happiness, consists in preventing and subduing those which are *inordinate*; in exciting such as are *useful* to a just degree, and on proper occasions; in suppressing or withholding them from improper objects; in *moderating* them when disposed to be impetuous; *balancing* them against one another, the painful and the pleasing, the private and the public; in *restraining* those which are defensive, and *eradicating* such as are unnatural.

But as the regulation of the *passions* is a subject of so much importance, the following rules and directions may be thought worthy of the most active consideration.

Endeavour strenuously to attain an entire command over *natural appetites*: cherish an habitual *benevolence* to mankind: let not your *passions* determine your *opinions* of persons or things: guard against the *passions* to which you are liable by your *constitution*, *temper*, *age*, *station*, and *external or local circumstances*, &c.: resist their first *emotions*, and turn aside from sensible or even suspicious incentives to them: indulge not the *painful passions*, lest they should become habitual, and encourage the *kindly* ones in a proportionate degree: form your judgment of persons and things with calmness and reflection: abate one passion by awakening another, as the fear of *man* by the fear of *God*. To acquire the command of your *passions*, you must possess the command of your

thoughts, which, though perhaps of no easy attainment, is attainable by practice. It is of great consequence in the affairs of life to cultivate an *habitual superiority of reason over passion*, and to have no *particular humour* of your own to gratify, so that your mind may be always steady, composed, and master of itself. Enlarge your acquaintance with persons and things, and confine your *admiration* to objects worthy of it: accustom yourself to distinguish accurately between *truth* and *error*, *good* and *evil*: guard also against the prejudices of education, company, &c. at the same time that you make a willing and benevolent allowance for those of others: call yourself to account for every unruly fit of passion, in what manner it discomposes your spirit, disturbs your quiet, ruffles your temper, breaks your peace, indisposes for duty, and unfits you for death.

The ABUSE of our various FACULTIES and PASSIONS now remains to be considered.

Their *uses* and *offices* appear from the descriptions already given of them; and their ABUSE may be generally said to consist in being debased to *objects* unworthy of them, or employed for ends contrary to those for which they evidently appear to have been given us. Thus it is an *abuse of reason* and *understanding* to employ them, not in the discovery of *truth*, but in the propagation of *error*; not in directing us to what is *right*, but confirming or justifying us in what is *wrong*; not in giving *information* to others, but in *misleading* them. It is an *abuse* and debasement of these *superior* faculties to make them

only subservient to the *inferior*, by addressing them more attentively to those gratifications of *sense* and *appetite* which we have in common with the brute creation: but how much greater is the corruption, when they are employed in promoting such ends, and gratifying such passions, as are *criminal* or *guilty*! The best laid schemes for such purposes, and an active sagacity in contriving means for their accomplishment, are corruptions of the most distinguished blessings of Heaven.

The *imagination* is *abused* when employed in making false associations of ideas not connected by nature, and giving a fallacious but seducing colour to vice; in short, in administering to the indulgence of sense, appetite, and passion, instead of correcting their irregular propensities, and directing them to the purposes of virtue.

The *will* is abused when enslaved and misguided by inferior principles; and the other *faculties*, such as *invention*, *memory*, *reflection*, *wit*, *genius*, &c. are abused and perverted, when, instead of being employed in improving ourselves or others, in a way the most conducive to real happiness, they either are uncultivated, or are rendered subservient to the purposes of *vice*, *vanity*, and *folly*. But one great source of all these abuses is, the misdirection of the passions, as will appear in the following observations.

It is a great *abuse* of our *passions* when they are suffered to remain cool and languid in matters of great importance, as connected with our first duties and essential interests; and are encouraged, on the contrary, in trivial and temporary objects,

such, for example, as sectarian disputes and party animosities.

It is also an *abuse* of the *passions* when in matters of religion they are suffered to aid the emotions of enthusiasm and fanaticism, instead of yielding them to the solid influence of sound knowledge, sober judgment, and an uniform course of rational piety.

Another *abuse* of the *passions* is when they are played upon by popular orators, whether in civil, political, or religious matters, thus making them fallacious guides, or insidious judges, of any cause or opinions, when the minds of others are, if possible, to be deceived.

Besides the corruption or misapplication of the *passions* in *general*, there are various *abuses*, of some of them in *particular*, which require a regular delineation.

Approbation and *disapprobation* are the first and most simple of all affections, and are indeed but a small degree removed from mere perceptions. They are *abused* not only when misplaced from an error in judgment, or withheld where due, but likewise so injudicious and immoderate, that, without attending to the mixture of good and bad qualities in their several objects, the one is raised to *admiration*, and the other sinks into *contempt*.

CURIOSITY is a powerful incentive to study and application, but it is abused both by soaring too high or descending too low.

HUMILITY is commendable and PRIDE culpable, according as they arise from a true or false estimate of our own merit and abilities. The latter is one of the most universal passions, but is often such an enemy to happiness and virtue, that it

is generally understood in a bad sense. To keep it under due restraint, consider in what respect your *original* and *end* are like those of others, and of the *distinctions* which you possess; examine well those which are derived from others, and such as proceed from yourself. Riches, beauty, youth, strength, and fame, are all of a perishing and changeable nature, and are frequently possessed by the worst of men. Birth proceeds from our ancestors; and if knowledge puffs us up, it never fails to be attended with many painful concomitants: and, after all, a sense of our *frailties* and *follies* (and who is capable of throwing an impenetrable veil over them?) will at times, in spite of all our endeavours, present a sufficient consciousness of their existence or their effects to check our presumption. Unfold the volume of history, and you will see what mischief pride has done in every age of the world. Peruse every day's page of the world, and you will see the uneasiness, the affronts, the malice, the calumnies, and the enmity which pride records in every page of it.

It is an *abuse* of our *love* and *esteem*, if we yield them so far as blindly to adopt the opinions, approve the practices, and imitate the weaknesses of those on whom we place them, without duly apportioning our degrees of regard. *Hatred* and *disesteem* are liable to the same *abuses* when no such distinction is made, as well as when hatred of *principles* or *practices* extends to the hatred of persons, when every difference of *opinion* creates a diminishing change in our *affections*.

Anger is justifiable in repelling injuries, but far otherwise when it becomes habitual, overbears reason, mistakes slight harm for real injury, refuses to be undeceived, and disdains reconciliation.

Zeal, though it may in some sense be considered as a modification of love, yet, when indulged in a warm and irascible temper, and not regulated by reason and benevolence, it produces the effects of anger. *Enthusiasm*, which is *zeal* in a more than ordinary state of fervour and animation, requires of course the same, though a more forcible regulation, proportionate to its impetuosity. *Zeal*, accompanied by a narrow, confined spi-

rit, that contracts and deadens the social affections, becomes *bigotry*, and explains the abuse in the very language of its definition.

I had intended to close my subject in this paper, but it has unexpectedly, though I trust not unnecessarily, grown upon me, so that I must intrude upon a part at least of the next paper to bring it to a conclusion.

F — T —.

I have no objection to insert what Euphrosyne styles her very *funny paper*, if she will leave it to my discretion to strike the pen through two or three parts, which are rather too funny for the Female Tattler.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Scrapp; a Collection of sacred Music, suitable to public or private Devotion, consisting of the most celebrated Psalm and Hymn Tunes, &c.; to which are added many original Pieces, composed, and the whole arranged for four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, or Organ and Violoncello, by John Whitaker. Nos. II. and III. Pr. 5s. each.

As we have already described the plan of this publication in our notice of the first number, we shall only state now, that the two further volumes before us appear in every respect equal to their predecessor, and equal to the promises held out in the prospectus. Besides the continued attention to typographical elegance and correctness, we observe an increased aim at selectness in the choice of pieces. This will appear obvious from the names of M. Haydn, Pleyel, Mozart,

Clarke, Handel, Naumann, Luther, Rizzio, &c. of the sacred compositions of whom the two present numbers contain very valuable specimens. Mr. Whitaker has also largely contributed in this instance; and we congratulate him particularly on his composition to Walter Scott's "That day of wrath," (No. III.) It combines true pathos with great compositorial skill. Other specimens of Mr. W.'s pen claim not less our favour, such as "Ye verdant hills," and "Creator Spirit," (No. II.), and "Begin, my soul, the exalted lay," (No. III.).

Among the foreign selections, Naumann's Mass cannot fail creating a deep interest; and the specimens from Dr. Luther and David Rizzio are of equal importance in another point of view.

We wish Mr. W. would mark his *tempi* by the Metronome, which we have seen in his window, instead

of using such vague terms as, "not too fast," "moderately slow," &c.

Mozart's celebrated grand Symphony adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 6s.; without Accompaniments, 4s.

To this grand symphony of Mozart's (in C), one of his master-pieces, justice can scarcely be rendered on one instrument alone. Mr. Rimbault has laudably endeavoured to do as much for it, in the way of piano-forte arrangement, as can be desired by those who have not had the opportunity of hearing its effect with a full band; and, we will add, he has surprised us by giving the whole of its leading features in a manner far more easy of execution than we could have expected.

Hodsoll's Selection of the most admired Quadrilles, with their proper Figures, in French and English, as danced at Almack's, &c. arranged for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. Set 2. Pr. 2s.

In a musical point of view, in which alone it behoves us to consider this publication, these quadrilles have our approbation: they are very properly harmonized. The tunes themselves proclaim their French origin, by their style and the quantum of *minore* which prevails in them.

The Serenade, a characteristic Piece for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Cuerton, by W. Ling. Op. 17. Pr. 3s.

An andante, in G, sober and chaste in style, forms the introduction to an allegro, in the same key, and with a similar motivo. The ideas in this allegro succeed each other in the most natural and easy

flow, and with a proper attention to variety; they are treated and developed in a workmanlike manner. The cantabile part, p. 4, l. 1, and the elegant line in the beginning of the second part, more particularly attracted our attention. The third movement consists of the charming air in *Don Giovanni*, "*Deh vieni alla Finestra*" (the only one in the opera which missed its effect at the King's Theatre), here and there a little amplified. It is set somewhat more difficult than the rest of this serenade. The last piece is a quick movement in the manner of a bolero, with which we were much pleased: its good style, fanciful treatment, and the unity of its plan, call for unqualified encomium.

Mr. Ling marks his tempi by a pendulum of *English* inches. This may do tolerably well in the little corner of the globe we inhabit; but as his works have deservedly made their way to the Continent, he would do well to time them by the Metronome, the universal standard-measure of musical time adopted by all the first composers in Europe, because it enables us to state how many crotchets or quavers, &c. go to a minute.

"Rubinella," a favourite Air, composed and arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte by T. H. Butler. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A neat, sprightly, and well conducted trifle, agreeable as to melody, and satisfactory in point of harmony. These advantages, combined with great facility of execution, render *La Rubinella* a fit lesson for the junior class of performers.

"Amphion struck his Lyre," a celebrated Duet, composed by the late Mr. S. Webbe, as originally sung

by the young Gentlemen of the Royal Sardinian Choir. Pr. 1s. 6d.

As this composition of one of our most favourite writers in the last century, is well known, we shall only notice the present edition in so far as its correctness derives confirmation from the circumstance of the duet being, as the title-page informs us, published by the proprietor of the copyright, Mr. J. Snowdon.

"Say what is Love," a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte; the Words by Mrs. J. Cobbold; composed, and dedicated to Miss Josselyn, by J. F. Danneley.—Pr. 1s. 6d.

In spite of one or two special objections, which we shall state presently, this production obliges us to own, that Mr. D. has either made large strides in his art since we heard of him last, or has on this occasion partaken of the genial inspiration which breathed forth the anacreontically classic elegance of his text. First, as to plan, we must pay our tribute of approbation to the judgment which suggested the arrangement of the strains; especially the succession of the two first in F and C: nothing could be better devised. In the two last strains, respectively beginning with "But nursed," and "That meteor," there is too much sameness, owing to the frequent repetition of the motivo. We should have been tempted to set the former in A ♭, and finish, as Mr. D. has done, with a resumption of the main subject in F.

Upon this main subject and the whole first strain Mr. D. may pride himself. Its melodious softness and chaste expression proceed from an

inward feeling, a happy natural organization, which no art can give. These we must bring into the world with us, to become composers. The rhythmical treatment, too, of this portion is unexceptionable; in the harmony alone one or two trivial imperfections exist in the choice of the elements of some of the chords.

In the second strain, however, at the bottom of p. 2, we observe an essential fault. How could Mr. D. think of this succession: C 3, D 3 4; F 3, G 4 6—when the elements of the melody are E, C; B, G?—The repetition of the phrase in C minor is well imagined, and the chromatic descent (l. 1, p. 3,) through thirds and sixths, ingeniously contrived. The close on "die" appears incomplete, by the number of notes to which that word applies, and by the pause being on B ♭. We should have liked it better on the tonic, and have afterwards chromatically glided over to the key of F, with which the next strain begins. The semiquaver accompaniment to that strain we should have liked more, had it kept below the voice: but this, perhaps, is a matter of fancy. In the third line the words are inconveniently drawn out: we should rather have resorted either to verbal repetition or melodic excision.

We trust we shall not be accused of critical captiousness in making these observations. Some of them may possibly be dictated by the bias of individual taste—and what is more uncertain and undefined than musical taste?—At all events, our remarks are sincere and well meant, and we should not have indulged them with the space which they have inexcusably filled, had we

not thought the object to which they are devoted, deserving of our best attention.

"Love is like a little playful Boy," sung by Mr. Sinclair of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; the Melody by an Amateur, the Piano-forte Accompaniment by J. F. Reddie. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this ballad is not conspicuous for originality, but it is pleasing upon the whole. It wants rhythm (p. 2, l. 4,) at "and looks like an angel meek." The succeeding modulation to C minor is

unsuitable to the text, and, instead of the tonic of that key, ought to have closed the vocal period with its third (E b). In the accompaniment we have discovered several instances of objectional harmony: p. 2, l. 1, b. 5, G 4 6, ought to have been G 3 6—l. 3, bb. 2 and 4, the direct motion of the middle part, by thirds, has led to a very improper progression: nor can we approve the harmony of C minor on the G (voice), p. 3, l. 4, b. 1; it ought to have been the chord of E b, as in the bar preceding.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

CONDUCT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH DURING HER IMPRISONMENT.

(From Miss LUCY AIKIN's *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth.*)

THE confinement of the princess in the Tower had purposely been rendered as irksome and comfortless as possible. It was not till after a month's close imprisonment, by which her health had suffered severely, that she obtained, after many difficulties, permission to walk in the royal apartments, and this under the constant inspection of the constable of the Tower and the lord chamberlain, with the attendance of three of the queen's women; the windows also being shut, and she not permitted to look out at them. Afterwards she had liberty to walk in a small garden, the gates and doors being carefully closed; and the prisoners, whose rooms looked into it, being at such times closely watched by their keepers, to prevent the interchange of any word or sign with the prin-

cess. Even a child of five years old, belonging to some inferior officer in the Tower, who was wont to cheer her by his daily visits, and to bring her flowers, was suspected of being employed as a messenger between her and the Earl of Devonshire; and notwithstanding the innocent simplicity of his answers to the lord chamberlain, by whom he was strictly examined, was ordered to visit her no more. The next day the child peeped in through a hole of the door as she walked in the garden, crying out, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers!" for which it seems his father was severely chidden, and ordered to keep his boy out of the way.

From the beginning of her imprisonment, orders had been given that the princess should have mass

regularly said in her apartments. It is probable that Elizabeth did not feel any great repugnance to this rite: however this might be, she at least expressed none; and by this compliance deprived her sister of all pretext for persecuting her on a religious ground. But some of her household were found less submissive on this head, and she had the mortification of seeing Mrs. Sands carried forcibly away from her, under an accusation of heresy, and her place supplied by another.

All these severities failed, however, of their intended effect: neither sufferings nor menaces could bring the princess to acknowledge herself guilty of offending even in thought against her sovereign and sister; and as the dying asseverations of Wyatt had fully acquitted her in the eyes of the country, it became evident that her detention in the Tower could not much longer be persisted in. Yet the habitual jealousy of Mary's government, and the apparent danger of furnishing a head to the Protestants, rendered desperate by her cruelties, forbade the entire liberation of the princess; and it was resolved to adopt, as a middle course, the expedient, sanctioned by many examples of that age, of committing her to the care of certain persons, who should be answerable for her safe-keeping, either in their own houses, or at some one of the royal seats. Lord Williams of Thame, and Sir Henry Beddingfield, captain of the guard, were accordingly joined in commission for the execution of this delicate and important trust.

The unfortunate prisoner continued.

neither hope nor comfort from this approaching change in her situation, nor probably was it designed that she should, for intimidation seems still to have formed an essential feature in the policy of her relentless enemies. Sir Henry Beddingfield entered the Tower at the head of a hundred of his men; and Elizabeth, struck with the unexpected sight, could not forbear inquiring with dismay, whether the Lady Jane's scaffold were removed? On being informed that it was, she received some comfort; but this was not of long duration; for soon a frightful rumour reached her, that she was to be carried away by this captain and his soldiers, no one knew whither. She sent immediately for Lord Chandos, constable of the Tower, whose humanity and courtesy had led him to soften as much as possible the hardships of her situation, though at the hazard of incurring the indignation of the court; and closely questioning him, he at length plainly told her, that there was no help for it; orders were given, and she must be consigned to Beddingfield's care, to be carried, as he believed, to Woodstock. Anxious and alarmed, she now asked of her attendants what kind of man this Beddingfield was, and whether, if the murdering of her were secretly committed to him; his conscience would allow him to see it executed? None about her could give a satisfactory answer, for he was a stranger to them all, but they bade her trust in God that such wickedness should not be perpetrated against her.

At length, on May 19th, after a close imprisonment of three months, she was brought out of the Tower,

under the conduct of Beddingfield and his troops, and on the evening of the same day found herself at Richmond palace, where her sister then kept her court. She was still treated in all respects like a captive: the manners of Beddingfield were harsh and insolent; and such terror did she conceive from the appearances around her, that sending for her gentleman usher, she desired him and the rest of her officers to pray for her: "For this night," said she, "I think to die." The gentleman, much affected by her distress, encouraged her as well as he was able: then going down to Lord Williams, who was walking with Beddingfield, he called him aside, and implored him to tell him sincerely, whether any mischief were designed against his mistress that night or not, "that he and his men might take such part as God should please to appoint. For certainly," added this faithful servant, "we will rather die than she should secretly and innocently miscarry."—"Marry, God forbid," answered Williams, "that any such wicked purpose should be wrought; and rather than it should be so, I, with my men, are ready to die at her feet also."

In the midst of her gloomy apprehensions, the princess was surprised by an offer from the highest quarter of immediate liberty, on

condition of her accepting the hand of the Duke of Savoy in marriage.

Oppressed, persecuted, and a prisoner, sequestered from every friend and counsellor, guarded day and night by soldiers, and in hourly dread of some attempt upon her life, it must have been confidently expected that the young princess would embrace, as a most joyful and fortunate deliverance, this unhopèd-for proposal; and by few women certainly, under all the circumstances, would such expectations have been frustrated. But the firm mind of Elizabeth was not thus to be shaken, nor her penetration deceived. She saw that it was banishment which was held out to her in the guise of marriage; she knew that it was her reversion of an independent English crown which she was required to barter for the matrimonial coronet of a foreign dukedom; and she felt the proposal, as what in truth it was, an injury in disguise. Fortunately for herself and her country, she had the magnanimity to disdain the purchase of present ease and safety at a price so disproportionate; and returning to the overture a modest but decided negative, she prepared herself to endure with patience and resolution the worst that her enraged and baffled enemies might dare against her.

DRESS IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(From the same.)

THE impolicy or inutility of sumptuary laws was not in this age acknowledged. A proclamation, therefore, was issued in October 1559, to check that prevalent ex-

cess in apparel, which was felt as a serious evil at this period, when the manufactures of England were in so rude a state, that almost every article for the use of the higher

classes was imported from Flanders, France, or Italy, in exchange for the raw commodities of the country, or perhaps for money.

The invectives of divines in various ages of the Christian church, have placed upon lasting record some transient follies which would otherwise have sunk into oblivion; and the sermons of Bishop Pilkington, a warm polemic of this time, may be quoted as a kind of commentary on the proclamation. He reproves "fine-fingered rufflers, with their sables about their necks, corked slippers, trimmed buskins, and warm mittens."—"These tender pannels," he says, "must have one gown for the day, another for the night; one long, another short; one for winter, another for summer; one furred through, another but faced; one for the work-day, another for the holiday; one of this colour, another of that; one of cloth, another of silk or damask. Change of apparel, one afore dinner, another at after; one of Spanish fashion, another of Turkey: and to be brief, never content with enough, but always devising new fashions and strange. Yea, a ruffian will have more in his ruff and his hose than he should spend in a

year. He which ought to go in a russet coat, spends as much on apparel for him and his wife as his father would have kept a good house with."

The costly furs here mentioned had probably become fashionable, since a direct intercourse had been opened in the last reign with Russia, from which country ambassadors had arrived, whose barbaric splendour astonished the eyes of the good people of London. The affectation of wearing by turns the costume of all the nations of Europe, with which the queen herself was not a little infected, may be traced partly to the practice of importing articles of dress from those nations, and that of employing foreign tailors in preference to native ones, and partly to the taste for travelling, which, since the revival of letters, had become laudably prevalent among the young nobility and gentry of England. That more in proportion was expended on the elegant luxuries of dress, and less on the coarse indulgences of the table, ought rather to have been considered as a desirable approach to refinement of manners, than a legitimate subject of censure.

INVENTION OF NEWSPAPERS.

(From the same.)

THE intense interest in public events excited in every class by the threatened invasion of Spain, gave rise to the introduction in this country of one of the most important inventions of social life—that of newspapers. Previously to this period, all articles of intelligence had been circulated in manuscript;

and all political remarks which the government had found itself interested in addressing to the people, had issued from the press in the shape of pamphlets, of which many had been composed during the administration of Burleigh, either by himself, or immediately under his direction. But the peculiar con-

venience at such a juncture of uniting these two objects in a periodical publication becoming obvious to the ministry, there appeared, some time in the month of April 1588, the first number of *The English Mercury*, a paper resembling

the present London Gazette, which must have come out almost daily; since No. 50, the earliest specimen of the work now extant, is dated July 23d of the same year. This interesting relic is preserved in the British Museum.

ANECDOTES OF THE EARLY LIFE OF DR. FRANKLIN.

(From *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Benjamin Franklin*.)

I NOW began to think of getting a little beforehand, and expecting better employment, I left Palmer's to work at Watts's (near Lincoln's Inn Fields), a still greater printing-house. Here I continued all the rest of my stay in London.

At my first admission into the printing-house I took to working at press, g I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where press-work is mixed with the composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great drinkers of beer. On occasion I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands: they wondered to see from this, and several instances, that the *water American*, as they called me, was stronger than themselves, who drank strong beer. We had an ale-house-boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink

strong beer that he might be strong to labour. I endeavoured to convince him, that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water in which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread, and, therefore, if he could eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Watts, after some weeks, desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the pressmen: a new *bien-venu* for drink (being 5s.) was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid one to the pressmen; the master thought so too, and forbade my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private malice practised on me, by mixing my sorts, transposing and breaking my matter, &c. &c. if ever I stepped out of the room, and all ascribed to the *chapel ghost*, which they said ever haunted those not

regularly admitted; that, notwithstanding the master's protection, I found myself obliged to comply and pay the money, convinced of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually. I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquired considerable influence. I proposed some reasonable alterations in their *chapel** laws, and carried them against all opposition. From my example, a great many of them left their muddling breakfast of beer, bread, and cheese, finding they could with me be supplied from a neighbouring house with a large porringer of hot water-gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer; viz. three half-pence. This was a more comfortable as well as a cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sitting with their beer all day, were often, by not paying, out of credit at the ale-house, and used to make interest with me to get beer, their *light*, as they phrased it, *being out*. I watched the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their accounts. This, and my being esteemed a pretty good *riggite*, that is, a jocular verbal satirist, supported my confidence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a *St. Monday*) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon work of despatch, which was

generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably.

My lodgings in Little Britain being too remote, I found another in Duke-street, opposite to the Romish chapel. It was up three pair of stairs backwards, at an Italian warehouse. A widow lady kept the house; she had a daughter, and a maid-servant, and a journeyman who attended the warehouse, but lodged abroad. After sending to inquire my character at the house where I last lodged, she agreed to take me in at the same rate, 3s. 6d. per week; cheaper, as she said, from the protection she expected in having a man to lodge in the house. She was a widow, an elderly woman; had been bred a Protestant, being a clergyman's daughter, but was converted to the Catholic religion by her husband, whose memory she much revered; had lived much among people of distinction, and knew a thousand anecdotes of them as far back as the times of Charles II. She was lame in her knees with the gout, and therefore seldom stirred out of the room, so sometimes wanted company; and hers was so highly amusing to me, that I was sure to spend an evening with her whenever she desired it. Our supper was only half an anchovy each, on a very little slice of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us: but the entertainment was in her conversation. My always keeping good hours, and giving little trouble in the family, made her unwilling to part with me; so that when I had talked of a lodging I had heard of nearer my business for 2s. a week, which, intent as I was on saving money, made some difference, she bid me

* A printing-house is always called a *chapel* by the workmen.

not think of it, for she would abate me 2s. a week for the future; so I remained with her at 1s. 6d. as long as I staid in London.

In a garret of her house there lived a maiden lady of seventy in the most retired manner, of whom my landlady gave me this account: that she was a Roman Catholic, had been sent abroad when young, and had lodged in a nunnery with intent of becoming a nun; but the country not agreeing with her, she returned to England, where there being no nunnery, she had vowed to lead the life of a nun as near as might be done in those circumstances. Accordingly she had given all her estate to charitable purposes, reserving only twelve pounds a year to live on, and out of this sum she still gave a part in charity, living herself on water-gruel only, and using no fire but to boil it. She had lived many years in that garret, being permitted to

remain there gratis by successive Catholic tenants of the house below, as they deemed it a blessing to have her there. A priest visited her to confess her every day.—“From this I asked her,” said my landlady, “how she, as she lived, could possibly find so much employment for a confessor?”—“Oh!” said she, “it is impossible to avoid *vain thoughts*.” I was permitted once to visit her; she was cheerful and polite, and conversed pleasantly. The room was clean, but had no other furniture than a mattress, a table with a crucifix and a book, a stool which she gave me to sit on, and a picture over the chimney of *St. Veronica* displaying her handkerchief, with the miraculous figure of Christ’s bleeding face on it, which she explained to me with great seriousness. She looked pale, but was never sick; and I give it as another instance, on how small an income life and health may be supported.

THE QUAKERS OF AMERICA.

(From the same.)

THE honourable and learned Mr. Logan told me the following anecdote of his old master, William Penn, respecting defence. He came over from England when a young man, with that proprietary, and as his secretary. It was war-time, and their ship was chased by an armed vessel, supposed to be an enemy. Their captain prepared for defence; but told W. Penn, and his company of Quakers, that he did not expect their assistance, and they might retire into the cabin; which they did, except James Logan, who chose to stay upon deck,

and was quartered at a gun. The supposed enemy proved a friend, so there was no fighting: but when the secretary went down to communicate the intelligence, Wm. Penn rebuked him severely for staying upon deck, and undertaking to assist in defending the vessel, contrary to the principles of Friends, especially as it had not been required by the captain. This reprimand, being before all the company, piqued the secretary, who answered, “I being thy servant, why did thee not order me to come down? But thee was willing enough

THE NEAPOLITAN ROBBERS.

that I should stay and help to fight the ship, when thee thought there was danger."

My being many years in the assembly, a majority of which were constantly Quakers, gave me frequent opportunities of seeing the embarrassment given them by their principle against war, whenever application was made to them, by order of the crown, to grant aids for military purposes. They were unwilling to offend government on the one hand, by a direct refusal; and their friends (the body of the Quakers) on the other, by a compliance contrary to their principles; using a variety of evasions to avoid complying, and modes of disguising compliances when it became unavoidable. The common mode at last was, to grant money under the phrase of its being "for the king's use," and never to inquire how it was applied. But if the demand was not directly from the crown, that phrase was found not so proper, and some other was to be invented. Thus, when powder was wanting (I think it was for the garrison at Louisburg), and the government of New England solicited a grant of some from Pennsylvania, which was much urged on the house by Governor Thomas; they

would not grant money to buy powder, because that was an ingredient of war; but they voted an aid to New England of 8000 pounds to be put into the hands of the governor, and appropriated it for the purchase of bread, flour, wheat, or other grain. Some of the council, desirous of giving the house still further embarrassment, advised the governor not to accept provision, as not being the thing he demanded: but he replied, "I shall take the money, for I understand very well their meaning: other grain is gunpowder;" which he accordingly bought, and they never objected to it. It was in allusion to this fact, that when in our fire-company we feared the success of our proposal in favour of the lottery, and I had said to a friend of mine, one of our members, "If we fail, let us move the purchase of a fire-engine with the money; the Quakers can have no objection to that: and then if you nominate me and I you as a committee for that purpose, we will buy a great gun, which is certainly a fire-engine."—"I see," says he, "you have improved by being so long in the assembly; your equivocal project would be just a match for their wheat or other grain."

THE NEAPOLITAN ROBBERS.

(From *Rome, Naples, and Florence*, by the Count DE STENDHAL.)

BEFORE I quit entirely, at least by my recollections, the land of genius, to bury myself in the gloomy North, I must give two sketches: one, of a band of robbers in the Neapolitan territories; the other, the state of the Italian musical Parnassus. I have not time to

describe the interment of the Princess Buoncompagni at Rome, and my astonishment mingled with horror, when at midnight I found this young and lovely woman, only nineteen years of age, in the church of the Apostles, laid on the bier, her face all over rouge, surrounded

ed by seven or eight priests half asleep.

The church has devised every possible means of increasing the horrors of death, and has succeeded, at least with me. Death, which on the field of battle never appeared to me any thing more than a door opened or shut, and which while it is not shut is open, since I saw this celestial countenance thus rouged over, pursues me as a horrible phantom. What shall I say of the horror I experienced the next day, when, as evening closed in, I saw her carried through the streets, still with her face uncovered?—The young Prince Buoncompagni had married her for love, and his family, who for a long time would not acknowledge her, had just been reconciled to them. Their loves were always unfortunate. This is one of the most gloomy recollections that I carry with me from Italy.

As to my Neapolitan robbers : In the month of March 1817, I was out with one of my friends on a shooting party near Aquilla, when I heard the farmers talking of robberies without number, committed by the troop of *the Independence*. There was much talent and a Turkish bravery shewn in the manner in which they were achieved. I paid little attention to all this, robberies in these parts are so common ; I was all eyes to observe the manners of the people. I gave some money to a poor woman who was with child, and who I was told was a soldier's widow, when one said to me, " O sir, she is not to be pitied ; she has the ration of the banditti ;" and they went on to give me the following detail :

" There is in this country a com-

pany of thirty men and four women, all mounted in a superior manner upon race-horses. This band calls itself the troop of *the Independence* ; its chief is a former *marechal-de-logis* of King Joachim. He orders such a landlord, or such a farmer, to put such a sum of money, on such a day, at the foot of such a tree ; if not, he himself will be murdered and his house set on fire. When this troop are on the march, they send orders the day before to all the farmers on their route, to have a repast ready at such an hour, for so many persons, the best that their means will afford. This service is more regularly performed than the provision for the royal household in its progress through the country."

About a month before I received this detail, a farmer, being piqued at the imperious manner in which the repast was ordered, sent information of it to the general, and the *Independents* were surrounded by a numerous band of infantry and cavalry ; they fought their way through, covering the ground with the dead bodies of the soldiers, while not one of their own party fell. Learning the treachery of the farmer, they sent notice to him to settle his affairs. Three days after they took possession of the farm, where they instituted a tribunal, and the farmer being put to the torture, confessed every thing. After deliberating together awhile in secret, they approached the unhappy farmer, and threw him into a large cauldron which was upon the fire, full of milk for making cheese. When he had boiled there for some time, they forced all the servants to eat of this infernal banquet.

The chief could easily increase his troop to a thousand men; but he says, that his talents for command will not go beyond a band of thirty, and he restrains himself to keeping up this number. He received daily applications from people to be received into the band, but he requires a title; that is, wounds received in the field of battle, not certificates given from kindness: these are his very words.

This spring, the peasants of La Pouille suffered very much from scarcity. The chief of the Inde-

pendents distributed among the sufferers tickets upon the ribbon. The rations were a pound and a half of bread for a man, a pound for a woman, and two pounds for a woman with child. The woman who excited my curiosity, had for a month received six of these tickets in the week for two pounds of bread each. For the rest, no one ever knows where the band are to be found; they get all the spies on their side. In the time of the Romans, this chief of *banditti* would have been a Marcellus.

ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE LATE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

(FROM MADAME DE STAËL'S *Work on the French Revolution.*)

It was about seven o'clock in the evening, says Madame de Staël, when the empress felt the first pangs of labour. Dubois, her accoucheur, was sent for, who from that moment never quitted her. She spent all the night in the severest sufferings; she had with her Madame de Montebello, Madame de Sucay, Madame de Montesquieu, two first ladies of her bedchamber, two waiting-women, and Madame Blaise, the nurse. The emperor, his mother and sisters were in an adjoining drawing-room, and entered every moment for news concerning the empress, observing the most profound caution. The pains, which had not been sufficiently strong during the night, became less so towards five in the morning. Dubois, seeing that the labour was likely to be protracted, informed the emperor, who sent away some of those who waited with him, and went himself to the bath. There remained in the chamber of the empress, Dubois and the ladies at-

ready mentioned; the other ladies attached to her service were in her dressing-room. The empress, overwhelmed with fatigue, slept for an hour: the most lively pangs awakened her; they increased, yet without bringing the crisis exacted by nature; and Dubois ascertained the melancholy truth, that the labour would be difficult and dangerous. He sought the emperor, who was still in his bath, and entreated him to come and support by his presence the suffering Maria Louisa; at the same time revealing to him the sad truth, that he doubted the possibility of saving both mother and child. "Think only of the mother!" exclaimed Napoleon; at the same time, half dried, he ran to the empress, and tenderly embracing her, exhorted her to courage and patience. Soon after, the infant was born, under circumstances of most dreadful danger and difficulty. The emperor could not endure the scene more than five minutes: he let fall the hand of

the empress that he had held in his, and rushed from the room, pale as death, and almost out of his senses. Every instant he sent for news of the empress; as soon as he heard the child was born, he flew back, and embraced her with the most frantic joy. The child remained some minutes without signs of life, and was as black as a hat. Napoleon for a moment cast his eyes upon him, believed him dead, said

not a word, but occupied himself with the empress. A few drops of brandy were blown by a quill into the mouth of the infant; they gently rubbed the palms of its hands, and all over its body, and covered it up with warm napkins; at length a faint cry was heard—the emperor, overjoyed, embraced a son, which appeared to him the summit of his fortune.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 3.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE TWO OF DIAMONDS. These points are composed so as to embellish a very elegant fountain, from which a female is about to depart with a vessel of water upon her head; the building is a central pyramid, supporting a vase, from the side of which the water issues into the basin beneath; and the corners are ornamented by obelisks bearing eagles. The diamond is applied as ornaments to the vase, and also to the chief reservoir.

THE NINE OF SPADES. Two Chinese figures are smoking before a furnace, from which issues an

aromatic fume, that they inhale with seeming satisfaction. The spade forms their helmets, badges, the furnace, its door, a kettle, and also the pouches suspended from the necks of the figures.

THE ACE OF CLUBS is a standard-bearer in full and splendid costume, and his shield is ornamented by the figure of the card.

THE FOUR OF HEARTS is a lovely emblematic device of Cupid and Psyche united in the ring of eternity; the heart forms the wings of the deity, a vase, and other ornaments.

ON THE RIVAL EXHIBITIONS AT SOMERSET-HOUSE AND IN PALL-MALL.

MR. EDITOR,

AFTER the frequent representations and remonstrances to the contrary, it seems astonishing that the directors of the British Gallery should persevere in keeping open the exhibition of pictures by the

old masters, at the same time that those by modern artists are exposed to view at Somerset-House. The consequence of course must be an invidious comparison by the visitors, and whether it be to the disadvantage of the one or of the

other, is not difficult to determine: no person, however disposed to favour artists of the present day, has yet pretended for a moment, that they are not injured by the contrast; and this may be admitted without compromising any claims they may fairly have to those qualifications, which at some future, and comparatively distant, time may secure them well-merited estimation. Independently of the real and undoubted excellences of the ancient masters, it will be allowed by all impartial persons, that prejudice operates much in their favour with common observers: by common observers, I mean those spectators who come to an exhibition with no skill and little knowledge, and if with a competent share of taste, yet without cultivation. Let me not be misunderstood; I am far from thinking that rival painters are fair judges upon such a subject, or that those who imagine they monopolize all the means of deciding upon the comparative beauties or defects of pictures—that race of half critics, half artists, and half old women, commonly called *connoisseurs*—are fit to determine. How can a creature, whose knowledge scarcely extends beyond the mode in which some great painter held his brush, who lives upon the discovery of specks and spots, and upon picking off the defacings of time, be capable of giving a judicious opinion upon the talents and genius of any of the great painters of antiquity? Those common observers whom I have above-mentioned, in my judgment, are much more capable than such insignificant triflers; but, at the

same time, prejudice must have its effect upon them, and they will take many excellences for granted in viewing old pictures, which, if pointed out to them in new ones, they would be perhaps extremely slow in discovering.

The only reason of importance urged in favour of keeping open the British Gallery at the same time as the Royal Academy is this, that the season is then at its height, and consequently that more money can be taken at the door. Now this argument will fall to the ground when we recollect the purpose to which the sums so taken (according to the professions of the directors of the British Gallery) are applied; viz. the encouragement of young artists by the distribution of prizes among them: because, in the first place, if the British Gallery were not opened quite so early, or quite so late, in the year, money enough would probably be collected; and, in the next place, the discouragement given to young artists by this invidious, and we may add unnecessary, comparison, is much greater than the encouragement afforded by any pecuniary reward. For let us reflect for a moment, how very slight a stimulus nearly any sum can prove compared with the strong and ever-working excitement of ambition, the thirst after excellence, and the praise which it is sure sooner or later to obtain. On the other hand, when a young man, as he must frequently do, listening in mixed companies to the opinions expressed upon matters of art, hears unfair censures applied, and ill-founded contrasts drawn, what a chilling

damp it must throw over his pursuits and prospects!

But my principal object is not to make any new endeavour to bring the directors of the British Gallery to reason upon this subject, that now would probably be hopeless; nor is it my intention to attempt to stop the strong tide of prejudice which flows, and I am free to admit ought to flow, against the unconfirmed efforts of the moderns; and in favour of those that have received the sanction of time. If I am able, even in a small degree, to restrain or divert the stream, I shall be well satisfied, and shall think that I have accomplished much in favour of the exhibitors at the Royal Academy. Nothing can prove more clearly and decisively the existence and force of that prejudice, than the circumstance that the directors of the British Gallery have almost discontinued the exhibitions they were accustomed to open in spring, of pictures painted by modern artists: this discontinuance is to be attributed to the little company usually resorting to such collections.

In order to divert this tide of prejudice, and if possible to diminish the force of the current, I would offer this suggestion: That the visitors at the Royal Academy or at the British Gallery should not go to both on the same day; that those who visit Pall-Mall should not immediately afterwards hasten to Somerset-House, and *vice versa*, but allow at least twenty-four hours to intervene, that their minds may settle, and that they may be better able to form a fair estimate of comparative merit: if they could re-

strain their curiosity for a week, so much the better, and there is no doubt that the pleasure they would derive from the one and the other would be much greater. It is impossible that after the visitors have been fatigued by walking about hot rooms for several hours, after their eyes have been worn out by constantly looking at bright objects above them, that they can be in a fit state to enjoy either the modern or ancient pictures. Let me add also, that, in the mean time between attending the one exhibition and the other, an opportunity would be afforded for acquiring information upon the various objects that have engaged their attention.

In conclusion, give me leave to subjoin another, though an inferior, objection to the present mode of continuing both these collections of pictures open at the same time; and it is this: that the usual channels of intelligence and criticism upon them are choked with the abundance of matter. As an illustration, I need only refer to the periodical publications of the last month, containing remarks upon the pictures exposed to view in Pall-Mall and at Somerset-House. All readers must lament, that in the last number of your *Repository* so little room was devoted to both the exhibitions, when either of them might well have demanded a larger space and more particularity of observation.

Hoping that this suggestion may obtain attention, and produce even partially the desired object, I remain, &c.

A YOUNG ARTIST.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of thin jaconot muslin, over a pale peach-coloured sarsnet slip: the body of the gown is made high, it has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, and is trimmed with a triple fall of lace at the throat, which is put on narrower before than behind, and stands back so as partially to expose the throat. Plain long sleeves of a moderate fulness, finished at the wrist with lace. The bottom of the skirt is flounced with rich French work, which is surmounted by a rouleau of muslin, and this rouleau is headed by a fancy trimming. Over this is a second row of French work, with a rouleau and heading to correspond. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of white striped lute-string; the body is made plain, tight to the shape, and with a small collar. The waist is very short; the fronts are richly ornamented with braiding, which is disposed in a very novel manner over a part of the back. The sleeve is rather wide, and finished at the hand by a fulness of white striped gauze, which is doubled, and stands out from the arm: full epaulettes to correspond. Head-dress, a Leghorn hat, the brim large, and turned up behind in a soft roll in the French style: the crown is of a moderate height, and ornamented with four rouleaus of pale peach-coloured satin twined with white cord; it is tied under the chin with painted satin ribbon. White kid shoes, and straw-coloured gloves.

PLATE 5.—RIDING DRESS.

A habit composed of fine slate-coloured cloth; the skirt is of a moderate fulness, and finished up the front with braiding. The body is short in the waist: for the form of it, which is very novel, we refer our readers to our print; it is braided in a very rich manner, as is also the sleeve. Head-dress, a small round hat, composed of cork. Slate-coloured leather boots, and Limerie gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Macdonald of 50, South Molton-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The present month is one in which we are obliged to select such novelties as we deem worthy of the attention of our fair readers, from the promenades and ball-rooms of the fashionable watering-places, to which our fair leaders of *ton* repair at this season. Simplicity is at present the order of the day; but the dresses, though moderately ornamented, are perhaps for that reason more tasteful and becoming than we have seen them for some time.

Spencers are still fashionable for the promenade; they are composed of striped lutestring, satin, and fancy silks: the most fashionable form is the one we have given in our print. Gauze is generally worn for trimmings, but satin is also much in favour, particularly white satin. We have noticed also a few spen-

cers trimmed with blond net intermixed with chenille.

Leghorn, white straw, chip, and satin are all worn in promenade bonnets, which still continue of a large shape: the crowns, however, are in general rather higher than we have observed them for a month or two past. A novel and very pretty trimming for the edge of the brim has lately appeared: it is a row of blond lace of about a nail in breadth, which is festooned up with small roses, either white or red; one rose, without leaves, is placed on each festoon. The effect is pretty, and more light than the *ruches* of net and gauze, which, however, are still fashionable. Flowers are in much request; but we see frequently plumes of white feathers, or feathers to correspond with the spencer or dress, if it be coloured.

For carriage dress, the pelisse described in our last number is still in very high estimation; but the Cambridge spencer, composed of white satin, and richly trimmed with blond, is in still greater request: it is made tight to the shape, quite high at the back of the neck, but without a collar; the fronts are sloped down at each side, so as to leave the under dress visible; the bust is trimmed with blond, intermixed with fancy silk trimming; the bottom of the long sleeve is decorated to correspond; and blond epaulettes, which are formed into rouleaus by fancy silk trimming, give an elegant finish to the satin sleeve. This is a very tasteful spencer, but it is one which displays the shape so much, that it ought to be worn only by ladies who are well formed, and not too much inclined

The Cambridge hat, worn in general with the spencer of which we have just been speaking, is one of the most elegant and ladylike head-dresses which we have seen for a considerable time; it is composed of white satin and British net, the latter laid in in the shape of large leaves; the crown is low, somewhat narrower at the bottom than at the top; the brim is a small gipsy shape, but much deeper over the face than behind; the lower part of the crown forms a *toque*, which comes rather low on the forehead, and is ornamented with a wreath of roses; the brim is tied down so as to display this *toque*, and shades, without concealing, the face; a bunch of half-blown roses, intermixed with myrtles, is placed on one side, and the edge of the brim is finished with a narrow *ruche* of British net.

Morning costume has varied little since last month. Waists still continue short, but the backs of dresses are a little decreased in breadth; they are also generally made plain at the top, and with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist. If the dress is made with a collar, it is always thrown back so as partially to shew the throat. Ruffs, even of the lightest description, are now exploded in home costume. No alteration in trimmings since last month.

Silks are still in considerable estimation for dinner dress, and some of them are of a much heavier texture than we should have expected at this season of the year. The most fashionable are plain and figured sarisnets, striped lutestrings, and satins. Dresses continue to be trimmed very high; and we see with much pleasure, that fancy

trimmings, composed of floss silk or chenille, intermixed with silk, are in favour. Gauze, net, satin, and blond are also worn; the two former are generally intermixed with ribbon: if the dress is flounced, the edge of the flounce is finished by a narrow shell-trimming composed of ribbon, and it is headed by a roll of gauze twisted in the corkscrew style with ribbon: there are generally two of these flounces. Blond is usually set on full, festooned with bows or rosettes, and headed with silk fancy trimming. Satin is not so fashionable in trimmings as it was last month: it is, however, adopted by some *élégantes*.

Muslin is considered quite as fashionable as silk, or indeed rather more so. Muslin dresses are profusely trimmed with both work and lace: the former is more worn than we ever remember it. The bodies and sleeves are in general richly worked, and the bottoms of dresses ornamented with rows of embroidery, between which are lace flounces. Muslin dresses are frequently made with long sleeves, but silk ones have always either short sleeves of the same material, or else long ones composed of white lace or British net.

Gauze is the most fashionable material for full dress: plain, striped, and figured gauzes are all in estimation; but the most tonish and the most appropriate to the season is transparent gauze, the effect of which over white satin is very beautiful. There is nothing novel in full-dress trimmings. The bodies of dresses continue to be cut as low as ever. Sleeves are also worn very short. The elegant brace which we described last month is more in favour now than when it first ap-

peared. We have seen also a brace of another description, though not, in our opinion, so pretty: it is composed of narrow folds of white satin mixed with blond, which is laid in full; a piece of folded satin is placed in the centre of the bust, to this is attached on each side a piece of net, which forms the shape of the bosom, and which is intermixed with folded satin. The brace slopes down on each side of the back, and just meets at the bottom of the waist, where it is ornamented with a rosette of satin or of ribbon. These braces have a light and neat effect, but they are neither so elegant nor so advantageous to the shape as those which we described last month.

Toques, turbans, and dress caps are still in the greatest estimation in full dress; but flowers and pearl ornaments are more in favour with juvenile *belles* than they have been for some time past. The hair is variously arranged in full dress, some ladies having their foreheads nearly bare, with a few loose ringlets falling over the cheek on each side; while the hind hair is partly disposed in bows, which are placed high, and partly in braids, which are twisted among the bows. Other ladies have the front hair divided in light loose ringlets on the forehead; part of the hind hair forms a knot at the back of the head, and part of it is curled on the crown of the head. We have seen also on some *belles* the hind hair brought very forward on the left side, and disposed in large bows; but this fashion is not general.

Muslin *cornettes*, trimmed with narrow lace, continue to be worn in undress; but gauze or silk handkerchiefs, disposed in the form of

a *toque*, are more in favour for half dress.

Fashionable colours for the month are, pale peach-colour, pale pink, apple-green, blue, straw-colour, and evening primrose

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, June 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade dresses are now composed either of perkale or printed calico; the ground of the latter is either blue or citron-colour; they are spotted with a darker shade of the same colour, or with white. The form of these dresses is simple and very becoming to the shape: the front is made half high, tight to the shape of the bust, but sloping so that the dress is cut lower at the back than in front; the back is plain and very broad, it buttons behind; the waist is very short, and is ornamented with a narrow flounce slightly worked at the edge, which has the effect of a jacket, and gives a very jauntier air to the gown. Plain long sleeve, nearly tight to the arm, finished on the shoulder with a triple fall of calico, worked to correspond with the jacket, which forms a small epaulette. The sleeve is trimmed at the hand to correspond. The skirt is gored, but rather of a scanty width: it is trimmed with two, three, or four flounces, according to the taste of the wearer. A plain muslin *fichu* is worn underneath the dress, and a rich worked muslin ruff envelopes the throat. Sometimes a black lace handkerchief, or pelerine, is thrown over it for walking, but it is more generally worn without.

Perkale gowns are frequently trimmed with soft muslin, a piece of which is laid on almost as high

as the knee; this is puckered in a variety of ways, and finished both at the bottom and top by a rich flounce of work or lace. Some ladies, however, who consider the effect of this trimming as formal and rather heavy, have their dresses trimmed with two or three flounces of the same material disposed in large plaits. The only out-door coverings now adopted, are *capezous* and pelerines of perkale, and pelerines and handkerchiefs of black lace.

The latter are generally worn large; they are crossed upon the bosom, and confined by a band of ribbon round the waist. The former are more in favour, but they are the most heavy, formal-looking things I ever saw; they are spencers which button behind, and are composed, both body and sleeves, of stripes of muslin broader than a nail, sewed in full to bands of work of about an inch in breadth: as these are placed straight across both in the body and sleeves, you will easily conceive how formal they must look. They are made up to the throat, and always worn with a large ruff; they are also finished with a flounce of worked muslin at the bottom of the waist.

The fantastic variety of promenade head-dresses defies description: the most appropriate, as well as fashionable, for plain walking dress, are perkale *capotes*; they have a moderately sized crown, the muslin is laid on full, and confined by

easings; the brim is very deep over the face, but gradually slopes back, so as to be quite short at the ears: the muslin, which is laid on full, is drawn in four easings at the front of the brim; a piece of worked muslin, pointed at each corner, is pinned across the crown; it ties with a white ribbon under the chin, and is finished at the edge of the brim with a *ruche* of worked muslin slightly embroidered.

I have been particular in describing to you this *capote*, because I think you will find it a pretty and becoming morning bonnet.

Capotes are made also, of a similar shape to the one I have just described, in plaid gauze; the favourite colours are brown and green, which form a bad contrast. These *capotes* are usually trimmed with bunches of feathers, cut to resemble blades of grass: the effect of these ornaments would be at once pretty and appropriate to the season, if this artificial grass was always green; but the Parisians, in their desire for novelty, have it of different colours, and it is no uncommon thing to see a bonnet composed of brown and green gauze decorated with a large bunch of lilac grass.

Leghorn is at present in great favour, as is also fancy straw, and white cotton platted to resemble straw: this last material had been for a short time unfashionable, but it is now in much request. Gauze and crape are generally used for dress hats.

Chapeaux are still worn very large in the brim, and with low crowns; the most fashionable are of a singular but not unbecoming shape: the brim, which is very large, stands

out from the face just over the forehead, where it is quite square; it slopes down at the sides, which tie under the chin, and turns up in two or three folds behind. *Chapeaux* of this shape came out some time ago, but until lately they were only partially worn; now they are considered very fashionable.

We see a few citron, blue, and lilac hats, but nothing is so tonish as white. Feathers are very little used, the few that are worn are Marabouts. Flowers are generally adopted; both wreaths and bunches are considered fashionable, but the latter are most in favour: these bunches are either of pomegranate flowers, wild flowers, or roses; there are always six or seven of the latter, and those too are generally of as many colours: red, blue, green; yellow, lilac, orange, and brown; are usually the colours employed to form these curious bouquets, which have a most glaring and inelegant effect.

Perkale is much worn for dinner dress; jaconot muslin is also greatly in favour; it is generally embroidered at the bottom of the skirt in a large pattern; this embroidery is finished by a rich flounce of work at the bottom, and surmounted by a row of puffs or *bouillons*. Perkale dresses are trimmed as I have described them for the promenade.

Short sleeves are now very generally adopted in dinner and evening dress; they are made extremely short, and as the glove is never drawn higher than the elbow, the arm is by this means very indelicately exposed, both in public places and at the evening promenades. Waists are still very short, and gowns are made in general to fall

more off the shoulder than they have lately done.

White striped satin is much worn in full dress, as is also plain white satin and tulle; gauze is but partially adopted. Dress gowns begin to be made shorter in the skirt than they have been worn lately. Broad blond lace, set on almost plain, and headed with a row of cockle-shells of white satin, is a favourite trimming; there are generally two rows of it round the bottom of the skirt. Dresses trimmed in this way have a full plaiting of blond net round the bust, in the middle of which is a narrow row of satin cockle-shells; the bottom of the sleeve is decorated to correspond.

I have nothing to say about the bodies of dresses, because the *corsages* which I mentioned in my last are still as much in favour as ever. I have seen the dancing dress which I promised to describe to you: its present form is too *outré* to please you, but I think, with some alteration, it would be very tasteful and pretty; I shall therefore endeavour to give you the best idea I can of it.

A blue silk petticoat, sufficiently short to display a pair of white satin trowsers, finished at the bottom by rich blue silk fringe, and made very loose: at the bottom of the petticoat was a large rouleau of white satin, stiffened in such a manner as to prevent it from clinging close round the figure; this rouleau was surmounted by a drapery of tulle intermixed with garlands of field-flowers. The *corsage* was composed of white satin; it was cut as low as possible round the bust, and ornamented with a narrow fancy trimming of blue ribbon. The sleeves,

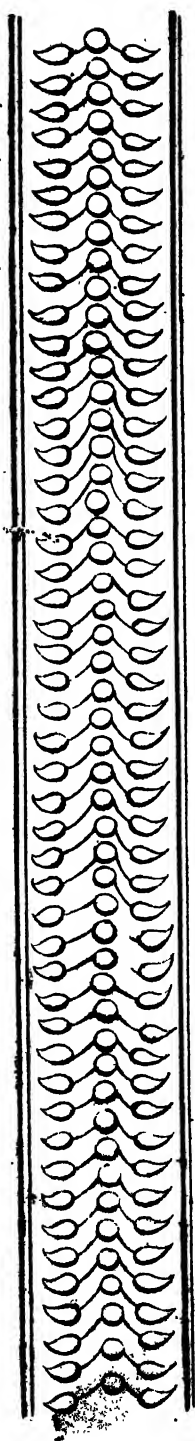
if sleeves they might be called, which scarcely covered the top of the shoulder, were of tulle over white satin; they were very full, the fulness divided in three places by a trimming to correspond with that on the bust. A very narrow cestus of folded white satin was festooned in front by a diamond clasp. The effect of the whole was certainly striking and tasteful, and if the trowsers were omitted, and the bosom and arms less exposed, the dress would have been truly elegant.

For this last month the hair has been more displayed in full dress than during the three preceding ones: the front hair is divided on the top of the head, and combed back on each side so as to display the skin of the head; it is disposed in full curls on each side, the middle of the forehead being left bare. The hind hair is variously disposed, sometimes in a full tuft, sometimes in four or five bows; and very often it is platted in three or four bands, which are bound round the head: there is nothing arbitrary in the fashion of dressing the hind hair, except that it must be low.

Flowers are the principal ornaments, except in grand costume: bunches and wreaths are both considered fashionable; the former are generally placed at the back of the head, so as to incline to the left side: the wreaths are placed very much on one side.

Coral is still worn in full-dress jewellery, but coloured stones begin to predominate; sprigs of emeralds in particular are much in request. Rings, which for some time past have been little worn, are now in great favour; the most fashion-

MUSLIN PATTERNS.



able are those which are set with coloured gems.

I must not forget to tell you, that half-boots, composed either of kid leather or stout silk, are universally adopted for the promenade costume. A few dashing *belles* have appeared in gaiters, but this fashion does not appear at all likely to become general.

White is still considered most fashionable, blue and citron are next in estimation, and some ladies, whose complexion will bear it, wear lilac. Any other colours are considered vulgar to a degree, except in flowers.

Farewell, my dear friend! Believe me unalterably your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. J. C. GINZROL has published, at Munich, the first volume of his very learned work on the carriages used by the ancients, *Die Wagen der Alten*: many of the materials were collected by the author during his residence in this country, where he ransacked the repositories of antiquaries for materials for his undertaking. The investigation is curious, but we may fairly doubt of any practical benefit to result from it: by some it is said, that the ancients were much more skilful in this respect than the moderns; and one object of Mr. Ginzrol is to establish that fact.

The Royal Society of Copenhagen has recently been employed by the researches of M. Vleugel upon the important subject of the variations of the magnetic needle: he maintains that its tendency to the west, so observable of late years, has nearly, if not quite, reached its full extent.

Dr. Withering's *Systematic Arrangement of British Plants* will speedily be published, accompanied by a familiar Introduction to the Study of Botany: the whole will be comprised in four volumes

8vo. and they will be illustrated by a number of plates.

Mr. Hallam's forthcoming work, entitled *A View of the State of Europe in the middle Ages*, may be looked for very shortly. This extensive and dark subject will occupy two volumes 4to.

Mr. George Soane, A. B. author of the Falls of the Clyde and several other dramatic pieces, has translated, from the German of the Baron de la Motte Fouque, *Undine*, a fairy romance of great interest.

An Abridgment of the Rev. J. H. Todd's edition of Johnson's *Dictionary* is in preparation by the editor. It is not, we believe, yet determined what space it will occupy.

A poem, in six cantos, called *Bodrain Castle*, will be published early in the ensuing month.

Maclin's *Bible* will be republished as soon as so extensive an undertaking can be accomplished. It will not be on the same scale as the original, nor will the expense be so heavy. Dr. Nares will write the historical matter connected with it: it will be accompanied by the original valuable engravings.

Dr. Chalmers' well known work on the Evidences of Revelation will be shortly controverted by Professor Mearns of Aberdeen, who is about to publish an *Essay on the Principles of Christian Evidence*.

Mr. J. M'Kennier's *Journey through Asia Minor, Armenia, and Koordistan*, in the years 1813 and 1814, with remarks on the marches of Alexander, and the retreat of the Ten Thousand, will speedily appear: it will be illustrated by an excellent map of the courses taken by Alexander, Xenophon, Julian, &c.

The important, and as yet undecided, subject of the Dry-rot has received considerable illustration in Mr. M'Williams's forthcoming *Essay* upon its origin and operation. Some observations on the cultivation of forest-trees, and other matters connected with building in its various branches, we understand are to be annexed.

Mr. Oulton, author of several farces, is about to publish a continuation of Victor's *History of the Stage*, so as to bring the annual register of new pieces, &c. down to 1817, from the year 1795.

Mr. A. Piquot has in the press, *A Chronological Abridgment of the History of Modern Europe*, compiled from the most approved English, German, and French historians.

A satire, called *The Gentleman*, and written during the years 1813, 14, and 15, is soon to be produced. The author of it is as yet unknown.

A Grammar of Rhetoric, by Mr. A. Jamieson, author of a *Treatise on the Construction of Maps*, &c. will very soon appear. The author

claims originality only in the arrangement, as the matter is compiled from Blair, Rollin, and Campbell.

An interesting work, more especially at the present moment, is in preparation, viz. *A Chronological History of Voyages into the Arctic Regions, for the Discovery of a Northern Passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans*. The author is Mr. Barrow, F.R. and L.S. and it will be comprised in two volumes 8vo. It will, of course, include the earliest attempts to make the discovery.

Dr. Carey has in the press, an improved edition of his larger work on *Latin Prosody and Versification*. *Saint Patrick*, a national tale of the fifth century, by an antiquary, in three volumes 12mo. will be published early in the autumn.

A Description of the Isles of Java, Bati, and Celebes; with an Account, Civil, Political, Historical, and Commercial, of the various Tribes of the Indian Archipelago; by John Crawford, Esq. late resident at the court of the Sultan of Java, is in the press.

A work illustrative of the *Geology of the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland*, is about to be published by Dr. M'Culloch, F.R.S. It will occupy two volumes 8vo. but the illustrative plates will be in 4to.

We congratulate the public on the most important discovery of a cheap method of making inflammable gas from fish-oil, by means of which the principal objection to the universal adoption of this most excellent means of lighting streets, houses, &c. will be removed.

Poetry.

SONG.

Written by Miss COLLINS.

O WOMAN! last, best gift of Heaven,
 Had thy soft form ne'er blest the earth,
 In vain to man had nature given
 Each orient gem of richest worth:
 For 'tis thy smile that cheers his hours,
 And gilds the leaden wings of Time;
 That bids him call forth all his powers
 Of soul, to win that smile of thine.

At beauty's feet stern warriors lay
 Their wreaths and glittering falchions
 down;

E'en monarchs own her magic sway,
 And joyfully resign their crown:
 For Cupid, potent god of love,
 Against whose shafts no arms on earth
 A sure defence to man can prove,
 To radiant beauty owes his birth.

AN IMPROMPTU.

*To the Lady of Captain H—N—TT, R. N. .**By Mrs. M'MULLAN.*

Again, lovely syren! those notes breathe
 again,

Let my wonder-rapt ear list that me-
 lody still;

'Tis Heaven's own harmony lives in thy
 strain,

Each rapturous feeling awakes at the
 thrill.

When spheres roll'd primeval through
 ether's expanse,

When the first star of morn join'd the
 concert above,

When music gave sounds the bright work
 to enhance,

And seraphs pronounced it the lan-
 guage of love;

O then, fair Irene! thy spirit was form'd;
 Such voices as thine made the concert
 above;

And when a blest shrine was by harmo-
 ny warm'd,

Thou wert given to H—N—tt, to va-
 lour and love!

Again, lovely syren! those notes breathe
 again,

Let my wonder-rapt ear list that me-
 lody still;

'Tis Heaven's own harmony lives in thy
 strain,

Each rapturous feeling awakes at the
 thrill.

*To the SHIPS recently despatched on the
 ARCTIC EXPEDITION.*

(From a Poem by Miss PORDEN.)

Sail, sail, adventurous barks! go fearle-
 forth,

Storm on his glacier-seat the misty North,
 Give to mankind the inhospitable zone,
 And Britain's trident plant in seas un-
 known.

Go! sure, wherever science fills the mind,
 Or grief for man long severed from his
 kind,

That anxious nations watch the changing
 gales,

And prayers and blessings swell your
 flagging sails.

No Muse of all that hymn'd Saturnian
 Jove

On Pindus' top, or in Hæmonia's grove,
 Must prompt the strain; thou, beacon
 of their way,

Star of the pole! inspire the arduous lay.
 And thou, unseen directress! power un-
 known!

Shrined darkling on thine adamantine
 throne,

Who lov'st, like virtue, still to shrink
 from view,

And bless a world, yet shun the glory
 due;

While yet they seek thee o'er the track-
 less main,

Guide of their course, befriend their
 poet's strain!

And you, aspiring youths! heroic
 band,

Who leave, by science led, your native
 land;

Undaunted steer where none have mark'd
the way,

Whom dangers daunt not, nor whom toils
dismay!

You no green islands of the west invite,
No dangerous Capua, nurse of soft de-
light;

No paradise, where yet mankind is pure,
No flowery fields or balmy gales allure.
Fatigue and frost and storms and death
you brave,

Where none are near to witness or to save.
Four times the sun his hundred courses
ran,

Another circle of the year began,
Since one fair land—yes, though the seas
were frore,

Green were the pastures of its summer
shore;

Its hardy natives lov'd with keen delight
Their one long day, and yet their longer
night:

But from the hour when on the ice-bound
coast,

In vain their prelate sought his people
lost,

Each winter piled increasing glaciers
round,

And man in terror shunn'd the guarded
ground.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

(From a Seatonian Prize Poem, by the Rev. T.
S. HUGHES of Emanuel College.)

Such is thine own impending fate, O king!
Else why that start? that livid cheek?
why fling

The untasted goblet from thy palsied
hand?

Why shake thy joints? thy feet forget
to stand?

Where roams thine eye, which seems
in wild amaze

To shun some object, yet returns to gaze;
Then shrinks again appall'd, as if the
tomb

Had sent a spirit from its inmost gloom,
Dire as the unearthly form that met the
eye

Of Israel's king, and spoke his destiny;
Dread as the phantom which in night's
dark hour

Reveal'd the terrors of the Almighty's
power,

When o'er the couch of Eliphaz it stood,
And froze the life-streams of his curd-
ling blood?

Such are the terrors that appal thine eye,
And blight the promise of expected joy.

"The king! the king!" burst forth from
every guest,

When, lo! one universal shriek confess'd
The cause of horror, as Belshazzar raised
His arm, and pointed where the vision
blazed!

For see enrob'd in flame à mystic shade,
As of a hand, a red right hand display'd!
And, slowly moving, o'er the wall appear
Letters of fate, and characters of fear!
'Tis that Almighty hand that shakes the
pole,

Wings the swift bolt, and bids the thun-
der roll;

That launch'd each radiant orb, and still
sustains

The glowing fabric of the starry plains!

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

Andrew C.'s offer respecting some unpublished Letters by Robert Burns, has been just received. If properly authenticated, we shall be happy to give them, or such extracts as he may think proper, a place in our Miscellany.

We are much obliged to our constant Contributor from W. for his entertaining favour, which shall appear in our next, as it unfortunately reached our hands too late for the present month.

Several female friends, who seem very justly rancorous against Pertinax Single, shall have an opportunity of being revenged. One communication of this kind it will be seen is inserted.

D. W——r's continuation of Extracts from Howel's Letters is received: we thank him for his early attention.

Peter Printset, it will be noticed, has found his place: his second entertaining letter we reserve until August.

We beg the attention of our readers to the queries respecting "recently imported Antiquities." We hope to obtain some information regarding them.

The pig-faced Lady is rather a worn-out subject; but Francisco's Extracts from a curious old Pamphlet are too amusing not to deserve insertion.

We beg our poetical friends to send their pieces as early as convenient, that their merits may be duly weighed. Fred has our best thanks for his delicate little efforts.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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NO. XXXII.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 2.)

PLATE 7.—VIEW OF THE GALLERY AND BRIDGE OF THE GANTHER.

ON reaching the summit of mount Leria, which separates the valley of the Rhone from that of the Ganther, the most varied prospect is disclosed: on one side is the whole plain of the Valais, the winding course of the Rhone, and the glittering steeples of the town of Brieg, which the traveller has just quitted; on the other side is seen the union of the valleys of the Ganther and the Saltine, echoing with the roar of the torrents by which they are watered: thence you follow the course of the mountains that inclose them, their bases covered by gloomy forests, and their summits crowned by naked icy rocks.

The old road winds at their feet over steep precipices, and soon descends suddenly to the bottom of the valley of the Ganther; while the new road turns to the left, re-ascends the valley to its opening, making a circuit, and crossing a bridge at the foot of the glaciers by which it is terminated. This

bridge was built to maintain the gradual inclination of the road, and its elegant construction and whiteness, contrasted with the dark forests of larches by which it is surrounded, are extremely striking: near it was the first gallery, which was not by any means remarkable for its size when compared with seven others that are met with in a distance of about fifteen leagues: it has, however, very recently been destroyed, to prevent accidents, which were not unfrequent in wet weather, from the fall of detached rocks, that are only held together by a natural cement of clayey earth; which becomes extremely slippery with rain.

The road itself is very irregular and picturesque, now passing over mountains, and now crossing deep valleys; but on the whole, the ascent to the glaciers by it is tolerably gradual though very circuitous.

The span of the arch of the bridge of Ganther is 74 feet.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

AN affair has lately happened in my neighbourhood, which induces me to beg that you will favour the parties concerned in it, who are two very old friends of mine, with your advice. The affair I mean is, a separation which has just taken place between Mr. and Mrs. Snapshort, who, after a matrimonial union of fifteen years, have parted suddenly, without assigning any reason for it.

Innumerable are the conjectures to which this event has given rise. As the lady had, for three months prior to it, been in the country for the benefit of her health, and only returned to London on the day before the separation took place, all the old maids who sit in judgment on the case, declare that she has certainly detected her husband in an intrigue. Several married ladies coincide in this opinion, and give her credit for the spirit with which she has supported her rights as a wife.

The men, on the other hand, contend that the suspicious circumstance of Mr. Snapshort's having hired, during the absence of his lady, a remarkably handsome maid-servant, which is the principal fact proved against him, signifies nothing; for that if he were really guilty, he would have endeavoured to accommodate the matter, instead of which he shewed himself as eager as his wife to have the articles of separation drawn immediately.

Some of these charitable gentry

hint, that Mrs. Snapshort has always been of a very *lively* turn, and there is no knowing how far her spirits may have carried her amidst the gaities of a watering-place. Others, with a pitying shake of the head, protest that they are vastly sorry to find that the separation took place in consequence of Mr. Snapshort having discovered that his wife had spent as much during her three months absence in dress, as would have kept his house for a whole year.

Now, Mr. Adviser, *entre nous*, there is not in all these reports one syllable of truth: the real cause of the separation is, that Mr. and Mrs. Snapshort, who never were blessed with any fruit of their union, quarrelled and parted, because they could not agree about the destination of their future progeny. Nay, good sir, restrain the angry exclamation which is just hovering upon your lips! I am not *hoaxing* you, upon my honour; and to prove that I am not, I will detail to you every circumstance of the affair, with which I believe I am the only person, except the parties themselves, acquainted.

I have said that my friends had been fifteen years married; I cannot say much for the harmony of their domestic life, because they generally quarrelled about four times a week. These wrangles proceeded from violent and hasty tempers on both sides; but as they really loved one another, their reconciliations followed their dis-

putes so rapidly, that I have heard them both declare, they never knew what it was to sleep in anger.

Some time ago the health of Mrs. Snapshort declined, and in order to recruit it, her physicians sent her into the country. Business of importance, about which her husband was then occupied, prevented him from accompanying her, and they were parted for the first time since their union. How the lady bore the separation I cannot say, but her husband, whom I saw frequently, appeared to feel her absence severely.

At the expiration of three months, which he repeatedly declared were the most tedious of his life, his wife returned, glowing with health, and looking in his fond eyes more beautiful than ever. Their dinner that day was perhaps the most delicious meal that either had ever tasted: they took it *tête-à-tête*, and ordered themselves to be denied during the remainder of the evening, that they might enjoy each other's society without interruption.

"I should not have been so impatient at your absence, my dear," cried Mr. Snapshort, "if I had known the improvement both in your health and your looks which this journey has produced. I protest, that at this moment I think you look as young and beautiful as you did on the day we were married."

"Ah, you flatterer!" said she; "would you persuade me that fifteen years have made no change?"

"Yes," replied her husband with vivacity, "they have changed a lovely child into a beautiful woman, for you were but a child when we were married."

"In truth," cried she, "these

fifteen years appear on looking back but so many months, they have passed so rapidly. Oh, my dear, but for one thing how happy should we be!"

"I guess what you are thinking of; you regret, as I have done a thousand times, that we are not blessed with a pledge of our loves: but, my dear wife, we have no reason to despair; Heaven will yet make you a happy mother!"

"Heaven grant it! and yet I hardly know whether it would be for the best; since if I had a child, after being so long deprived of that blessing, the dread of losing it would embitter every moment of my life."

"But why should you suppose, my love, that you will have but one?"

"Why certainly I am not yet too old: however, I do not wish for a numerous offspring; three children would make me quite happy, provided they were all boys."

"And me too; I am glad that you wish for boys, because I should prefer them myself. There will be no need of a profession for the eldest, he will have fortune enough to satisfy a reasonable man; but the two others must be brought up to provide for themselves."

"Very well then, the second shall be a lawyer, and the youngest must go into the army."

"Into the army! My love, what can you be thinking of? No, he shall be a merchant."

"Heavens! how can you propose that a child of mine should degrade himself by trade! What would my family say to it?"

"What does it matter what they say? He will not want any thing

from them; and if he did, they have nothing to give."

"At least he will stand a chance of inheriting the politeness and urbanity for which every branch of my family has always been distinguished; and I should think, sir, that these qualities are of more intrinsic value than the dirty dross which he may chance to gain from your relations. Mercy upon the poor child, if he should resemble such of them as I have seen! But I forbear to make comparisons."

"You cannot make one that will not be in my favour. Sincerity, probity, and industry are the qualities which the boy will inherit from my family; and with the aid of the two last, I doubt not but he will one day do honour to the name of a British merchant."

At these words, delivered in a severe and firm tone, the lady became violently incensed. She vowed that she never would hear of a child of hers being brought up to trade. She wondered how her husband dared to forget the respect due to her birth, by affronting her with such a proposal: but it was all her own fault; every body said that her easy temper encouraged him to tyrannize over her, and every body was right.

Mr. Snapshort ironically begged of her not to do herself so much injustice, for he was perfectly willing to acquit her of the fault of having a too easy temper. On the contrary, there was not one man in a thousand who would have borne her perverse humours as he had done for fifteen years: but every thing had its limits, and it was time for him to exert himself, and let her see that he would be master in his own family.

Nearly choked with passion, Mrs. Snapshort, as soon as she could speak, replied in the bitterest terms; her husband rejoined with equal acrimony. The dispute soon rose to such a height, that Mrs. Snapshort protested, since her husband was determined to behave in such a cruel and absurd manner, she would effectually disappoint his mean views for her son, by having from that hour a separate apartment.

"And why not a separate house?" cried he, losing at this threat the little command he had till then maintained over his temper.

"With all my heart," replied his wife, "a separate house by all means; it will be the wisest thing I have done these fifteen years: let us part directly; I shall rejoice to be freed from an intolerable yoke."

"Your happiness on the occasion cannot be greater than mine," cried the husband: "henceforth, thank Heaven, I shall live in peace."

On hearing these words, Mrs. Snapshort immediately retired to her room, to which her husband would probably have followed her, had she not sent a servant in a few minutes to inform him, that his apartment was ready. Neither of them, as I am informed, slept much that night, which they passed in blaming the conduct of each other, without adverting to the provocation given: by this means they kept their resentment at the height.

In the morning, the wife made preparations for her departure, not without hoping that her husband would take some measures to prevent it; but his pride was so stung at her quitting his bed, that he suffered her to leave his house with-

out seeing or speaking to her. The lady, who scorned to be outdone in spirit, gave directions to her lawyer to have a deed of separation drawn immediately; it was done accordingly in the course of the day, and signed by both parties the very next morning.

This affair happened three weeks ago, and I am very well aware, that from that time to the present, neither husband nor wife has enjoyed an hour's peace, though each party affects a vast deal of satisfaction and even gaiety on the occasion. Several of their friends, myself among the number, have tried to bring about a reunion, but neither will agree to make the first concession; at last it struck me, that if they saw the matter in print, they would, as they neither of them want sense, be struck with the absurdity of their behaviour: if therefore, sir, you will have the goodness to insert my letter, and add to it a little of your advice, you will much oblige your constant reader, and very humble servant,

H. E.

The Adviser has only to observe, that Mr. and Mrs. Snagsbort, in their eagerness to maintain their own rights, appear to have lost sight of those which their expected son may justly claim; and as there is at least a chance that the young gentleman may inherit a sufficient portion of the firmness of his parents, to insist on choosing a profession for himself, it will certainly be quite time enough to quarrel about what it shall be, when he is of age to make the decision. In the mean time, the Adviser would recommend that an immediate act of oblivion be passed on both sides; and in order that the dignity of neither may be in any way compromised, that they shall both at the same instant take hold of the articles of separation, and cast them into the fire; and if either of the parties shall object to following this advice, he or she shall be deemed in future incorrigible, and shall never again be considered as entitled to the advice or good offices of

SOLOMON SAGEPHIZ.

ON A PLURALITY OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Mr. ADVISER,

IN the last number of the *Repository*, I perceive that a lady, signing herself *Dorothea Dubious*, asks your opinion upon the point, whether she ought or ought not to marry a third husband. The counsel you communicate to her is as sage and discreet as could be expected from your character, and seems dictated by a deep insight into the affairs of the heart, regulated by due attention to the notions of the world. Under such

circumstances, I should not presume to interpose any advice of mine, had I not lately stumbled upon a book, which seldom indeed comes into the hands either of ladies or gentlemen of the present day—nay, I doubt much if it ever even met the eye of the didactic Mr. Solomon Sagephiz: I mean the *Epistles of St. Jerome*, one of the fathers of the church, who, in another article of the same number of the *Repository*, I, however, observe is recommended to the per-

usal of females who are about to enter, or have recently entered, upon the hazardous state of matrimony.

This most learned and grave patriarch (if I may so call him) has a long letter addressed to a widow against monogamy, and in the course of it he tells a story, very much in point, which happened in the time of Pope Damasus, of the truth of which he was an eyewitness. It is of a lady of Rome who had married no less than twenty-two husbands, and of a man in the same city who had been blessed (I do not mean blessed because they had all died,) with not less than twenty wives*. In point of number she had the advantage—she had killed more men than he had women; but as they lived in the same day, were near neighbours, and were once more single, St. Jerome asserts, that they began mutually to feel the tender passion, and after a short courtship (for we may imagine that they had no time to lose), it was settled that they should be united in holy wedlock.

The inhabitants of Rome encouraged the match, in order to ascertain which of the two would finally gain the victory by out-living the other; and it was publicly agreed, that the funeral of the party who first died should be solemnized with great pomp and splendour. If the gentleman died earliest, the fe-

males of the city were to precede the body, with demonstrations of joy and triumph, while the men walked behind, hanging their heads, and mourning over their defeated champion. If the lady first were to be deposited in her tomb, the order of things was of course to be reversed.

It so happened that the lady soonest submitted to "the king of terrors;" she was wedded, it is true, a twenty-fourth time—but it was to her grave; and according to the relation of the veracious Father, the male part of the population of Rome faithfully kept their promise; but the females were so disappointed and dejected, that they were unable to make their appearance at the funeral. It is added, that the husband lived some time afterwards, and married two other supplementary wives.

What families either party had, whether their children were in proportion to their numerous unions, does not appear; but of the fact itself we can have no doubt, when communicated on such respectable authority. The letter of St. Jerome is too long for extraction, but it will be found in vol. iv. p. 317, of his works, where all the arguments (which Milton himself, who has written on the other side of the question, could not satisfactorily answer,) in favour of a *plurality of husbands and wives*, are most laboriously collected.

I have thought that I could not do better than point out to your attention, and more especially to that of your fair correspondent, this singular and almost unknown fact: if the Roman lady did not scruple

* It is to be understood, that the lady had the husbands and the gentleman the wives in succession; for the Romans did not allow that a wife should have two husbands, or a husband two wives, at the same time. A man, however (as in the case of Cato), was permitted to lend his wife for a season to a friend, if required.

to take a *twenty-third*, Mrs. Dorothea Dubious need not have much hesitation in resigning her charms to a *third* husband. You're at disposal, AN ANTIMONOGAMIST.
July 2, 1810.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

No. II.

The true reason why the Drury-lane Speculation has failed—Lady Blue's Censure of Shakspeare, and her Refutation—Ancient Theatrical Usages—Introduction of Animals on the Stage, and Sir R. Steele's opinion of them—The huge modern Bonnets, and their inconveniences—Goldsmith's Notions on Dress, and the fitness of following ancient models.

Scene.—A DRAWING-ROOM during a morning visit

Persons.—Sir JAMES, LOUISA, Lady BLUE, Mr. DUBIOUS, and Mr. DAPPER.

Mr. Dubious. It seems extraordinary, if not inexplicable, that London, with a population of about a million, cannot keep open two national theatres.

Sir James. Extraordinary it may be, but certainly not inexplicable. I think a reason might be assigned for the failure of the Drury lane project (and indeed for the general depreciation of theatrical property,) totally independent of and unconnected with the misconduct, incapacity, or mismanagement of the committee.

Mr. Dubious. I have my doubts of that.

Mr. Dapper. Aye, Dubious, you have your doubts of every thing—like that sage philosopher, who, if asked whether he had a nose upon his face, before he ventured to answer, always put his hand up to feel it, and then replied, "I think so, if my senses do not deceive me." Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Dubious. We know very well, Mr. Dapper, that you have a happy facility of never doubting of any thing, and least of all of your own competence to form a correct opinion upon every subject. You will excuse me; for my part I am content to be among those who are open to, but require conviction: for instance, if, as Sir James says, a reason may be assigned for the failure of Drury-lane theatre in the last season, besides the faults of the committee, surely I, who do not perceive that reason so readily, may be permitted to ask it.

Mr. Dapper. Oh! certainly, certainly: but I confess that to me they appear as plain as—as plain as—any thing.

Mr. Dubious. Thank you for your simile—as plain as—any thing; though I may be allowed to doubt of its applicability. May I request a few of those reasons which seem to you as plain as—any thing?

Louisa. Nay, Mr. Dubious, you are a little too hard upon Mr. Dapper. It is one thing to perceive reasons, and another to assign them: he perhaps would wish to be excused the last; indeed it rather belongs to my father, who first spoke of a reason independent of the mismanagement of the committee.

Mr. Dapper. Indeed, Miss Louisa, you are now, as always, in the right; though, if I thought fit, I could state my reasons.

Mr. Dubious. Pray, sir, for what?

Mr. Dapper. For not thinking fit to state them. But, Sir James, I believe I interrupted you.

Lady Blue. Proceed, Sir James: my curiosity is exalted, and my desire to listen to the reasons you referred to is considerable.

Sir James. In my judgment, the chief cause of the little success at Drury-lane theatre is to be attributed to the great size of the house.

Mr. Dubious. I have my doubts of that; because the reason would apply still more strongly to Covent-garden.

Sir James. And so it does; but the funds the proprietors of that house possess enable them to adopt measures in some degree, though by no means effectually, to countervail the disadvantage arising from the magnitude of the area of their theatre.

Lady Blue. Surely, Sir James, you have forgotten—your mnemonics have deserted you in this instance; for the Coliseum at Rome was calculated to contain above 90,000 spectators, and the amphitheatre at Verona—

Sir James. I beg your pardon, Lady Blue, I have them completely in my recollection; but I apprehend that the comparison will fail, for those places were devoted to very different kinds of entertainment to those that occupy us in the present day. I declare, that whenever I have gone to the play of late years (I mean since old Covent-garden was burnt), unless I was very well-acquainted with the piece performed, I have missed hearing more than I have heard.

Lady Blue. Perhaps your acoustics may not be in a perfect state of effluorescence.

Sir James. I believe I can hear as well as most other people, and I know that I have found many at the theatre at the same time in the same predicament.

Mr. Dapper. Very true, Sir James, very true; that was one of the very reasons I could have assigned, had I thought fit—I was; just going to say so myself.

Mr. Dubious. I have my doubts of that—I beg pardon, Mr. Dapper; I should have said, that I have no doubt of that. I am sure that when you go to the play, and are flirting in the upper boxes, you do not hear half the play—nor try to hear it; and I have no doubt too, that many others are prevented by you and your companions from hearing it.

Lady Blue. Upon my word, I so seldom visit those places of popular resort, that I am not competent to give a decided opinion. If indeed they would act the Greek drama, or even the Latin, or if writers would but confine themselves to the observance of the *unities*, I might receive some enjoyment; but the barbarous productions of modern dramatists give me no pleasure in representation. If Shakspeare had but learned Greek and Latin, and composed upon the model of Euripides or Sophocles, he would, in my poor judgment, have produced something worthy of the literature of his country.

Mr. Dubious. I have my doubts of that—if your ladyship will permit me to say so.

Sir James. There can be no doubt that, even if Shakspeare had shackled himself with the strict rules of the ancients, he would have produced poetry worthy of himself:

—he would have danced gracefully even in fetters; but I am far from allowing that the observance of these restrictions would have been an improvement to his productions. This, however, is quite beside the point we were discussing.

Mr. Dapper. It is, Sir James; go on with your reason.

Louisa. I am sure I have often been in papa's case, and it generally happens that one loses most of what is said by the principal actors in the principal situations of the piece—of what it is more important to hear.

Sir James. And the consequence is, that fine delicate acting, the tender expression of the less boisterous passions, has been banished from our stage. Mr. Kean, a man of excellent judgment, is convinced of this, and conducts himself accordingly: instead of attempting to set a whole character well, to produce a piece of representation good from beginning to end, he is contented with making particular scenes, and even particular sentences and words in those scenes, prominent and effective. Independent of other considerations, it would require more than the lungs of Stentor to go through a whole part at the same pitch. Every person who has seen him in Richard (and who has not half a dozen times over?) knows, that even with only three or four attempts at being heard and gaining applause in special situations, he is quite exhausted before he is killed—glad enough he assuredly is to meet at last with Richmond, and to die by his hand: it requires no assumption of a difficulty in speaking, when he exclaims, "Richard is hoarse with

daring thee to arms." But the evil of overgrown theatres is not confined to auditors who cannot hear, or to actors who cannot be heard; but it no less affects authors—those who write or have written for the stage:

Mr. Dapper. What you say is very true, Sir James—I have felt it myself: in an idle hour I once put pen to paper, and hit off a tragedy, which under any other circumstances must have succeeded.

Mr. Dubious. I have my—hem!

Mr. Dapper. The plot, incidents, and characters were all complete, new, and striking: but I was told by the managers, that it would not do; that if it had been brought out in Garrick's days, it would certainly have had a great run—but alas! those days were past: I was not much disappointed, for it was but a tragedy after all, and the trifles cost me little trouble.

Lady Blue. Exactly so—in truth; modern plays, I mean those where the great rules of antiquity are disregarded, are but trifles compared with the mighty master-pieces of Greece and Rome. It is obvious that Shakspeare must have composed just in the same off-hand way as Mr. Dapper: his pieces required no study or labour.

Sir James. I am very far from being of that opinion, though it is one of his great perfections, that to persons who do not sufficiently study the subject, he appears to have written his plays with perfect ease, as if he had taken no pains about any of the expressions he has used. One sentence seems to flow from another as easily and naturally, as one wave of the sea follows another: but this was not accom-

plished, I am convinced, without great and patient industry, and laborious attention to the most minute circumstances and the most delicate workings of the mind. These indeed constitute the chief beauty of this unequalled poet—they give the great charm to his productions; and every thing of the kind must inevitably be lost upon our stage as theatres are at present constructed. It is a known fact, that the plays of Shakspeare were written for audiences that seldom exceeded two hundred persons; they all sat near the actors, and Burbage or Taylor* had full opportunity of making them all sensible of the most refined and delicate beauties of the parts they were performing.

Mr. Dapper. What an opportunity, too, the gentlemen enjoyed of ascertaining the beauty or ugliness of the actresses! This is another disadvantage of large theatres: now an actress may have her face positively encaverned by the small-pox without its being discovered, and while every body is praising the delicacy of her complexion and the symmetry of her features.

Sir James. At that time, too, gentlemen who paid for the privilege, were allowed to have seats even upon the stage. But unluckily actresses were not permitted to perform until long afterwards, when Charles II. was restored.

Mr. Dubious. May it not be said too, Sir James, that melodrames, that fungus of the drama as it has been termed, in which inexplicable dumb-show and extravagant

* Burbage was the original Richard III., and Taylor the original Hamlet, in the time of Shakspeare.

action supply the place of dialogue, owe their origin to the magnitude of the theatres?

Sir James. Undoubtedly they do; at least the great success they have met with of late years is to be principally attributed to it. The real horses, and real water, and the gaudy unmeaning eye-distressing scenery, are all contrivances by managers to supply an equivalent for what was formerly enjoyed when the houses at most would contain about half the present number of persons. Because Covent-garden has been able to afford to get up these substitutes for the legitimate drama at an enormous expense, her success has been greater than that of her rival.

Lady Blue. Yet you are aware most probably, that the ancients are supposed to have done something of the same kind: otherwise how could *The Frogs* of Aristophanes have been performed, unless the chorus were imitated behind the scenes, if scenes they had?

Sir James. I confess I am not sufficiently informed upon that point; but I well recollect a very spirited attack in *The Tatler*, by Sir R. Steele, upon the managers of the Italian Opera, who in *Arsinoe* (I think that was the name of the piece) brought a flight of sparrows upon the stage, to imitate singing birds.

Louisa. There, however, the excuse might be made, that even the sparrows were playing the parts of thrushes, linnets, and nightingales—they were themselves actors and actresses: but now horses are introduced as horses, for the gratification of a crowd of auditors, or more properly spectators.

Mr. Dubious. Not spectators neither properly so called—at least I have my doubts upon the subject.

Louisa. Why, Mr. Dubious?

Mr. Dubious. Because when I went to the play last, I had the misfortune not to be able either to see or to hear.

Sir James. How so?

Mr. Dubious. Because I sat behind a lady.

Mr. Dapper. Do you mean that she talked so much, that you could not hear, and that she was so beautiful, that you could look at nothing else?

Mr. Dubious. No; she spoke indeed, but I could not hear her; and whether she were beautiful or not I have my doubts, for she wore such an enormous bonnet, that I could not catch a glimpse of her face, and scarcely of the stage.

Mr. Dapper. What, a lady in a bonnet!—that was against every rule of propriety;—a bonnet in the dress-boxes of the theatre! such a thing was never before heard of.

Mr. Dubious. But it was in the pit.

Mr. Dapper. Oh, the pit!—among the mob:—well, I never observed whether the women wore bonnets there, or indeed what they wore, or whether they wore any thing—but you merited your fate for going into such a vulgar place.

Sir James. I only know, that the first four or five rows of the pit are now the only places where there is a chance of seeing and hearing the performer—and that only when he is in the middle of the stage. I have observed persons of the highest rank and fortune in the pit of Drury-lane theatre.

Mr. Dapper. Why, yes, I admit

that they do go there, but then it is *incog*, always *incog*.

Mr. Dubious. This lady whose bonnet so annoyed me was perfectly *incog*: she might be a duchess for aught I knew, though I have my doubts about it: only this I know, that these *penthouses*, as Lord Ellenborough once called them on the bench*, are *pest-houses* in the pit of the theatre—at least they are the worst plagues I ever met with there, and ought never to be admitted.

Mr. Dapper. It was suggested long ago, that at the doors of the theatre some mechanical engine should be placed to ascertain the weight and size of every person admitted, in order that they might pay in proportion to the room they should occupy: and, in my opinion, it would be quite as fair that ladies who sustain these enormous head-dresses should be required to observe a somewhat similar rule.

Louisa. The chief difficulty would be its enforcement; another obstacle would probably arise from the impossibility of a fair apportionment of price of admission. It is comparatively easy to ascertain whether a corpulent man is equal to two, three, or four moderate and average persons; but how could it be known what room a modern

* A lady in an immense Leghorn bonnet was very recently under examination before the lord chief justice of the court of King's Bench: she did not speak out even after several warnings and admonitions. At last his lordship lost all the patience for which he is particularly distinguished, and burst out, "Really, ma'am, if you will not speak out, I must get the officers of the court to remove that penthouse from your head, that I may hear you."

Leghorn bonnet would fill, since it would not only spread at the side over the wearer's neighbours in the pit, but it would entirely obstruct the view of several rows of persons behind; for the crown, surmounted with its spreading *bouquet*, rises to the level of the heads of persons some distance in the rear upon the gradually elevated benches?

Sir James. One of our pleasantest writers, I mean Oliver Goldsmith, has an essay in his *Bee*, in which he very agreeably and acutely ridicules the folly of the females of this country, who, whether black, brown, or fair, decorate themselves (as far as that which is unbecoming can be called decoration) in ribbons, silks, &c. of the prevailing colour, though perhaps the contrast it forms with their complexions may make some of them look hideous, instead of engaging as it is their wish to be.

Mr. Dubious. But I have my doubts whether Goldsmith adverts to what is equally absurd; namely, the passion that all Englishwomen have for dressing alike, not only in the colour but in the form of their apparel. Not a long time has elapsed since bonnets so small were the mode, that they scarcely covered the head of the wearer; and now they are so enormous, that they not only overshadow her, but three or four others.

Louisa. But allow me to say, Mr. Dubious, in extenuation of this offence against good taste committed by my country-women, that they are by no means the only offenders. I am sure that when we were in France (as papa and Mr. Dapper can witness), the ladies, more especially in Paris, were all but co-

pies of each other; the only difference was, that some of the likenesses were in miniature, and others colossal.

Mr. Dapper. Your resemblance of them to pictures, Miss Louisa, is the more correct and happy, because they were all of them painted. He! he! he! Come, I think that was a pretty fair joke, or a joke at the fair. Ha! ha! ha! Yet they are lovely creatures after all—divine, exquisite, enchanting.

Louisa. Aye, now Mr. Dapper is in raptures; only talk of French ladies, and he immediately forgets that there are any in England, not to say as “divine, exquisite, enchanting,” as those of Paris.

Mr. Dapper. Upon my honour, Miss Louisa—

Louisa. Nay, you need not apologize: on behalf of my country-women I shall not break my heart at any admiration you can bestow upon foreign beauties; at least you must acknowledge, that if not in charms, in dress we rival them, for it is as exact an imitation as can well be imagined.

Lady Blue. If the young ladies of the present day heap a vast quantity of clothing upon their heads, it must be allowed that their heels are not overburdened: the shortness of the modern petticoats is really shocking, it sets modesty at defiance. My friend, Sir Peter Pry, has often told me how he has blushed at the display of ankles in a ball-room.

Louisa. There it is more excusable, because the exercise requires that as little restraint as possible should be put upon the action of the figure.

Lady Blue. In the time of Queen

Elizabeth, who actually issued proclamations to correct the dress of her subjects, it would not have been endured for a moment. If our females would but study the antique, if they would regulate their dress by the statues of Greece and Rome, we should have no reason either to complain of huge bonnets or short petticoats.

Sir James. We should indeed have no reason to complain in many cases, for our ladies would per-

haps neither wear the one nor the other. They might copy the *Venus de Medicis*, or if they followed the celebrated *Diana*, there would not merely be a display of ankles but of knees.

[Lady Blue here ordered her carriage and retired; Mr. Dubious and Mr. Dapper took their leave; and Sir James and his daughter withdrew to dress for dinner.]

ASMODEUS,

CELESTINE.

(Concluded from p. 23.)

IN the ensuing letter we shall see how Madame St. Ange expresses herself to her brother the Count de Beaumont, on the subject of his almost hopeless passion for Celestine.

"No, my dear unjust brother, my silence has not proceeded from any of the causes you so kindly assign. I am neither too happy, too much occupied, too indolent, nor too forgetful to write to you. My silence has been occasioned by a wish to spare you the pain which the intelligence I had to communicate would have caused you. Our dear marquise has been very ill, but, thank Heaven, all danger is now over; her health is nearly restored, and, luckily for our project, her illness has been the means of attaching her to me.

"To explain this, I must tell you that I nursed her through it. Her gratitude for my doing so is excessive; never was there a heart more tender, more affectionate than hers. But, independent of what she believes she owes to me, I fan-

cy that she is not sorry to have a pretext for once more attaching herself to one of her fellow-creatures: an early disappointment in love and friendship had, as she thought, completely shut her heart to all human beings, but nature never formed her for a misanthrope. Already has she, for my sake, broken through her resolution to avoid all commerce with her fellow-creatures; and I do not despair that we may yet find means of reconciling her to love as well as to friendship.

"But her history, methinks you exclaim. While she was in the convent where she received her education, she formed one of those everlasting friendships which young girls are so ready to make and to break. Let me, however, be just to Celestine: I firmly believe that she attached herself most tenderly to Mademoiselle St. Hilaire, who was a few years older than herself, and who affected to return her friendship with the greatest ardour. She was destined to take the veil, and there were moments in which

pations which in a few hours were to be destroyed for ever.

"To be brief, the faithless St. Hilaire espoused his cousin, who had had the art to alienate his affections from Celestine. I need not paint to you what the victim suffered on receiving this intelligence; her first impulse was to bury herself in a convent, but her pride soon conquered this determination. She resolved to bestow herself upon the marquis, and to brave the sight of her false friend and perjured lover. What motives actuated them to shun her I know not, but they speedily quitted Paris, and settled in Italy. Well was it for our poor Celestine that they did so, for I am certain that she could not have gone through the task of meeting them in society, and behaving to them as indifferent persons.

"Such, my dear brother, is the reason of the marquise's seclusion from the world. How to conquer her prejudices against your sex, has cost me more serious thought than you would believe your giddy sister capable of, but as yet no feasible plan has presented itself: have patience, however, and reassured, that if there is invention in woman, some plan shall speedily be devised by your affectionate sister,

"STEPHANIE ST. ANGE."

This letter was speedily followed by the arrival of Madame St. Ange in Paris: the count flew to meet her. "Ah! my dear sister," cried he, "I read in your eyes that you have good news for me."

"I see," replied she gaily, "that you understand their language. I have, in fact, formed a project which, if you are disposed to con-

cur in it, will, I hope, make the fair widow yours."

"Can you then doubt my concurrence?"

"Yes, a little, because it will be necessary to metamorphose."

"With all my soul; I will assume any disguise."

"I take you at your word: you must then provide yourself with a pair of wings, whose vivid tints must emulate the rainbow; a flowing robe of translucent whiteness, a complexion more analogous to our ideas of celestial beings than your present sunburnt hue; and when you are thus equipped, you shall appear to Celestine in the character of her guardian sylph."

"Pshaw!" cried the marquis in a tone of disappointment, "how can you thus trifle with me?"

"Trifle! I am perfectly in earnest."

The marquis turned towards the door.

"Stay," cried Madame St. Ange, extending her hand with a good-humoured smile, "and give my plan at least a fair hearing before you reject it."

She proceeded to tell the count, that happening to find Celestine one day reading a work which pretended to demonstrate the existence of sylphs, Madame St. Ange had spoken of the author's arguments in terms of ridicule: to her surprise, the marquise took the opposite side very warmly, and though she did not absolutely declare her belief that these aerial beings actually hovered round us, Madame St. Ange was convinced that she was of that opinion.

This conversation suggested to Madame St. Ange the idea which

she had disclosed to her brother, and she proceeded to detail the means by which it might be put in execution. She had a chateau in Languedoc; it had been built in the feudal times, and consequently afforded many opportunities for concealment. Celestine had consented to accompany her thither for a few months, on condition that she should not be importuned to mix in company; and there the count would have ample means to persuade her, that he really was one of those ethereal beings whose existence she seemed so willing to believe.

The count, however, peremptorily refused to present himself *in propria persona* before his fair mistress in such a character. It must be owned indeed, that his sister, in her zeal to serve him, had overlooked one circumstance of no small weight: nothing could be more unsylphid, if we may coin a word, than the figure of the count; he was very tall, and though his form was finely proportioned, it was on much too large a scale to represent an inhabitant of air; nor were his strongly marked features and dark complexion, which he resolutely protested against improving, at all in character.

He concurred with his sister, however, in thinking, that some advantage might accrue to him from the romantic turn of Celestine, with whom he could easily contrive to converse without being visible to her; and he eagerly agreed to try what could be done by secreting himself for a short time in the chateau.

Madame St. Ange's arrangements for the journey were soon made;

she set out with her friend for Languedoc. Celestine was delighted with the situation of the chateau. Our readers will readily believe that Madame St. Ange did not forget to place her in apartments favourable to the count's purpose, and on the second day after his arrival he commenced his plan of operations.

She found on her toilet one morning a locket in the shape of a heart, composed of precious stones; it was lying on a slip of paper, on which was written:

"A gift to Celestine from her guardian sylph."

"Ah! Madame St. Ange," cried the marquise aloud as she read the paper, "this trick is yours."

"It is no trick," replied a voice which sounded close to her, "nor is Madame St. Ange the giver."

Celestine was for a moment pale with affright; she looked hastily round the room, flung open the doors of her chamber and anti-chamber, but saw nothing.

"Banish this alarm," continued the voice; "believe me, you have nothing to apprehend: a friend, a thousand times more zealous and more able to serve you than any of your own species, addresses you. From the moment of your birth you have been my charge, but until now I was not permitted to aid you by my counsel, though I have been allowed to avert the greatest misfortune which threatened you."

Confused, astonished, yet half incredulous, Celestine remained silent, and the voice continued: "Would you have proof that you are not imposed upon, know, Celestine, that I can read your thoughts!"

At these words the marquise re-

covered a little of her courage. "You say you are my friend," cried she, "why then do you not deign to shew yourself to me?"

"Beware," cried the voice, interrupting her, "how you urge me to comply with a request which might prove fatal to you. Never is mortal eye permitted to behold the effulgent radiance which surrounds us children of a purer element; except in the moment of dissolution: but though I must remain unseen, our intercourse will not therefore be restricted. I see with compassion, that your heart withers in the solitude to which you have destined it. Cease then to shun your fellow-creatures; mix once more in society, and doubt not of meeting with beings whose hearts are congenial to your own."

Celestine, restored by this speech of her imaginary guardian to a perfect recollection of her wrongs and her sufferings, vehemently declared her resolution never to hold an intimate communion with any human being, Madame St. Ange excepted.

We shall not repeat the arguments with which the sylph combated this resolution; suffice it to say, that their conversation was long, and at its close the marquis, in obedience to her sylph, suspended his present round her neck; he charged her never to part with it, and spoke in very mysterious terms of its value.

Celestine longed to acquaint her friend Madame St. Ange with this wonderful incident, but until night no opportunity presented itself. When the friends were about to retire to their respective apartments, the marquis accompanied

madame to hers; and having got her to send away her attendant, was beginning with great eagerness to relate her adventure.

"Stop, Celestine," said in a severe tone the same voice which she had heard in her own apartment, "you know not the consequences of the rash confidence you are about to place."

Celestine looked at her friend, and saw with astonishment that she appeared perfectly tranquil; the marquis asked her whether she did not hear something.

"No, my dear," cried she, "there are none of the servants within hearing; and now pray tell me, what is this wonderful thing?"

"If you divulge it, Celestine," said the voice in a tone of solemnity, "my power to counsel or to assist you is at an end."

"Well, marquis," cried Madame St. Ange impatiently, "why do you not speak?"

Our readers will readily believe that Celestine did not venture to disobey her celestial guardian, in whom she now placed the most implicit confidence: it was clear that he must be something more than human, or Madame St. Ange must have heard him as distinctly as herself. That lady could scarcely refrain from smiling at the confused and hesitating manner in which the marquis evaded the promised communication, and she saw her depart very well satisfied with the success of her plan.

The next day the sylph again addressed his fair charge, and the mysterious intercourse soon became very delightful to the marquis. The sylph played his part to admiration; his conversation

was always full of wit and sentiment; he spoke with such tender interest of Celestine's past sorrows, that her heart was penetrated with gratitude, and she warmly congratulated herself on being under his protecting care.

In one of their conversations, she ventured to inquire what was the great misfortune he had been suffered to avert. What was her surprise when he replied, it was her marriage with St. Hilaire!

"Yes, Celestine," continued he, "had this union taken place, you would have been the most wretched of mortals. Your feeling and noble soul must have suffered perpetual torments in being bound for life to a man whose disposition is directly opposite to your own. Severe as your disappointment has been, your sense of it will in time subside, and life will once more open upon you in colours less dazzling perhaps, but more permanent, than those in which it appeared to you in the dawn of youth."

The deep sigh with which Celestine heard these words conveyed her dissent from the opinion of her celestial friend, but she did not venture to express it in any other way.

A few weeks passed, the sylph proved to the marquise that all gallantry was not confined to polite human circles; she frequently found in her apartments fresh flowers, elegant trinkets, copies of verses, which she of course thought very charming, for they were generally in praise of herself. All these attentions, added to the mysterious manner in which they were paid, made a sensible impression on Celestine, who gradually yield-

ed to his repeated admonitions to mix in society: But Celestine, with great *naïveté*, told her sylph she found no enjoyment in mixing with the world, and that she always longed for the hour in which she expected to resume her usual conversation with him.

Thus far all had gone well. Madame St. Ange now thought that the time was come for her brother to present himself in his own person, as if he had just arrived at the chateau. She cautioned him to disguise his voice; and the count, with a beating heart, was presented by her to Madame de Rosiere.

It chanced that on the same day Monsieur de St. Far also made his appearance at the chateau. St. Far was a man who would succeed with nine women out of ten; nothing could be more lively, insinuating, and polished than his manners: he had seen Celestine in Paris, and he was delighted with the opportunities which he thought he should now have of conciliating her good graces.

Nothing in the count's opinion could be more *mal-à-propos* than the arrival of St. Far; it was with difficulty he could bring himself to behave civilly to him. He saw, however, with delight, that all St. Far's attentions were thrown away on Celestine; she listened to him with the most frigid reserve, and during the whole day addressed him as seldom as possible.

We may believe that the count was impatient for the moment in which he could in his character of sylph ascertain her sentiments: he found with transport that St. Far, whom he had dreaded as a formidable rival, was absolutely dis-

agreeable to her. "Ah!" cried she, "how weary I was of his insipid compliments! How incessantly did he persecute me! How different is he to the modest, unassuming Count de Beaumont, who alone, of all the gentlemen present, seemed to consider me as a rational being!"

The sylph's heart beat high, but he had delicacy and forbearance enough to make no comment on this speech. Emboldened, however, by these favourable words, he ventured the next day, and the next, though with timidity, to pay her some attention: probably this attention would have passed unnoticed, had she not been driven to take refuge in his unobtrusive civilities from the violent adoration of St. Far.

The count never spoke of love, and the fair widow never thought of it; but yet some how or other her misanthropy gradually decreased. She was a good while before she found out that the count was handsome, but on a sudden she discovered that his features, besides being regular and noble, were expressive of much goodness of heart. One thing struck her with surprise, though her conversations with the sylph continued, he had never mentioned the name of the count, and her timidity prevented her from pronouncing it.

Happy is the man who once brings a lady to consider, whether she is or is not an object of interest to him; he may be assured that her heart will not be difficult to conquer. The count, however, who had little vanity in his composition, imagined he made no progress at all; but his sister, who was more

clear-sighted, encouraged him to persevere.

An accident shortened his term of probation. On retiring one evening to his chamber, after he had been conversing with Celestine in his sylphid character, he missed a letter which he recollected having had in the morning in his pocket. Supposing that he had drawn it out with his handkerchief, he returned to his place of concealment to look for it; but what was his horror at finding the apartment of Celestine in flames! To rush through them, to snatch up the marquise, who had sunk on her bed, and bear her through the volume of smoke and fire which menaced them both with destruction, was but the work of a moment. Darting through the concealed passage, and calling loudly as he proceeded, the count soon placed his lovely burden in safety, and hastened to assist in extinguishing the fire, which was happily soon accomplished.

We shall not attempt to paint the gratitude of Madame de Rosiere. She expressed it to him with a degree of sensibility which threw him completely off his guard. The secret of his passion, that secret which had so often hovered on his lips, escaped him almost before he knew what he was saying; and the soft confusion of the marquise was sufficient to convince him, that the disclosure, though unexpected, was not unwelcome.

"Count," said she in a tremulous voice, "I cannot answer you now; I must consult—I mean I must consider——" She paused; the count saw clearly, that she meant to refer the matter to the

lyph. Hitherto he had considered the imposition as innocent, but his generous nature revolted at the thought of carrying it the length of entrapping her into matrimony. He entreated to be heard; and after painting with all a lover's eloquence the length of time that he had silently adored her, proceeded to inform her of the stratagem which love had prevailed upon him to practise.

At last the count made his exit, and sent his sister to plead his cause; which she did so effectually, that the marquise soon sealed her forgiveness with her hand; nor was there ever perhaps a more happy union than the one effected in this singular and romantic manner.

CURIOUS AND ENTERTAINING EXTRACTS FROM JAMES HOWEL'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

ONE of the best parts (or perhaps the very best) of the collection of *Elegant Epistles* as they are called, edited by Dr. Knox, consists of a few of Howel's Letters; but those chosen are not by any means such as ought most to have been preferred: however, that the editor had the judgment to resort to them at all, is something beyond what many persons would have expected. The whole closely printed volume which goes under the title of "Familiar Letters by James Howel," is one of the most interesting, amusing, and instructive productions to be met with in the class of literature to which it belongs: the Letters refer to a most important period of our history, from about the middle of the reign of King James to the restoration of Charles II. and they speak of events, of many of which the author was an eyewitness, both at home and abroad.

Although, as you point out in your last number (p. 43), newspapers were first invented in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, yet they were by no means generally used or regularly published until perhaps more than a century later; and it is on this account that the letters of individuals of the previous and intervening periods are full of political as well as private intelligence. But Howel's Letters, more than any others, deserve attention, not only on this account, but from the talents of the man, and the knowledge he had acquired. He had travelled much in foreign countries; in France, Holland, Spain, and Italy, and it was not an idle boast on his part, that he had a language for every day in the week: thus he brought to his aid more resources than a thousand of the petty scribblers of more modern times. For these reasons it occurred to me one day, while the book was lying open before my eyes, that a few entertaining articles might be composed, principally of extracts from its most curious and interesting parts; for some of the Epistles are full of anecdotes of personages of the highest importance: if acceptable, those which follow are very much at your service.

I should perhaps premise, that James Howel was born in 1594: his elder brother was made Bishop of Bristol in 1644. James was educated at the free-school of Hereford, and was sent to Oxford at sixteen, taking his degree in 1613. He afterwards went abroad for several years into various countries, in private and public capacities; but being a royalist, he was thrown into the Fleet prison on the establishment of the protectorate: here he collected and published his "Familiar Letters," and many others of his numerous works. Charles II. liberated him, and made him historiographer royal; but he died in 1666.

D—W—r.

WHAT A FAMILIAR LETTER SHOULD BE.

INDEED we should write as we speak; and that is a true familiar letter, that expresseth one's mind

as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind; but I hold the

pen to be the more faithful of the two: the tongue *in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record.

LETTERS OF THE FRENCH.

Others there are among our next transmarine neighbours, eastward, who write in their own language; but their style is so soft and easy, that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews; they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic expressions, made up of a bombast of words and finical affected compliments only: I cannot well away with such sleazy stuff, with such cobweb compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him, that may enlarge the notions of his soul: one shall hardly find an apothegm, example, simile, or any thing of philosophy, history, solid knowledge, or as much as one *pew created* phrase, in a hundred of them; and to draw any observations out of them, were as if one went about to distil cream out of froth.

AN HONEST ROGUE REWARDED.

The Duke of Ossuna passed by here (Barcelona) lately, and having got leave of grace to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape (galley); and passing through the churma of slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were: ~~everyone~~ *everyone* excused himself; one saying that he was put in out of

malice, another by bribery of the judge, but all of them unjustly; but amongst the rest there was one sturdy little black man, and the duke asking him what he was in for, "Sir," said he, "I cannot deny it but I am justly put in here; for I wanted money, and so took a ~~punch~~ *punch* hard by Tarragona, to keep me from starving." The duke, with a little staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows upon the shoulder, saying, "You rogue! what do you do among so many honest, innocent men? Get you out of their company." So he was freed, and the rest remained *in statu quo prius*, to tug at the oar.

GLASS-MANUFACTORIES AT VENICE*.

I was since I came hither in Murano, a little island about the distance of Lambeth from London, where crystal glass is made, and it is a rare sight to see a whole street where on the one side there are twenty furnaces at work. They say here, that although one should transplant a glass-furnace from Murano to Venice herself, or to any of the little assembly of islands about her, or to any other part of the earth besides, and use the same materials, the same workmen, the same fuel, the selfsame ingredients every way, yet they cannot make crystal glass in that perfection, for beauty and lustre, as in Murano. Some impute it to the quality of the circumambient air that hangs

* It is well known, that the beautiful composition of glass was first invented and manufactured at Venice: *Venice glasses* are even still spoken of by old-fashioned people. Howel went thither to make inquiries, for the improvement of the mode in which in his time it was made in England.

over the place, which is purified and attenuated by the concurrence of so many fires that are in those furnaces night and day, perpetually, for they are like the Vestal fire that never goes out: and it is well known, that some airs make more qualifying impressions than others; as a Greek told me in Sicily of the air of Egypt, where there be huge common furnaces to hatch eggs by the thousands in camel's dung: for during the time of hatching, if the air happen to come to be overcast and grow cloudy, it spoils all; if the sky continue still, serene, and clear, not one egg in a hundred will miscarry. * * * * The art of glass-making here is very highly valued, for whosoever he be of that profession is a gentleman *ipso facto*. When I saw so many sorts of curious glasses made here, I thought of the compliment which a gentleman put upon a lady in England, who having five or six comely daughters, said, "He never saw in his life such a dainty cupboard of crystal glasses." The compliment proceeded it seems from a saying they have here: "That the first handsome woman that ever was made was of *Venice glass*," which implies *beauty* and *brittleness*.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S FAILURE

AT GUIANA.

The news that keeps greatest noise here now is, the return of Sir Walter Raleigh from his mine of gold in Guiana, the south parts of America, which at first was like to be such a hopeful boon voyage, but it seems that that golden mine has proved a mere *chimera*, an imaginary airy mine; and indeed his majesty had never any other con-

ceit of it. But what will not one in captivity (as Sir Walter was) promise to regain his freedom? Who would not promise not only mines, but mountains of gold, for liberty? And it is a pity such a knowing, well-weighed knight had not had a better fortune; for the *Destiny* (I mean that brave ship which he built himself of that name, that carried him thither,) is like to prove a *fatal* destiny to him; and to some of the rest of those gallant adventurers who contributed for the setting forth of thirteen ships more, who were most of them his kinsmen and younger brothers, being led into the said expedition by a general conceit the world had of the wisdom of Sir Walter Raleigh, and many of these are like to make shipwreck of their estates by this voyage. Sir Walter landed at Plymouth, whence he thought to make an escape; and some say he hath tampered with his body by physic, to make him look sickly, that he might be the more pitied, and permitted to lie in his own house. Count Gondamar, the Spanish ambassador, speaks high language; and sending lately to desire audience of his majesty, he said he had but one word to tell him. His majesty wondering what might be delivered in one word, when he came before him, he said only, "Pirates! pirates! pirates!" and so departed.

'Tis true that he protested against this voyage before, and that it could not be but for some predatory design; and that if it be as I hear, I fear it will go very ill with Sir Walter, and that Gondamar will never give him over till he hath his head

off his shoulders; which may quickly be done without any new arraignment, by virtue of the old sentence that lies still dormant against him, which he could never get off by pardon, notwithstanding that he mainly laboured in it before he went; but his majesty could never be brought to it, for he said he would keep this as a curb to hold him within the bounds of his commission and good behaviour.

* * * * *

This return of Sir Walter Raleigh from Guiana puts me in mind of a facetious tale I read lately in Italian (for I have a little of that language already): how Alphonso King of Naples sent a Moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a considerable sum of money to buy horses, and to return by such a time. Now there was about the king a kind of *buffoon*, or jester, who had a table-book or journal, wherein he was used to register any absurdity or impertinence or merry passage that happened upon the court. That day the Moor was dispatched for Barbary, the said jester waiting upon the king at supper, the king called for his journal, and asked what he had observed that day: thereupon he produced his table-book, and amongst other things he read, how Alphonso King of Naples had sent Beltram the Moor, who had been a long time his prisoner, to Morocco (his own country), with so many thousand crowns to buy horses. The king asked him why he inserted that. "Because," said he, "I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again, and so you have lost both man and money."—"But if he do

come, then your jest is marred," quoth the king.—"No, sir, for if he return, I will blot out your name, and put him in for the fool."

ANECDOTE OF JAMES I.

As I remember some years since there was a very abusive satire in verse brought to our king, and as the passages were reading before him, he often said, that if there were no more men in England the rogue should hang for it: at last being come to the conclusion, which was, after all his railing,

"Now God preserve the king, the queen, and peers,

And grant the author long may wear his ears."

This pleased his majesty so well, that he broke into a laughter, and said, "By my sol, so thou shaw't for me: thou art a bitter, but thou art a wetty knave*."

LORD BACON'S OPINION OF TALL MEN.

There is a flaunting French ambassador come over lately, and, I believe, his errand is nought else but compliment; for the King of France being lately at Calais, and so in sight of England, he sent his ambassador, Monsieur Cadenet, expressly to visit our king: he had audience two days since, where he, with his train of ruffling long-haired monsieurs, carried himself in such a light garb, that after the audience, the king asked my Lord Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French ambassador. He answered, that he was a *tall* proper man. "Aye," his majesty replied,

* This anecdote seems to have escaped Mr. D'Israeli in his book in vindication of James, where it might have been used to advantage, to shew the good temper and forbearance of the king.

"but what think you of his head-piece? Is he a proper man for the office of an ambassador?"—"Sir," said Bacon, "*tall men are like high* || *houses of four or five stories, where-*
 in commonly *the uppermost room is*
 the *worst furnished.*"

RULES AND MAXIMS FOR MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

MR. EDITOR,

I LITTLE thought, sir, that you, whom I always looked upon, from the general tenour of your work, to be a firm friend to our sex, would thus become a traitor to our cause; for what but treason, open undisguised treason, can we consider your insertion of the abominable paper which you style Rules and Maxims for Matrimonial Happiness? Why, sir, the very Turks, who have so high a notion of male superiority, that they exclude the souls of women from their paradise, treat us with more gallantry than your correspondent, who would reduce us at once to the condition of mere automatons: for I am certain that no woman possessing an atom of feeling or spirit, could ever live happily with a man who would observe the rules laid down by him.

He boasts, Mr. Editor, that the strict observance of them would be sure to secure matrimonial happiness. Pray, how does it happen then, that his own married life has been uncommonly miserable?—Surely he cannot be so inconsistent as to recommend rules to others which he has been incapable of observing himself; and if he did observe them, and yet found that they would not secure his own comfort, what right has he to suppose that they will be of greater service to the rest of mankind?

He is extremely desirous that the

wife should be properly instructed in the meaning of the word *obey*, and that she should repeat every word after the clergyman: but I observe that he never says a syllable respecting the husband's part of the ceremony; and indeed he appears to remember only that portion of it which invests the man with the sovereign authority, which, according to his rules, the husband should make about as unlimited a use of as our great Queen Bess did of her prerogative.

You know, Mr. Editor, or at least if you are a married man you ought to know, that in most families the nominal supremacy is vested in the husband, but the real power is in the hands of the wife; that is to say, she is contented to let her husband appear to rule, provided she rules him. Now I am willing to admit, that this is wrong on the part of the wife, for in certain points I think the husband's authority ought to be undisputed; but I should like to know, has the wife no rights of her own to defend? Are her time, her occupations, even her amusements, to be at the mercy of an arbitrary master—who will undervalue her talents, be a spy upon her conduct, and refuse her even the liberty of reading such authors as she may prefer; for what else can be meant by the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth articles? From the style of the last indeed, I should have supposed your corre-

respondent to be an Irishman, did I not know that no man who is a native of that warm-hearted and generous nation, would be capable of sitting down to draw up a plan for the complete subjugation of a sex whom they are proud to consider and to treat as equals.

I cannot help pointing out the want not only of gallantry, but even of common politeness, which your correspondent recommends to male candidates for matrimony in his second article, where he tells the lover, when soliciting the hand of his mistress, "not to let her suppose that his happiness, or even comfort, depends on her acceptance of him." So then his manner must be such as to make the lady believe, that it is a matter of perfect indifference to him whether she marries him or not. A pretty sample truly of the warm affection which she may expect from him after marriage.

A little farther on he advises the husband to give his wife the fathers of the church to read by way of amusement. I would beg leave to recommend, that he should peruse them himself by way of instruction; for I am certain that he did not consult their opinions on the subject of matrimony when he drew up his rules for husbands.

I have no objection to make to those which he has added for the use of wives: on the contrary. I think that the observance of them would essentially promote matrimonial happiness.

If, Mr. Editor, your correspondent really wishes to benefit mankind, let him employ the good sense which he certainly possesses; warped as it evidently is by his thirst of despotic power, to draw up a set of rules upon a different principle. As a foundation for them, I would recommend to him the following lines of an old song; written by one who knew human nature well:

"Be to her faults a little blind,
*Be to her virtues very kind,
Let all her ways be unconfin'd."

He may depend upon it, that by transposing the spirit of these lines into his rules, he will fix the authority of such husbands as observe them on a sure foundation, provided their wives be women of understanding and feeling: as to fools and insensibles, the system of coercion will do very well for them.

And now, Mr. Editor, as some compensation for the injury you have done us, in aiding and abetting this audacious writer, who seeks under false but specious pretences to deprive us poor women of our conjugal prerogative, the only one of our natural rights which the tyrant man has till now respected; let me request your insertion of this letter, which, if it is not in itself serviceable to the cause I would advocate, may, perchance, rouse the zeal of some more able advocates for female privileges than your humble servant,

SOPHIA STICKLEFORT.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

MR. EDITOR,

I CALL myself an *old* bachelor, because, though only in my fifty-sixth year, I am old for a single man; yet Heaven can bear me witness, that I have done my utmost to remove the stigma which all my friends and acquaintances, more especially young giddy girls and antiquated yet hopeful virgins, on all occasions cast in my teeth.

Really, Mr. Editor, in these times I scarcely know a misfortune greater, or at any rate more difficult to be borne, than that of being an *old bachelor*. Lameness and personal deformities are pitied, poverty is relieved, sickness is removed, and sorrow is consoled; but celibacy at my age only renders the sufferer an object of contempt or derision. Yet, as I have before said, it is not owing to any fault of mine; I have done my very utmost to avoid it, as you will find in the sequel of my story. Yet this does not secure me the slightest commiseration; whenever I make the assertion, I am only laughed at, and nobody believes me.

This circumstance has itself given me a secluded habit; it has compelled me to quit a populous and gossiping neighbourhood, and to retire a few miles into the country, where I live in a small cottage with only one male attendant, who serves me in the several capacities of cook, housemaid, chambermaid, footman, and butler. This is not my choice, Mr. Editor, as you may readily believe; it is the effect of hard compulsion. A few years since I had a handsome lodging at Knightsbridge, and kept (the very

ambiguity of this word will lead to the conclusion) a sober, steady, middle-aged matronly housekeeper: she had a good, quiet, profitable place, and I a regular and attentive servant; but scandal and slander compelled her to leave me, and me to part with her. Heaven knows that there was not (as there seldom is) one word of truth in the vile reports circulated about us in the vicinity: but the good woman had no choice; if she set any value upon her reputation, she must quit my service. If she had been young or handsome, I could have excused the malice of the world—it might have had some pretence. I resolved thenceforth to withdraw from such calumnious back-biting society, and here I am, as I have told you, ten miles from any friend or acquaintance, with the company only of my *fac-totum*, *sober John*, as he is called, and an old terrier, who has been long in my service: even he could not escape the malignity of my former acquaintance, for he was constantly charged with bearing a striking resemblance to his master. When young, I was celebrated for the sweetness and mildness of my temper, and I do not yet think it is sour and crabbed; if it be, I know who has made it so: yet if I am ill-natured, I am sure poor *Crop* is as affectionate and gentle as a lamb: if they chose to calumniate me, they might have spared my dog.

You will be better able to judge of my misfortunes when you have heard my history, and I shall find some relief in the relation of it.

I was born in the year 1762, and

my misfortunes commenced very soon after I saw the light. My father and mother had both passed the meridian of life, and having been married twenty years without having any family, they had given up all expectation of one. I am told, that a few days after my mother was in the straw, some female friends called upon her, and having looked at me attentively (as attentively I suppose as ladies usually look at any thing), they declared to the nurse, one and all, that I was the oddest old-fashioned little urchin they had ever seen. Perhaps this was in some degree true, for I have heard it since remarked, that the offspring of old people have generally a peculiarly staid and grave appearance, and look as if they had been forty years old when they were born. This observation was generally made as applicable to myself; and, in truth, from the time I can recollect any thing, I well remember that my mother's nieces, the three Miss Giggles, always called me *Peter the Precise, the antediluvian*.

By the time I was ten years old, and went to school at Chelsea, I was known by the nickname of the Old Bachelor; and it was declared that my whole appearance indicated, that I was destined to lead a life of singleness: they used to say, that I seemed cut out to be an old bachelor.

Why they said so I cannot tell. It is true, that my hair was always remarkably straight, and they often laughed at me for it; but I am not aware that that is any especial characteristic of an old bachelor. My face too was long and thin, and my cheek-bones high, and eyebrows

strongly marked; but I have seen many married men with the same peculiarities. If my hooked nose and my peaked chin had an inclination for each other, it would rather signify an amorous disposition than otherwise. My clothes were always well brushed; and though I did not like the gay and tight dress worn by some of my school-fellows and companions, I do not perceive any reason why a preference of the contrary should lead any one to suppose, that I was destined all my life to remain single: yet they would not scruple to assert, that it was impossible I should ever be married—they could not imagine such a thing as that *little Peter Primset* (for that was my paternal name) could ever have a wife. Hitherto, alas! the prophecy has been literally fulfilled.

I left school at seventeen with a sufficient knowledge of books and languages, and, what has since been my chief consolation, I may say my only delight—a great love of reading. I did not go to college, because, though my father was a rich man, and could well have afforded it, he had been brought up in trade as a wholesale linen-draper, with narrow notions, and did not think it at all necessary—he was of opinion that a boy might be too wise.

I soon afterwards began to mix in society—at least when any company came to my father's, I used to join it; although I must say, that as yet I had no great relish for it. I did not like the usual topics of conversation: caps, bonnets, and gowns, with a good sprinkling of scandal, and dull remarks upon a place I never yet had been to, the theatre—without a word about

books—all this did not exactly suit my taste: a round game too was a thing I could not endure, but provided I could join a comfortable party at whist I was well contented, for that was a diversion for which I had a peculiar partiality. I used to be ridiculed on this account frequently; for while the young people were making as much noise as they could at *ringt-un* or *speculation*, I always contrived to get among the elder folks in the back drawing-room, to join in a quiet and sober rubber.

About this time my father, so long at the head of the old-established firm of *Primset, Tic-zig, and Co.* of Cheapside, left off business, and retired upon his property, amounting to above 10,000*l*. I had previously been employed for a few hours in the day in his counting-house, but now I had nothing in the world to attend to but what I liked best—my books, and strolling into the country in the afternoon with a volume under my arm, and another in each pocket. This habit gave my clothes a square set behind, which not a little amused some of my gayer and sprucer friends—another out of a thousand instances, to shew what trifling circumstances will afford to some people a source of great amusement.

Yet you are not, Mr. Editor, to understand that all this while (for I was now nineteen years old) I was totally insensible to female beauty. No, no, far from it—my heart has been but too susceptible of its powerful charms; few men I fancy (though I cannot say that I ever compared notes with any one upon the subject) have been more frequently in love than myself—yet,

alas! without avail. With all my admiration for beauty, with a heart open to the tenderest impressions, I have to this hour remained in the melancholy solitary state of a bachelor: yet for the last time let me repeat, that in no one respect can I attribute my unhappy lot to my own misconduct.

I had not completed my nineteenth year when first my eyes became witness to the charms of Miss Margaret Mildsav, whom her mother called Peggy, but I always Miss Margaret, out of reverence and respect. Never shall I forget the occasion: it was near Dulwich; I had been taking one of my evening rambles in the vicinity of the metropolis, and was returning homeward as the sun was just sinking in glorious effulgence behind the western horizon:—excuse me, Mr. Editor, if I am somewhat romantic in my style, the circumstances and situation demand it—I say, I was returning towards home in the evening across a field, with my book in my hand, which I was reading with great attention—I well remember that it was Duncan's *Logic* but although I saw that there were five or six cows grazing there, I did not, or perhaps could not, distinguish that among them was a bull, and, as appears by the sequel of this adventure, a most ferocious animal. I walked on quietly, with my eyes fixed upon my book, along the public footpath, not dreaming of danger, when suddenly I heard a rapid trampling close behind me; for my mind was so occupied that I did not perceive it, until turning my head round, I saw the bull within about twenty paces of me, and every moment making those twenty



paces less. How well I now see the terrific shaking of his horns, and the foam that issued from his mouth! I threw away my book (which by the bye I never saw afterwards), and took to my heels. I was not much accustomed to running, for my gait was usually staid and regular, but fear gave me speed, and I reached the fence of a small plantation belonging to a neat, I may say an elegant cottage, situated just behind it. At that moment, however, I did not know that the cottage was either neat or elegant; I only knew that the paling was high, and that if I did not get over it before the bull had overtaken me, I should probably be gored to death. How I was able to put myself on the other side of the fence I cannot exactly tell, but this I recollect, that when I was on the other side, I beheld the most beautiful object I had ever seen in my life; viz. Miss Margaret Mildsay, who was sitting in a shady part of the plantation, composing a nosegay.

Can you imagine, Mr. Editor, a more beautiful sight than a lovely young lady in white sitting under a green tree on the green grass, knitting together flowers of a thousand different hues and complexions! I never shall forget it; if it had not been so near London, I really might have mistaken her for some sylvan goddess. But no more of these raptures!

In getting over the paling (I say *getting over*, for whether I leaped, scrambled, or tumbled over, I do not precisely know), I had some how or other torn my hand, and it was bleeding profusely; but my heart had received a deeper and a more lasting wound, that was not

so obvious, and did not admit of the same cure. The lovely creature saw me, and though at first astonished at my sudden appearance in her father's garden, she soon recovered her calmness, and observing that I was wounded, she approached me, and said, "I hope, sir, you are not much hurt?" That was the first time I ever heard her voice, which was so musical that it would have accomplished by a word what Orpheus only effected by a long and tedious ditty: at least so it seemed to me. I had not at that time recovered breath after my exertions to escape from my furious pursuer, and I could not make an immediate answer; but as soon as I could speak two or three words, I assured her that the injury was trifling. I was not used to such situations, but I managed, I believe, to apologize to Miss Margaret for thus without warning intruding upon her privacy; and she (the tender compassionate creature!) taking her handkerchief (as white and unsullied as her fair complexion) from her pocket, with her small delicate fingers wrapped it round my wounded hand. Oh! Mr. Editor, time can never efface from my memory the thrill that vibrated through every nerve of my frame at her touch: but forgive me if I am too warm. Of course, I thanked her, and she invited me to rest myself in the house, whither, with hesitating steps and palpitating heart, I followed her. Near the vine-clothed door we found her mother, engaged in horticultural occupations; but I was so embarrassed that I could not speak; I could only bow (which I was not celebrated for doing in the most

grateful of most modern style), first to the mother, and then to the daughter. They were so placed, that in directing my face to the one I was obliged to turn my back upon the other, and having first bowed to the mother, I twisted upon my heel to pay the same compliment to the daughter; and while doing so I could not fail to observe that the young lady's countenance was deeply dyed with crimson blushes, and that she averted her eyes with apparent emotion. How my heart fluttered at this sight? I imagined—what could I less?—that she already returned my passion—that a mutual flame warmed both our bosoms—that my happiness was certain; when a sudden exclamation burst from the mother, upon whom I had unavoidably turned my back, "Good Heavens, sir!"—I could not divine the cause of her interjection, and I directed my eyes towards her as petitioning an explanation, but she had already retreated into the house with the utmost rapidity, and when I looked for the daughter, I found that she had fled, apparently in equal consternation.

Ah, sir! how shall I relate to you the unhappy cause of this sudden departure of my beloved and her mother? What terms shall I find to convey the explanation of this mystery? Though my countenance is now brown and wrinkled, I feel a suffusion come over it while I am writing, at the very recollection of the circumstance: yet let not your fair readers be alarmed—I will endeavour as little as possible to shock their delicacy in the disclosure.

The truth is, that the fence over which I made my escape from the bull, was guarded by several rows of tenter-hooks.—It will not be difficult to guess the rest: that part of my dress usually denominated *unspeakables*, covering the lower half of my figure, had been most dismally rent, and through the fissure was plainly to be seen an unusual display of the whiteness of my linen. No wonder the mother and her beautiful daughter fled in dismay!

Mr. Editor, I was always considered a very bashful man, and this discovery overwhelmed me. What was to become of me? How could I ever look my beloved in the face again? Would she not be eternally shocked at my sight if I ever again dared to appear before her? It was impossible that I ever should! All these things passed in my mind with the utmost rapidity, with nearly the same speed as that with which I quitted the garden—never again to return.

Thus ended my first amour; and though true it is I never made the young lady an offer of my hand, yet it is equally certain that I should have done so, but for the untoward and miserable accident I have related. But this is only one out of many disappointments I have met with, some of the particulars of which I will, with your permission, communicate next month; for it is one of my chief pleasures now to give vent to my sorrows, and if I can do so with utility to others, I shall be the happier. Lord Bacon says, that it is better to relate one's history to a post (I mean no ill compliment to you, Mr. Editor),

than to keep one's griefs concealed, and, as it were, to eat one's own heart up. If you think proper to publish this first part of the *Adventures of an old Bachelor*, I will take

care that you shall be regularly supplied with the sequel of his melancholy story.

PETER PRIMSET.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXXII.

The proper study of mankind is man.—POPE.

I PROCEED, at length, to the conclusion of the important subject which has occupied several of my latter papers; and I beg leave to express the satisfaction I feel from the approbation with which they have been favoured, by those whose praise is the best reward. Nay, it has been suggested to me to collect the whole, with such enlargements as may be naturally suggested, into a distinct publication, in the form of a *Grammar of Morality*, that might be useful in the early part of education, in which clear and intelligible definitions of our intellectual functions and moral duties are not always introduced with due effect and impression. But that may be a matter of future consideration; and I shall now proceed to conclude my system of instruction in the useful and elegant work, of which it forms an approved and contributory part.

When *bigotry* is applied to parties, factions, or opinions of any kind, it contracts the benevolent dispositions, and narrows even our national and social attachments; so that even *patriotism* itself, *natural affection*, and *friendship*, amiable as they are in their proper meaning and extent, may be said to be *abused* when they suppress the benevolent regard due to other nations, families, and societies.

The Christian revelation does not, as some infidel writers have dared to assert, exclude *friendship*; but, on the contrary, enlarges, exemplifies, and exalts it. *Charity*, in the language of Scripture, expresses *universal good-will* and *benevolence*, which, of all our affections, is the least liable to be *abused*; though *compassion* may, if not conformable to justice; and *complacency*, where it assumes the place of *benevolence*.

Charity, in the common expression of it, implies *indigence* as its object; while *liberality* operates in a less confined circle. *Generosity* is often considered as synonymous to *liberality*, but when rightly defined, possesses a more comprehensive character.

Though by increasing the *external property* of others we may diminish our own, it is otherwise as to real happiness. Thus *self-love* is abused when it counteracts *benevolence*, and *emulation*, when it degenerates into *envy*; *desire*, when its object is not *attainable*, and *aversion*, when it is not *avoidable*. By a due mixture of hope and fear, the balance of the mind is maintained; but when this is not duly arranged, the former rises to presumption, and the latter sinks into despair. *Modesty* abused sinks into *timidity*; *mirth* into *levity*; *ridicule* often

leads to *reproach*, and *gaiety* to *dissipation*.

Joy abuses when it intoxicates, and *sorrow* when it beclouds and preys upon the mind: when they are properly blended and moderated, they become the means of forming the temper to virtue and happiness.

Respecting the government of the passions, various *motives* and *cautions* are to be considered.

Though the *passions* are so called from the mind's being in some measure passive while under their influence, yet it would be a discouragement to moral discipline to suppose that it is entirely so. The well-known instance of Socrates, nay, every man's experience of his power in self-government, when he has some favourite object in view, will prove the contrary. The mind indeed is more or less passive according to the length of time it is subject to active influence, so that the struggle with passion may be hard if it has long reigned without controul; but the chief difficulty lies in the first attempt. To begin, therefore, and maintain the struggle, the following *motives* are suggested:

Much less pains than are necessary to *gratify* any bad passion, would frequently be sufficient to conquer it.

Every new victory makes the conflict easier: it cannot last long; and when any ground is gained, it were shameful to retreat.

If your passions are not under command, it is hard to say to what controul you may be subjected by them.

There is scarce any *pleasure* more refined and permanent than the

consciousness of having subdued a wrong passion, or, which is in a great measure the same thing, the having denied it any undue and criminal gratification.

Such a gratification, however *pleasing* at the moment, can never compensate the inward *remorse* and other painful consequences which await upon it; for it cannot be denied, morally speaking, that no one ever did an injury to another without doing thereby a greater injury to himself.

As to the precautions necessary in our submission to the influence of the passions, the following may be incontrovertibly suggested:

Beware of mistaking *natural dispositions* for *virtuous affections*; though they lay a foundation for their culture, and make the neglect of them more inexcusable when counteracted: thus *good-nature* lays a foundation for *benevolence*, *natural courage* for *fortitude*, *sagacity* for *prudence*, &c.

Beware of mistaking the *change* of passions for the conquest of them: as when the passions of *youth* are exchanged for those of *age*; the passions of *poverty* for those of *affluence* and *plenty*, &c.

Beware of *sporting* with your own passions, or those of others, by raising them wantonly or abruptly.

Beware of *action* while passion has the *mastery*; as well as of *suspense* when *resolution*, or of *dissidence* where *action*, is necessary. There are cases where *doubt* or *deliberation* is a breach of frank and honest conduct.

Check your *ruling passion*, which may easily be discovered, by its being the general subject of your thoughts, designs, and continual

intrusions, in every object and pursuit of life.

Suspect your partialities and prejudices, and learn to discover them in their disguise from a confusion of names and ideas: for *avarice* may be taken for *frugality*; the profusion of *vanity* and *ambition* for *generosity*; *excessive sorrow* for *affection*; *pride* or *anger* for *greatness of spirit*; and *passionate resentment* for a high sense of *honour*: nay, *hatred* will sometimes operate under the mask of *love*, as in the indulgence of a spirit of *persecution*.

Think not the conquest of *one passion* sufficient: *self-government*, though facilitated by every advancement, must be *complete* before the happiness which it promises is attained.

I shall now conclude with some general observations on the *mental system*.

Though for the clearer conception and description of the *mental powers*, it may be necessary to examine them separately and analytically, yet they must not be considered as so many *distinct agents* in the mind, which is ever to be regarded as one simple, indivisible principle, operating or exerting itself in all its different ways. It appears indeed to have been from an inattention to this definition, that disputes have arisen among moralists, who of all characters should most carefully avoid difference of opinion, whether it is by *reason*, *conscience*, or a *moral sense*, that moral qualities are perceived.

Though from the contemplation of man's bodily structure there are numberless proofs of the wisdom and goodness of the CREATOR, they

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still appear in a higher degree from the *moral anatomy* of the human mind. Thus we perceive, that principles of action, apparently opposite, are so ordered as to balance one another, like certain muscles of the body, either of which would, in a distinct exertion, bection distortion; yet, when jointly applied, never fail to produce a strong and beautiful operation for the support and due exertion of the corporeal functions. It will indeed be ever necessary to remember, that life is a field of combat between *reason* and *passion*, between *faith* and *sense*; in fact, between our *mortal* and *immortal* natures: that by such an opposition of principles within us, our obedience and virtue are put to the trial, and our final allotment determined.

Another evidence of divine wisdom assimilating the moral to the natural fabric is this, that as in our outward structure, though there be a uniformity or resemblance in the essential parts or organs essential to life, yet there is a variety or difference of voice and features necessary to distinguish one from another. So in the internal constitution, though there be a uniformity in those passions and dispositions requisite for individual or general preservation, as love of children, country, or reputation, &c.; yet there is also a divided disposition to different objects, studies, and pursuits, as those of knowledge, fame, power, &c.: to which may be added the variety of characters, as mildness and severity, action and contemplation, &c.

Where the *passions* are naturally strong and impetuous, there is ori-

ginally a proportionable strength or vigour of *reason* to check and controul them, if properly exercised and improved; but, if otherwise, the strength of reason will diminish, while that of passion increases, as instinct co-operates with it: hence it is that we often see *love of life and riches* grow stronger with years, when they ought in reason to grow weaker, if proper culture and discipline had been used.

The *passions* are also *contagious*. Hence it is that poets and orators display the designs, hopes, views, and attachments of those in whose favour they would wish to interest us. *Opinion*, also, will exercise no common influence. The inclination or power in another to hurt us raises our anger, while undeserved misery excites our pity.

The *passions*, when immoderate, counteract and disappoint themselves: thus the rage of a choleric man makes him unguarded and impotent; the ardour of a lover makes him more awkward and ungraceful; the timidity of the coward magnifies danger, and makes him less able to avoid it; the insatiableness of the covetous man oftentimes injures his credit; while the profusion of the vain and the ambitious not unfrequently leaves them in poverty and ignominy.

The *passions* are not always to be raised or suppressed by a *direct* or positive act of the *will*, but in an *indirect* manner, by turning our attention to the *qualities* or *properties* of any object that tends either to excite or abate them. There is,

indeed, no passion whatever but may be prevented, excited, or moderated, by such considerations as diminish or magnify the importance of the objects, and by gaining time to vary their direction, as was the practice of Cæsar, who is said to have made it a rule to smother his anger till he had carefully repeated the Roman alphabet.

We cannot determine how far any *passion* may influence a man's conduct from knowing the *degree* of it, unless we also know what *proportion* it bears to his judgment and experience. There is no passion that sways *individuals* to which *nations* and *communities* are not subject, if the means of propagating or diffusing them become general: hence proceed the different *characters* and *tempers* which have been ascribed to different *nations*, to which the natural causes of climate, diet, air, &c. as well as the moral ones of education, laws, religion, &c. may have contributed.

Appetites and *antipathies* have no regard to *good* or *evil* in their objects; but the passions have, and their effects are to magnify their good and evil, and thereby quicken our other powers: as *love* is sometimes called *affection*, and *anger* is named *passion*.

A more enlarged description might be given, but it may be presumed that these definitions are sufficient to explain and illustrate the *characters* and *properties* of the AFFECTIONS and the PASSIONS.

F — T —.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Selection of GERMAN HEBREW MELODIES, as sung by Messrs. Lightendale, Metz, and Solomon, with the greatest applause, on the Continent, and throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain. The Poetry has been written expressly for this Work by JAMES HOGG, the celebrated Eltric Shepherd; and the characteristic Symphonies, with Accompaniments for the Piano-forte, by W. E. Heather. Vol. I. Pr. 16s.

WE are not quite certain whether we understand the expression "German Hebrew Melodies" rightly, by supposing it to mean melodies invented by German composers of the present or no very distant time, to be sung to a German, or perhaps even a Hebrew, text relating to Jewish history or customs. There certainly is sufficient internal evidence to conclude, that these melodies have not been handed down to us from the age of King David or Solomon, or from less remote antiquity: they bear marks of the German style of composition; and even in some of the accompaniments we fancied we traced marks of the German school.

This book contains two terzets, two duets, and five single airs; two of which latter have been arranged so as to be included in the former class. The general merit of the work is unquestionable; it consists in decided originality of invention, uncommon sweetness of melody, and considerable skill and judgment in point of harmonic treatment. That in a work of this extent some imperfections should here and there intervene, is almost

natural; but these are trivial compared with the quantum of excellence by which they are outweighed.

As it will perhaps be expected that we should say a few words on the individual merits of one or two of the pieces, we shall quote a few specimens indiscriminately.

The air, "Must I leave thee," in F major, is preceded by a few bars of symphony in F minor, of decided originality and effect. The simple yet chaste melody of the song itself breathes feeling, and appears to us absolutely original. The minor portion at "There's a pang" is very expressive.

The duet, "Maiden of Jerushimon," distinguishes itself by the playful neatness of its first strain. In the second (p. 27 and 28) we observe an original progression to C ♯, in the course of which there are intervals, the intonation of which will require more than a common ballad-singer; but the thought is good, and well placed. The *à-due* part (p. 29) is but tolerable. P. 26, bar 6, the last note for the voice should be B instead of C; and p. 27, b. 7, the D in the voice should, as in the accompaniment, be preceded by its accidental sharp.

"Dweller in Heaven," p. 30, is a beautiful pious invocation to the Divinity; the air, especially at the outset, full of pathos and sublimity. The elision of the *c* in Heaven (2d bar) is unmetrical, and was unnecessary. P. 31, bar 6, the D ♯ is objectionable, because the melody does not yet verge to E 7: it should, in *that* bar, have been D ♮, with a pedal bass A. P. 33, the first line

is not to our taste; the two successive cadences on F \sharp minor and E major form a strange association. The symphonies at the beginning and conclusion call for our unqualified approbation; short as they are, they exhibit a character of noble and impressive simplicity.

Enough in the way of specimen. The typographical execution of this collection is in the first style: it does great credit to the publisher, Mr. Christmas.

La Biondina in Gondoletta, Air varié for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to Miss Selina Toosey, by J. F. Danneley. — No. 1. Pr. 2s. 6d.

A very apt theme for variations, and, upon the whole, well treated on the part of Mr. D. In the three first variations we observe much diversity of expression in the amplification of the original subject; and the third of these, in particular, is set with great freedom of fancy, guided by laudable carefulness. In the 4th var. in F minor, some select thoughts occur; but the third bar, and afterwards the fifth line, exhibit awkward combinations. In the 5th var. the ascending semiquavers in the bass not unfrequently meet with very great strangers among the melody administered by the right hand, whose indulgence may be deemed great if it accept an apology founded on the plea of passing notes. The coda occasionally trenches a little upon grammar too, but it is well and boldly conceived upon models of the first eminence in the modern school; nay, it bespeaks native talent and geniality.

Windsor Castle, a favourite Overture for the Harp or Piano-forte, respectfully inscribed to his Serene

Highness the Duke of Saxe-Gotha and Altenburg, &c. composed by J. Jay, Mus. Doc. Pr. 3s.

The subject of this overture is spirited, and some of the ideas engrafted upon it bear the stamp of selectness and contrivance. In the third page we meet with a range of modulations considerably out of the common way. "God save the King" is twice introduced in G and C; and the conclusion is devised with effect. We will add, as the title-page does not mention it, that a flute accompaniment (*ad libitum*) is appended to this publication.

"*When Mars sounds the Trumpet*," sung by Mr. T. Cooke at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, written by Mr. Bygrave; composed, and most respectfully dedicated to the British Army, by W. H. Astor. Pr. 2s.

A determined style of spirited martial expression forms the characteristic feature of this song, both in its melody and the accompaniment, which is well diversified, and shewy to a degree by the apt introduction of the trumpet. In the second verse, the same melody is supported by a varied accompaniment; and after the song, the composition is exhibited as an instrumental march arranged for the piano-forte. The harmonic arrangement of this publication, tasteful as it is, occasionally displays grammatical inaccuracies: thus, for instance, the A \sharp , bar 6, p. 1, and elsewhere, is put instead of B \flat , upon which note the G \sharp forms the extreme sharp sixth.

A favourite Overture for the Piano-forte, as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by W. H. Warre. Pr. 2s.

In the body of the publication

we find that this overture was written for "Antony and Cleopatra." It has considerable merit. The structure is regular and in good style, and the ideas are generally select and well connected. The introductory largo we think impressive and solemn, and the allegro presents us with many instances both of good melody and compositorial experience; which latter, however, would have appeared more conspicuous, had the piano-forte extract before us received a little more of the score. To render the execution easy, the arrangement has been devised very plain and thin.

The Charade-Waltz, for the Piano-forte or Harp, composed by Augustus Voight. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A piece of musical wit, reared upon the following lines:

My first to numbers gives increase,
My next comes on when youth shall cease;
And if to proverbs you're inclin'd,
The first five notes my whole will find.

The two first bars of the waltz, consisting of the notes A, D, A, G, E, form, by the word *Adage*, the solution of the charade, in the same manner as we have heard *Reef* and *Cabbage* musically expressed. The waltz itself is agreeable, and quite easy of execution.

"*I have set God always before me,*" the celebrated Anthem performed at the Funeral of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Saxe-Coburg; composed by the late Rev. Dr. Blake; arranged for a single Voice, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by John Purkis. Pr. 2s.

Another edition of the above anthem of Dr. Blake's received our consideration some months ago, on

the melancholy occasion to which it was applied. The present edition, from the hand of Mr. Purkis, recommends itself by the propriety and correctness of the arrangement for a single voice, and by its typographical neatness.

"*'Tis Love that fills my Breast,*" sung by Mr. Sinclair of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; the Words and Melody by the late Mr. Doyle; arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Reddie. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this air is satisfactorily conducted, its periods are disposed with rhythmical regularity, and some of the ideas are tastefully devised. In the accompaniment and symphony, however, Mr. R. has had but partial success. The symphony enters into modulation at the very beginning, instead of propounding the key in a decisive manner, which ought always to be attended to at the outset. This observation not only applies to the first bar, but also to the second, in which the phrase would have closed more properly with the fundamental harmony of the dominant (F 3^d), than with its inversion (A 6).—Mr. R.'s arrangement, with a bass of diatonic ascent, would have better applied to a repetition of the thought than to its first appearance. In the remainder of the symphony, and in the accompaniment, we meet with various errors or imperfections of harmony, which betray either great inattention or insufficient knowledge of counterpoint.

A fifth Air, with Variations, for the Piano-forte, composed, and inscribed to Miss M. A. Hendrie, by J. F. Barrowes. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The theme of these variations

seems to be Mr. B.'s own invention; our memory, at least, does not recall the air to our recollection. Be that as it may, its simplicity and melodiousness render it eminently fit for figurative embellishment. The second strain, perhaps, bears in some instances too great an affinity to the first. The whole is not unlike "Cease your funning." The first var. is neat and proper. In the second, the A has, for the sake of diversity, resorted to deviations from the original harmony, some of which (l. 1, b. 1, and l. 4, b. 3,) are rather eccentric; while others add greatly to the interest of the whole (l. 5). In the fourth var. we observe in the treble the imitations, or rather the repetitions on the upper keys, of the melody assigned to the lower ones. The effect of an echo thus produced is pleasing, and would, we think, have been still more interesting, had these upper imitations been a little varied, instead of being absolute copies in the octave. The fifth var. which assigns the air to the left hand, is very good, and the coda claims our best approbation; it is conceived in a style of great selectness, and exhibits modulations and transitions that shew at once the author's classic taste and skill.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 9.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE SIX OF SPADES represents two heralds with their official staves, ready to proclaim the genealogies and define the *charges* of their respective lords, on the eve of an ancient tournament: these are emblazoned on the canopy above them, and also on their coats; which were a sort of liver, made up of several lists, fillets, and narrow pieces of stuff of many colours, from whence came the bend, and the pale. Their respective *charges* are a lion rampant and an ostrich spread, denoting some quality of bravery, courage, or sagacity, with which the chief of each family claimed to be eminently endowed: for from very early ages the figures of animals, or other signs, were made use of by men, and even by

nations, for this purpose, and to render themselves more terrible to their enemies, and to distinguish themselves or families, as names do individuals. Thus the Egyptians bore an ox, the Athenians an owl, the Goths a bear, the Romans an eagle, the Franks a lion, and the Saxons a horse: but the hereditary arms of families did not begin earlier than the latter end of the eleventh century.

"The heralds are admirably designed, are spirited and well drawn, and faithfully express the interest that these important personages have taken in the great affair about to be concluded.

"A herald," says an ingenious writer, "if he be duly sensible of his quality, thinks nothing half so

creative of happiness as ceremony, and no possessions so desirable as *ions* rampant, gardant, or regardant; and spread *eagles* or *falcons*, rising, volant, or displayed on *fields* sable, azure, gules, argent, and or."

The NINE OF HEARTS is a humorous subject, representing the male and female venders of wine or other beverage, inviting passers-by to partake of their refreshments: the heart forms the faces of the figures, the jugs and bottle, and also the ornaments to the dress and architecture.

The TEN OF DIAMONDS represents what may be supposed a very ancient way of enforcing a salute, which from being so intimately de-

pendent on the aid of stone walls and heavy armour, must have been less courteous than agreeable—provided, as in the present instance, the knight was handsome, and the lady fair. This is a clear sketch, and the architecture rich in a kind of Gothic tracery, and emblazoned by armorial ensigns, that form the figures of the card.

The TWO OF CLUBS. A Persian chief, in great rage, is preparing to receive the attack of some mighty adversary, whom he engages in support or revenge of some discomfited friend, whose helmet he bestrides, and seems to defend. The club forms ornamental openings in the helmet.

A QUESTION REGARDING RECENTLY IMPORTED ANTIQUITIES

TO THE EDITOR.

A FEW weeks ago, passing through New Palace-yard, I was attracted to the water-side by a considerable crowd of persons, who appeared to be inspecting the landing of something that excited their interest and curiosity. On arriving, I found about fifty sailors employed, with the assistance of a temporary crane and pulley, in raising from a lighter some very massive columns, and other large fragments of a splendid and stupendous edifice. I inquired from whence these relics were obtained, to what building they had belonged, and whither they were about to be conveyed, but I received very little intelligence that I could consider conclusive or satisfactory: indeed I had no right to expect that the uninformed spectators, or the ignorant sailors, would be able to answer my inquiries.

Some said that the pillars, &c. were a part of the ruins of ancient Corinth or Thebes; others told me that they were brought from Egypt; but the more general and perhaps more correct opinion seemed to be, that they formed a part of the stupendous ruins of Carthage.

Surely, Mr. Editor, whether one, or all, or none of these statements be true, the subject deserves investigation. Of late years Great Britain has become the depository of some of the most valuable monuments of antiquity. The Townley and Elgin marbles, and the curious specimens of Egyptian architecture and mythology preserved in the British Museum, have all received illustration in very learned productions; but of these new importations, excepting a paragraph or two in the public newspapers, I am not

aware that any thing has been said. If it be true that they once formed a portion of the noble structures of Carthage, I cannot conceive a subject of greater interest, not only to antiquaries, but to all men of letters.

For my own part, after a minute inspection of the greater portion of these relics, I can say that I never saw more beautiful specimens of variegated marbles (though much injured in many parts by time and other causes), than were exposed in Palace-yard day after day while they were in the course of being landed. The verd-antique columns (of which there were several, and the shafts long and apparently well proportioned,) were very beautiful, although the polish was all defaced. I observed that in some parts, and more especially in the softer stone or marble, many holes appeared to have been perforated; and the sailors told me, that they had been occasioned by the sea vermin, that had penetrated into the substance of the columns when they were buried in the sand, where, they added, the pillars had lain for some hundred years. This concealment was a matter of fact with-in their own knowledge, for they informed me that they had assisted in raising the fragments on ship-board; and so far it seems clear, that at least those parts of the imported ruins had not belonged either to Corinth or Thebes.

I find also, that very recently what is supposed to be a bust of Memnon* has been presented to the Prince Regent. I have likewise heard, that the remains I have above referred to were a gift from some foreign powers. Upon both these subjects, however, I believe the public is very much in the dark; and I have to request, that, through the medium of your Miscellany, which pays so much attention to matters connected with the fine arts, some person properly qualified will afford me, and the rest of your readers who are in a similar state of ignorance, some information.

It is not impossible that more has been written regarding them than has met my eye; if so, perhaps some correspondent will instruct me where I may obtain the intelligence I desire. H. K.

* Whether this be the image or part of the image of Memnon, which possessed the singular power referred to in the following lines of Akenside, I cannot say:

"For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains," &c.

Pleasures of Imagination, l. i.

If I mistake not, Savary the traveller mentions the existence of such a statue in his time, and I am not sure that he does not bear witness to its miraculous music.

EXHIBITION AT THE MEWS GALLERY.

THE objects of interest at this Exhibition of Casts and Pictures, have recently received a very important addition in the fac-simile

in plaster of the celebrated statue of Moses by Michael Angelo Buonaroti: the original is at the tomb of Julius II. in the church of S.

Pietro in Vincoli at Rome. To all who have travelled in Italy, this master-piece of the first sculptor of that country is of course well known. Many and many an artist and amateur would have travelled a greater distance with the sole purpose of contemplating it; and we cannot but congratulate the inhabitants of this metropolis on the opportunity of surveying the cast in question, which, as nearly as the art of imitation could be carried, exhibits all the perfections of the marble from which it was taken. In one respect the exhibition of a cast may be said to have an advantage over the original, because the proprietor of the former has the means of choosing such lights as may display the object to the best advantage; and he has, besides, the additional power of turning it round in various directions, so that the spectator may survey it in all points of view.

The history of the statue is probably too well known to require that we should at all enter into it, nor will it be necessary for us to quote any of the opinions of those best qualified to appreciate its merits: it will be sufficient to say, that they are universally acknowledged by artists and men of learning and taste; and an ordinary observer will not, even at first sight, be disposed to dispute their judgment, or to fancy, that to be sensible of the grandeur and other excellences of the figure of Moses, a higher degree of knowledge is required than that which he possesses. At the same time, it is of course impossible, that on the first view he should be able to understand and enjoy all that has procured for it

such unbounded admiration: the more he contemplates the statue, the greater will be his delight, and the greater will be his wonder at the powers of the man who could first imagine, and afterwards embody from the block, such a stupendous piece of workmanship.

In this respect, sculpture has the advantage over painting: the latter, at the first inspection, generally produces all the admiration which, as a whole picture, it is calculated to excite; and though subsequent inspection and consideration may enable the individual better to estimate the details, the general effect is not by any means heightened. But while standing before a statue like that under our review, and while directing our notice to the various parts, the admiration continually grows, until at length it reaches the climax of delight of which the mind of the spectator is capable; for there must be degrees of pleasurable sensation according to the degrees of taste, knowledge, or comprehension.

We cannot pretend to enter into a detail of the particular merits of the statue of Moses; the expression and dignity of the face, the grandeur and sublimity of the attitude, the noble arrangement of the drapery, will be obvious to all who behold it. The disposition even of the fine flowing beard of the great lawgiver of antiquity, and even some of the minuter excellences, cannot fail to strike superficial observers; and to point out other circumstances deserving notice, would require more space than our limits will allow us to bestow upon it. When we recollect the words of St. Paul, that "the children of

Israel could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance," it seems almost incredible that any man should undertake such a subject, and nothing but the mighty genius of Michael Angelo could have been equal to it. To represent Apollo, Venus, Melpomene, Mercury, or any of the personages of the heathen mythology, seems comparatively easy; even Jupiter himself had so much of the mortal in the composition of his mind and in the actions of his life, that too much of the divinity would have been almost out of character: but to represent Moses, who on Mount Sinai received from the hands of the Almighty the Tables of the Law, who, when all the rest of the people withdrew awe-struck from the thunders and the glory of God, was alone permitted to approach and to behold; to give substance and form to the idea of such a sublime being, seems a work far beyond even the efforts of the renowned masters of gifted Greece.

With regard to the mode in which this cast is exhibited, we would only suggest, that the statue would appear to better advantage, both as to attitude and to light, if instead of the full face being presented on entrance, it were shewn in half profile: yet care must be taken, that in so doing the left arm be not shewn in an awkward, not to say a constrained or distorted, position. It seems also to us, that the pedestal is a little too high; in consequence of which the spectator cannot ascertain upon what the left hand is employed, whether in supporting the drapery or otherwise.

We are sorry, also, that this cast

is exhibited in the same apartment as that from Monte Cavallo. The latter is so stupendous in point of size, and so energetic in point of action, that it renders the quiet and dignified appearance of Moses less striking. Unless a partition were run across the large apartment, this objection could not perhaps be removed.

Upon the cast of the Ajax, Achilles, or Alexander (for it has been assigned to all), from Monte Cavallo, we have nothing new to remark, excepting to applaud the pains that have been taken, in pursuance of the recommendation of the Marquis de Canova, to place the figure, with relation to the horse, in various advantageous situations, so as to enable us in some degree to judge of the location and effect of the original group.

The statue of Melpomene, from the *Cortile* of the *Cancellaria Apostolica*, is the least pleasing of the three principal casts—at least to common observers; yet artists and persons of science and taste express themselves highly delighted with it, more especially with the folds, disposition, and transparency of the drapery: we mean that sort of transparency which enables the eye to trace all the fine turns of the figure. To enjoy this completely, however, an advanced state of knowledge in the arts is required. We are happy to find that the original statue still remains in the Louvre, having been presented by the Pope to the King of France.

The pictures are by no means the least interesting part of the Exhibition at the Royal Mews. No. 7. *The Virgin, Infant Christ, and St. John*, by Raphael, is a most

exquisite cabinet piece; the children are most beautiful, and the contrast between the divinity of our Saviour and the ruder features and complexion of St. John is admirably preserved. The face of the Virgin, though not deficient in tenderness of expression, is undoubtedly the worst part of the picture, and seems somewhat in an unfinished state: whether this appearance be the effect of any injury it has received, we cannot decide. We would direct the attention of our readers to the difference between the children in this performance and those in No. 13. *A Holy Family*, by Baroccio: it is true, that in the last the infants are not deficient in mere beauty—they are pretty enough, particularly the Saviour; but, if considered abstractedly, no one would ever imagine that the artist intended to represent him as the Messenger of Heaven: there is nothing of the future about him, nothing to lead one to expect that he would be more than the plaything and darling of a fond mother. Baroccio indeed is a very inferior artist, and all his pictures are in the same disagreeable insignificant manner: they have, however, too much prettiness in the colouring and composition not to secure a certain number of admirers.

No. 9. *St. Cecilia*, is a most admirable copy from the celebrated picture by Raphael, which probably many of our readers had an opportunity of seeing in the Louvre. It is said, in the catalogue, that this fac-simile was made by Guido by order of Louis XIII.; but perhaps that may be liable to dispute: it is, however, in our opinion a more pleasing picture than the original

in its present state, for it has been so touched up and altered by French experimental connoisseurs, that little of what is called *virgin painting* is to be discovered about it. The piece now under our notice, will seem to those who have inspected the painting at Paris, somewhat too dark in the shadows: but the fact is, that the colours of the latter have been most unwarrantably heightened and brightened; and what is most censurable, a large patch of blue sky has been inserted over the head of the figures, which entirely destroys the harmony of the whole: it has, besides, this most unhappy effect, that it makes the angels, by whose celestial harmony St. Cecilia is rapt, appear rather in the dark, than in the glory by which they ought properly to be surrounded.

As a model for portrait-painting we would refer to No. 11. *Cardinal Hippolito*, and the painter of the picture, *Sebastian del Piombo*; the latter in the act of receiving the appointment over the *bad-mines* from which he derives his appellation. This has been attributed to Raphael, but on what authority we know not: to us there does not appear any strong resemblance of style to warrant it. Perhaps it arose from the strong obligation of Raphael to the family, which induced him to introduce the two sons of Cardinal Hippolito into his magnificent Transfiguration.

There are other pictures well worthy of remark in this small collection, some of which are not mentioned in the catalogue, having been introduced since it was printed. We refer more especially to two half-lengths by Sasso Ferrato: one

of the Virgin, the other of a celestial messenger with a lily in his hand: the latter, in our judgment, is by far the best of the two, and is a very pleasing subject, executed with all the minute delicacy and truth belonging to the master. We do not admire the turn of the head of the Virgin; it gives us too much the notion of a crick in the neck: but the countenance is admirably expressive of the modesty and humility so becoming at the Annunciation.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF CYPRUS.

(From Mr. J. MACDONALD KENNEIR'S *Travels in Asia Minor, Armenia, &c.*)

THE island is 140 miles in length, and 63 in breadth; at the widest part a range of mountains intersects it from east to west, terminating towards the east in a long promontory, called Cape St. Andrew (ancient Denaretum), and rising in a lofty peak, St. Croix (Mount Olympus), bearing nearly north-west of Larnica. The soil is naturally fruitful, and although a very small proportion of the island is under cultivation, the merchants of Larnica annually export many cargoes of excellent wheat to Spain and Portugal. The population does not exceed 70,000 souls, and it is said to be daily decreasing; half of this number are Greeks, under their archbishop, and the remainder Turks, with the exception of the Franks at Larnica. The evil consequences of the Turkish system of government are no where more apparent than in Cyprus, where the governor, who is appointed yearly by the Capudan Pasha, the *ex officio* proprietor of the island, has recourse to every method of extortion; so that the Turks would labour under the same grievances as the Christians, were not the latter, in addition to the demands of the government, compelled to contribute towards the support of a number of lazy and avaricious monks. All affairs connected with the Greeks are under the superintendence of the archbishop and dragoman of Cyprus (an officer appointed by the Porte), who are accountable to the Mutesellim for the contributions, *miri*, &c. The most fertile as well as the most agreeable parts of the island are in the vicinities of Cerrina and Baffo, the ancient Paphos, where, according to Tacitus, Venus, rising from the waves, was wafted to the shore. Here we find forests of oak, beech, and pines, groves of olives, and plantations of mulberries. Cyprus is remarkable for the fineness of its fruits, wine, oil, and silk; the oranges are as delicious as those of Tripoli: the wine, which is of two kinds, red and white, is sent down the Levant, where it is manufactured for the English market. The silk is also of two kinds, yellow and white, but the former is preferred.

The wheat is of a superior quality; and rice might be cultivated in several parts of the island, were the agriculturist permitted to accumulate a sufficient capital to enable him to clear and prepare the land; but the Greek peasantry, who are the only industrious class, have been so much oppressed by Turks, monks, and bishops, that they are now reduced to the extremity of indigence, and avail themselves of every opportunity to emigrate from the island. The governor and archbishop deal more largely in corn than all the other people of the island put together: they frequently seize upon the whole yearly produce, at their own valuation, and either export it or retail it at an advanced price; nay, it happened more than once during the war in Spain, that the whole of the corn was purchased in this manner by the merchants of Malta, and exported, without leaving the lower orders a morsel of bread. The island abounds in game, such as partridges, quails, woodcocks, and snipes; there are no wild animals excepting foxes and hares, but many kinds of serpents, and among others that of the asp, which is said to have caused the death of the renowned Cleopatra. All sorts of domestic fowls, as well as sheep and cattle, are bred in Cyprus, where it is the boast of the natives, that the produce of every land and climate will not only flourish, but even attain the highest point of perfection.

Larnica is situated on the site of the ancient Citium*, the native ci-

* Cimon was killed at the siege of Citium, which was destroyed by Ptolemy Lagus. Josephus says, that Cyprus was

ty of Zeno the philosopher, and at the head of a bay constituting the best roadsted in the island. It is the second town in Cyprus, the emporium of its commerce, and the residence of innumerable consuls from the different European powers, who parade the streets with as much self-importance as if they were ambassadors. Larnica consists of an upper and a lower town*, both together containing a population of 5000 souls, of which number forty families are Franks, and the remainder Greeks and Mahomedans. The houses being built of mud, are mean in the extreme; but those of the Franks are comfortable within, and most of them are adorned by a lofty flag-staff, where on Sundays and holidays they hoist the colours of their respective nations. The upper town contains the convent and cathedral of St. Saviour, the residence of the bishop; and the Marino, the port and the chapel of St. Lazarus, a very old structure, without beauty or magnificence, but consecrated by the Greeks as the spot to which Lazarus fled for refuge from the rage of the Jews. A stone coffin or sarcophagus, in a vault, is said once to have contained his ashes, until they were carried off by the French to Marseilles. At a short distance from the chapel of St. Lazarus stands the castle, an edifice originally erected by the princes of the house of Lusignan, but now crumbling to ruins. The exports are wheat, barley, cotton, silk, wine, and drugs; the imports, rice and

called Cethima, from Cethimus the son of Javan. The Hebrew word *Cethim* was written Citium, by the Greeks.

* The lower town is called Marino.

sugar from Egypt, and cloth, hardware, and colonial produce from Malta and Smyrna. This traffic is carried on by Levantine ships under English colours: there is no harbour, consequently the ships lie at a considerable distance from the shore; but the anchorage is tolerably good, and accidents seldom happen. The prevailing winds blow from N. E. and S. W. the latter being in general accompanied with heavy falls of rain.

An adjacent cape is still denominated Chitti, while the ruins of Citium are recognised in heaps of *tumuli* and hillocks of rubbish; from which bricks of a superior quality and medals are frequently dug up by the natives. Between the upper and the lower town is an ele-

vated spot, on which a building appears to have been erected; and immediately at the foot of this mount is the ancient basin of the port, the mouth of which is now blocked up with sand and gravel, so that the water becomes stagnant in the summer. Traces of the foss as well as of the aqueduct may be discovered; for Larnica has no good water in itself, and is still supplied from a distance by an aqueduct, constructed by a Turkish emir about half a century ago.

The military force of Cyprus amounts to 300 men, immediately about the person of the governor, and 4000 Janisaries, without courage, arms, or discipline, dispersed over different parts of the island.

ROSAMUND GRAY.

(From the *Works of CHARLES LAMB.*)

FAIN would I draw a veil over the transaction of that night, but I cannot; grief and burning shame forbid me to be silent: black deeds are about to be made public, which reflect a stain upon our common nature.

Rosamund, enthusiastic and improvident, wandered unprotected to a distance from her guardian doors, through lonely glens and wood-walks, where she had rambled many a day in safety, till she arrived at a shady copse, out of the hearing of any human habitation.

Matravis met her. "Flown with insolence and wine," returning home late at night, he passed that way.

Matravis was a very ugly man, sallow-complexioned; and if hearts

can wear that colour, his heart was sallow-complexioned also.

A young man grey deliberation, cold and systematic in all his plans, and all his plans were evil! His very lust was systematic!

He would brood over his bad purposes for such a dreary length of time, that it might have been expected some solitary check of conscience must have intervened to save him from commission—but that *light from Heaven* was extinct in his dark bosom.

Nothing that is great, nothing that is amiable, existed for this unhappy man. He feared, he envied, he suspected; but he never loved. The sublime and beautiful in nature, the excellent and becoming in morals, were things placed be-

yond the capacity of his sensations. He loved not poetry, nor ever took a lonely walk to meditate—never beheld virtue, which he did not try to disbelieve; or female beauty and innocence, which he did not lust to contaminate.

A sneer was perpetually upon his face, and malice *grinning* at his heart. He would say the most ill-natured things with the least remorse, of any man I ever knew. This gained him the reputation of a wit—other *traits* got him the reputation of a villain.

And this man formerly paid his court to Elinor Clare!—with what success I leave my readers to determine. It was not in Elinor's nature to despise any living thing—but in the estimation of this man, to be rejected was to be *despised*: and Matravis *never forgave*.

He had long turned his eyes upon Rosamund Gray. To steal from the bosom of her friends the jewel they prized so much, the little ewe lamb they held so dear, was a scheme of delicate revenge; and Matravis had a twofold motive for accomplishing this young maid's ruin.

Often had he met her in her favourite solitude, but found her ever cold and inaccessible. Of late the girl had avoided straying far from her own home, in the fear of meeting him—but she had never told her fears to Allan:

Matravis had till now been content to be a villain within the limits of the law; but, on the present occasion, hot fumes of wine, co-operating with his deep desire of revenge, and the insolence of an unhop'd-for meeting, overcame his customary prudence, and Matravis rose at once to an audacity of glorious mischief.

Late at night he met her, a lonely, unprotected virgin—no friend at hand—no place near of refuge.

Rosamund Gray, my soul is exceeding sorrowful for thee; I lothe to tell the hateful circumstance of thy wrongs. Night and silence were the only witnesses of this young maid's disgrace—Matravis fled.

Rosamund, polluted and disgraced, wandered an abandoned thing about the fields and meadows till daybreak. Not caring to return to the cottage, she sat herself down before the gate of Miss Clare's house—in a stupor of grief.

Elinor was just rising, and had opened the window of her chamber, when she perceived her desolate young friend. She ran to embrace her—she brought her into the house—she took her to her bosom—she kissed her—she spake to her; but Rosamund could not speak.

Tidings came from the cottage. Margaret's death was an event which could not be kept concealed from Rosamund. When the sweet maid heard of it, she languished and fell sick—she never held up her head after that time.

If Rosamund had been a *sister*, she could not have been kindlier treated than by her two friends.

Allan had prospects in life—might in time have married into any of the first families in Hertfordshire; but Rosamund Gray, humbled though she was, and put to shame, had yet a charm for *him*, and he would have been content to share his fortunes with her yet, if Rosamund would have lived to be his companion.

But this was not to be, and the girl soon after died. She expired

in the arms of Elinor—quiet, gentle, as she lived—thankful that she died not among strangers—and expressing by signs, rather than words, a gratitude for the most trifling services, the common offices

of humanity. She died uncomplaining; and this young maid, this untaught Rosamund, might have given a lesson to the grave philosopher in death.

ACCOUNT OF SPITZBERGEN.

(From J. LAING's *Voyage* to that Country.)

SPITZBERGEN is a general appellation given to a vast assemblage of frozen islands, lying between South Cape in 76. 30. and Verlegan Hook in 80. 7. north latitude. Its greatest breadth is from the westernmost part of Mauritius, or Amsterdam Island, called Hackluyt's Headland, to the extreme east point of North Eastland, comprising from 9 deg. to nearly 24 deg. east longitude.

The inhospitable nature of this frozen climate has prevented Spitzbergen from being properly explored. The best charts that have been published are extremely defective, and its larger divisions are but imperfectly defined. It could nowise interest the reader to peruse a dry catalogue of headlands or straits; and a few general observations may suffice to exhaust all that is interesting in its appearance.

The general aspect of this gloomy and sterile country affords a scene truly picturesque and sombre. The shores are rugged, bold, and terrific, being in many places formed by lofty, black, inaccessible rocks, some of which taper to exceedingly high points, and are altogether bare, and almost destitute of vegetation. The entire face of the country exhibits a wild, dreary

landscape of amazingly high*, sharp-pointed mountains, some of which rear their summits above the clouds, and are capped with strata of snow, probably coeval with the creation of the world.

The mountains of Spitzbergen have been observed by voyagers to decline in altitude towards the east; neither are the eastern mountains so black, steep, or naked, as those more to the west. This curious phenomenon is considered by some naturalists as a general law of nature. The mountains here are totally composed of one entire and single mass of granite. The only fissures discovered in their vast extent, are formed by the intensity of the frost rending them asunder. They burst with a noise like thunder, and often huge fragments are torn from the summits, and rolled with great impetuosity to the base.

The glaciers are the most astonishing of all the natural phenomena of this country. It would only convey a faint representation of their size and magnificence to say, that they far surpassed those of Switzerland. Travellers who have been in both countries, de-

* The altitude of one near the Black Point, south end, was found by the mercurial barometer to be 1503 yards.—Phipps's *Voyages*, p. 87.

clare there is no comparison between them. Perhaps the most proper method to form a just conception of their magnitude is, by considering the size of the icebergs, which, as previously stated, are fragments of them. One of these masses, according to Phipps, has been found grounded in twenty-four fathoms water, while it towered above the surface to the height of fifty feet. Almost every valley can boast of its glacier, some of which vie with the mountains in height. They are occasionally hollow, and immense cascades of water are precipitated from them.

The magnificence of this scene it is impossible to describe. The gloomy silence of the surrounding country, the hoarse noise of the water dashing from an immense height, and the magnificent effect produced by the reflection of the solar rays, form a *tout ensemble* which can only be faintly conceived.

Though the mountains of Spitzbergen consist generally of rocks of primary foundation, it is not altogether destitute of those of a later origin. Captain Phipps discovered several species of marble; which dissolved readily in muriatic acid. On the east side of the country potter's clay and gypsum have been found; and different specimens of talc, mica, and lapis olearis, are to be met with. Phipps did not perceive any metallic ores in this country, nor, as far as I know, have other voyagers discovered any. The interior of the country, however, has been very little, if at all, explored; and it would, therefore, be wrong to conclude against their existence from this circumstance, more especially

as they are said to be found in Greenland.

Solid as the rocks of this barren country are, their disintegration has gone on to a considerable extent. The combined effects of cataracts, formed of melted snow, of frosts and tempests, are at once perceived in the quantity of grit, or coarse sand, worn down from the mountains. This sterile substance (the only thing among the rocks resembling soil) is somewhat fertilized by the putrefied *lichens* and dung of wild birds.

No fountains, or springs of fresh water, are to be found here; frost arrests the watery fluid in its course, and prevents it from ascending to the surface. The cascades falling from the glaciers are solely formed of melted snow, and with this only the navigators can be supplied.

This inhospitable climate is not entirely destitute of vegetation; some plants are found which brave the rigour of perpetual frost, and convey some faint representation of a more southern country. They are generally short, crabbed, and have a wretched appearance. The *salix herbacea* (dwarf willow), the most vigorous of them all, scarcely rises two inches from the ground. Among the few herbs, the *cochlearia* (scurvy grass) deserves the first rank; as being the providential resource of distempered seamen. Here are also found several species of *lichen* (liverwort), *saxifraga*, *ranunculus*, *bryum*, and a few others, of little or no use in the medical world.

On the west side of Spitzbergen there are some safe harbours and roads for ships. The sea near the shore is for the most part shallow

and the bottom rocky; but it often suddenly deepens to some hundred fathoms, where the lead sinks in soft mud, sometimes mixed with shells. In Smeerenberg, which has a sandy bottom, vessels may ride in thirteen fathoms water not far from the shore, where they are sheltered from all winds.

The tide, from the number of islands through which it passes, flows very irregularly; in some places only three and four feet.

Mr. Marten has affirmed, that the sun here at midnight appears with all the faintness of the moon; but his assertion has not been corroborated by the experience of subsequent voyagers. During my stay in this country in 1806 and 1807, distinction between day and night was almost completely lost. Any perceptible difference between the splendour and radiance of the mid-day and midnight sun in clear weather (if these expressions may be used), arose only from a different degree of altitude. Some of our most experienced Greenland sailors, when called upon deck, have frequently asked me whether it was day or night; and I have often seen them obliged, even in clear sunshine, to consult the quadrant on this head. I may add, that Captain Phipps has also contradicted Mr. Marten in the most positive manner.

The temperature here is extremely fluctuating. Sometimes the heat is so great as to melt the pitch on the decks and cordage of the vessels, and in a few minutes after succeed high winds, snow, and frost. The sky even in calm and serene weather is covered with dense white clouds, the repositories of the snow so often falling.

The degree of heat experienced in these northern latitudes being so much greater than is experienced in the same latitudes in the southern hemisphere, is supposed to proceed from the greater quantity of land in the north reflecting the rays of the sun, which in the south are absorbed by the ocean. Whatever hypothesis may be adduced to account for the greater temperature of the north, the fact itself is indisputable. Terra del Fuego, situated only in fifty-five degrees south latitude, is extremely cold; and Captain Cook could not penetrate farther than the seventy-first degree of latitude, a distance far short of what the Greenland ships are every year in the habit of sailing towards the other pole.

Thunder and lightning are unknown at Spitzbergen, or at least are extremely rare. Forster supposes, that the electric exhalations in a country so much covered with snow must be very few; and these so much consumed by the frequency of the *aurora borealis*, that there is never collected at one time a quantity of fluid sufficient to produce thunder and lightning. That luminous appearance so often observed during a storm in this country, he alleges to be the effect of volcanic eruptions; though this, I confess, seems to me extremely problematical.

Spitzbergen has no settled inhabitants. It is, however, resorted to by parties of Russians, who, in turn, continue there throughout the year for the purpose of hunting, which they practise in all weathers. These hardy adventurers have erected huts adjacent to several of the harbours and bays, and are well provided with fuel, from the im-

mense quantities of drifted wood that is every where to be found in the different creeks. Archangel supplies them with dried fish, rye-meal, and an abundant supply of whey, similar to, if not made in the same manner as the Shetland beverage. This last constitutes their chief drink, and is likewise used in baking their bread. Their beds are principally composed of the skins of animals which they kill; and of these they also make garments, which they wear with the fur side next their bodies. The walruses and seals afford them a plentiful store of their favourite delicacy, *train-oil*; and the bears, deers, and foxes fall frequent victims to the dexterity of their excellent marksmen. They are at liberty to return to their native country towards the latter end of September, if not

relieved by a fresh party before that time. Some of these arctic hunters came on board our ship, and when sat down to meat, they preferred a mess of biscuit and whale-oil to all the dainties set before them. They had the complexion of Siberians, and were dressed in bear and deer-skins. They had an athletic and vigorous appearance, though somewhat stiffened and cramped by the extreme cold to which they are exposed. During the time they were on board, and particularly while at meat, they behaved with a decorum and gentleness which could hardly be expected from their grotesque appearance; and the neatness of their fowling-pieces, boat-tackling, &c. manifested a taste and ingenuity of which the inhabitants of a more refined country need not be ashamed.

THE CHAMBER OF LOVE.

(From *L'Hermite en Provence*, by M. DE JOUV.)

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century there lived at the sandy village of Anglet the young Saubade (the only daughter of a rich shepherd of Labour), and Laurence, a young orphan fisherman: the one from her infancy was celebrated as a model of that native beauty which charms by elegance of figure, vivacity of features, and the expression of the eyes; the other, at the age of twenty years renowned for strength and grace, had no rival among the youth of Basque, of whom he was the pride and the example. When he played at *farandole* or at tennis, dressed in a little red waistcoat, and his head adorned with his becoming cap, every eye was upon him, and

turned only to seek for Saubade. Their mutual love was no secret; no one apprized them of it, they guessed it—all felt certain that they loved one another, because it seemed necessary that they should. There was only one person who was not of this opinion, the father of the young girl; he was rich in flocks, but Laurence was without fortune, and this circumstance raised an insurmountable obstacle between the lovers.

A year passed away, during which time they experienced the torments of a passion, whose violence was heightened by its difficulties: seeing no longer any prospect of happiness, and guided by the only sentiments which overlook

the future, they vowed that death only should disunite them; a single day fulfilled their vow.

One morning the father of Saubade had set out to take an annual survey of his flocks on the other side of the mountain, where he was accustomed to assemble his shepherds. He had scarcely disappeared behind the hill at the foot of which the house was situated, than this charming couple again met, at the dawning of a most deceitful morn, under a sort of arbour covered with vine-leaves, at the extremity of the dwelling.

This asylum could only afford them a momentary concealment; that moment elapsed: the sun already illumined the whole country; they left the village, and directed their steps to the sea-coast.

How cheerful and luxuriant even the barren downs over which they wandered appeared to them as they forsook the scattered habitations from which they might be discovered!

Bunches of fir, thrown here and there, again concealed their clandestine progress, and a rapid declivity soon brought them to the shore.

The downs extended a long way to the right, and offered neither refuge nor shelter; to the left a peaked rock formed an arch, the extremity of which bent over the waves, and in the centre was a spacious and deep cavern.

Had chance conducted either a frightened lover, or an enthusiastic poet, to this wild place, they must have been equally struck by the grandeur of the objects which presented themselves to their view. The semicircle, of which the sea

appeared to be the stage—the amphitheatre, whence it seemed as if Neptune were willing to present to the eyes of man a grand view of the vast ocean that bathes the two hemispheres, would alone have arrested their attention. The illusions which overwhelmed the souls of our young lovers embellished this frightful solitude; the fire with which they burned illumined the black rocks; the formidable ocean which roared at a distance, was a barrier which love had placed between them and the rest of the world; the beds of fine sand, and piles of broken shells which were strewed in heaps and formed seats, offered to Saubade and Laurence a grateful repose, heightened by the dreams of love.

Thus forgetting the world in the anxiety of a feeling which discovered to them an existence beyond nature, they were unconscious of the gathering clouds; they heard not the wind roaring among the waves, and dashing them on the shore beyond their usual limit. In vain did the sound of thunder warn them of the danger which threatened them. Laurence trembled for her he loved; but Saubade, devoted to that love she was to enjoy but for one moment, suffered no other feeling to possess her mind: she pressed her lover to her bosom; she no longer knew fear.

The waves, however, rose, and rolled furiously to the mouth of the grotto which served them for an asylum.

“O my beloved!” exclaimed Laurence (carrying her to an interior point of the rock, which the water had not yet reached), “death surrounds thee, the storm increa-



ses, every hope is lost!"—"I have but one wish," replied the affectionate girl, with an angel's smile, "that of living and dying with thee: to-morrow I might have been deprived of that blessing, to-day I am thine—thine for ever!"—Laurence, by swimming, had gained the entrance of the grotto, to which the waves had advanced, to ascertain whether it were yet possible to escape. All around was overwhelmed with water; the sea was every where either sinking into gulphs, or rising into mountains; the waves pursued him, and dashed him with fury into the interior of the cavern, which they filled even as high as the point where the young shepherdess still braved them: she extended her hand to

Laurence, to climb up by her side; she strained him to her heart, and endeavoured to inspire him with all her courage. "Seest thou," said she, "the enormous wave, which approaches? It is death—" She spoke; their arms were entwined, their lips were united, and the sea devoured its double prey.

The repeated dashing of the waves could not separate them; Saubade and Laurence were thrown lifeless upon the rock, which was to them at once a temple and a tomb.

From this time the grotto, rendered sacred by the remembrance of this melancholy event, has received and retained the name of *the Chamber of Love*.

FASHIONS.



LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—MORNING DRESS.

A HIGH dress composed of jacobin muslin: the body has a little fulness in the back; the fronts are plain, and wrap across in the style of a *fichu*. A row of richly worked trimming, headed with a double rouleau of muslin, through which a coloured ribbon is run, ornaments the back between the shoulders, and goes down on each side of the front. Instead of a collar, the body is ornamented at the throat by a single row of work, headed by a rouleau of muslin. The skirt is of an easy fulness; it is richly embroidered round the bottom in a light pattern of branches of leaves placed upright. Over this dress is worn a pelisse composed of pearl-coloured striped lutestring, trim-

med round with a row of light embroidery in a wave pattern of pearl-coloured silk. The body is made plain, tight to the shape, and the waist is of a moderate length; it has no collar, but is finished at the throat by a frill of pointed blond. Plain long sleeves, embroidered at the wrist to correspond with the skirt of the pelisse. Head-dress, the Clarence bonnet, composed of blond intersected with pipings of pale pink satin, and ornamented with a full garland of moss and damask roses and blue bells. This bonnet is of a French shape, but it is a moderate and becoming size: it is tied under the chin with pale pink satin ribbon. Lemon-coloured gloves, and pale pink slippers.

PLATE II.—EVENING DRESS.

A blue satin slip, over which is a British net frock: the body is cut very low all round the bust; and the waist, which is extremely short, is ornamented, in the French style, with a row of blond set on full at the bottom. The sleeve is short; it is made very full, and is decorated with knots of blue ribbon. The skirt of the frock is made more than usually full; it is trimmed in a manner at once striking, tasteful, and singular: this trimming consists of a deep flounce of rich blond lace, which is intermingled with branches of grape-blossoms, and surmounted by a row of satin cockle-shells, which are placed at some distance from each other, and connected by a narrow rouleau of satin. Head-dress, the Kent *toque*, composed of Parisian gauze of a bright gold colour, richly embroidered in small roses. This *toque* is made higher than we have observed them lately, particularly in front; the gauze is laid very full on the fore part of the crown; this fulness is formed into large Spanish puffs by two bands of the same material, which confine it: it is worn without any other ornament. Necklace and ear-rings are composed of sapphires. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted to the invention and taste of Miss Macdonald of 50, South Molton-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The excessive heat of the weather has induced the generality of our fair fashionables to prefer muslin dresses for the promenade:

these dresses being made high, form at once a home and out-door costume for the morning. They are, however, though generally adopted, by no means exclusively so: silk spencers are still fashionable; and pelisses composed of slight sarsnet or striped lutestring, made like the one we have given in our print, are in high estimation, particularly for the evening promenade and for carriage dress.

One of the prettiest and most fashionable dishabilles for a morning walk that we have lately seen, is composed of jaconot muslin: it is a round dress; the bottom of the skirt is finished by three narrow pieces of muslin let in very full; to each of these pieces is attached, on both sides, a row of points of richly worked muslin, which button together; and which form the fulness beneath into slashes: this trimming is terminated by a rich worked flounce at the bottom of the skirt. The body is made tight to the shape; the bust is ornamented with a narrow wave composed of work, each extremity of which is finished by a very small rosette of clear muslin. The collar is puckered, made to stand out from the throat, and trimmed with a single row of narrow lace. Long sleeve, finished at the wrist with a single row of trimming to correspond with the skirt. The only addition made to this dress for walking, is a large pelerine of the same material: it is richly embroidered round the edge, and is tied at the throat with a bow of coloured ribbon. This dishabille is neat, ladylike, and perfectly appropriate to the season.

Walking bonnets remain as we described in our last number, with

the addition of a morning bonnet, which was first introduced with the above dress; it is composed of clear stiff muslin, has a moderately sized oval crown, and a very large brim: the latter is quite square; the muslin is very full, but the fulness is confined round the edge by four easings, through which is run a coloured ribbon, and between each easing is a row of narrow letting-in lace. A narrow muslin scarf, edged with lace, is formed into a full bow and ends, and placed a little to one side; and the bonnet ties on the other side, with a ribbon to correspond with that in the easings.

The only novelty which we have observed in carriage dress since our last number, is a spencer composed of pale blue satin, which is covered with white British net, laid on very full: the back is ornamented at each side with three very narrow rouleaus of blue satin; the fulness of the net in front is confined by a light and fanciful embroidery of blue chenille, which is intermixed with small blue silk tufts. The long sleeve is plain, of a moderate width, and the net with which it is covered is laid on tight to the satin: it is finished with a light embroidery at the wrist, and surmounted by a net epaulette cut in the form of a shell, and richly embroidered in blue chenille. Instead of a collar, there is a frill composed of net cut in deep points, which are overcast with blue silk. This is a very elegant and tasteful spencer, and promises to become extremely fashionable.

Morning costume continues to be composed of muslin only; jaconet is in the highest estimation, but we have recently observed, that

Scotch cambric, now so well made as scarcely to be distinguished from French, is very much worn. Robes are but partially adopted. Round dresses are made more full; and a considerable alteration for the better has taken place in trimmings. Instead of the flounce upon flounce which used to reach almost to the knee, the bottom of the dress now is richly embroidered, or else a single deep flounce of work is surmounted by a rich embroidery, or the bottom is ornamented in the same manner as the elegant promenade dress which we have described in the beginning of our observations. The bodies of morning dresses afford nothing new.

Silk is no longer seen in dinner dress, nothing being at this moment considered fashionable but muslin. Frocks are universally adopted: they are made more full in the skirts than usual, and are very profusely trimmed either with lace or rich needle-work; but we observe that the former predominates. The bodies and sleeves of these dresses are in general richly let in with lace; if the sleeve is long, the letting-in lace is wound in a serpentine manner through it across the arm, and the wrist is finished with two or three falls of lace. The bodies of dresses also are trimmed with lace set on very full; they are in general cut very low round the bust.

For grand costume, British net over white or coloured satin appears to us to be universally adopted; white and coloured crapes, so generally worn at this season of the year, not being at all in request, and gauze only partially worn: it is still, however, adopted by some *élégantes*. it is worn over

white or coloured satin slips. The brace which we described last month still continues in favour.

For the theatres, or for social evening parties, where ladies do not think it necessary to appear in full dress, clear muslin gowns, sometimes worn over coloured sars-net slips, but more frequently over plain white ones, are in very high fashion. These dresses are made with great simplicity: a flounce of the same material, which is festooned by white satin rosettes or bows, or else a trimming composed of broad stamped satin leaves, goes round the bottom of the dress. The body, plain, tight to the shape, and cut very low round the bust, is finished either with a narrow lace, or a little fancy trimming of ribbon. The sleeves are made very short and full. Slashes of satin ribbon, which are generally embroidered at the ends, are much worn with these dresses.

Caps are much worn both in dis-

habille and half dress; in the former mobs are always adopted, but we think round caps predominate in the latter, though *cornettes* are likewise partially worn. There is nothing novel either in the form or materials of these head-dresses, which are in general of a becoming height and shape: they are mostly in the French style, but only sufficiently so to be smart without being *outré*.

Toques and dress hats are still in high estimation for evening parties, but flowers are much more general, except for ladies of a certain age. Half-wreaths of roses or fancy flowers are placed very far back on the head, and garlands are worn a little to one side.

White cornelian intermixed with gold is much in favour in half-dress jewellery. In full dress, pearls are universally adopted.

Fashionable colours for the month are, pale pink, azure, pearl-colour, green, pale lilac, and straw-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, July 19.

My dear SOPHIA,

WERE it not for the multitude of your own fair country-women who flock here every day, and who as soon as they arrive hasten to attire themselves *à la mode Française*, I should have but little to say to you respecting our prevailing modes; for our principal leaders of fashion have, since the month of May, been retiring to their respective chateaux, where they always pass a part of the summer: for you know that we have not here any fashionable places of summer resort similar to those in

England. We still, however, retain a few *élégantes*, and the changes of fashion are not less numerous or frequent than in the winter months, because the invention of the *marchandes des modes* is as fully employed now in decorating foreigners, as it was then in adorning their own country-women. One of our most fashionable *tailleuses*, Madame Levino, has lately introduced some dresses both for the promenade and for evening parties, which I will endeavour to describe to you.

The prettiest of the promenade dresses is composed of white mus-

lin, checkered so closely with pink, that at a distance the dress appears to be of a peculiarly beautiful shade of pink. The skirt is not gored, but is tolerably full, and is trimmed with six flounces of white muslin embroidered in roses; these flounces have very little fulness, so that at any distance they appear like garlands of roses. The body is very novel; it is a frock, but made without seam, tight to the shape, and half high: it fastens behind with small pink silk buttons. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist by a double fall of trimming, embroidered, but in a smaller pattern, to correspond with the skirt. There is a short half-sleeve made excessively full, the fulness confined by a band of embroidered muslin placed across the arm. This dress is pretty, but it is too showy, and too much loaded with trimming. When worn for the promenade, a *sautoir*, that is to say, a half-handkerchief of cachemire, is tied carelessly round the neck: these handkerchiefs have generally rich embroidered borders.

High dresses composed of cambric muslin, both white and printed, are in much favour for the promenade: the skirts of these dresses are always trimmed with flounces; the bodies are in general made tight to the shape, and the waists as short as possible. There are now no collars worn to dresses, but printed gowns have either a silk half-handkerchief tied carelessly round the throat, or else a large ruff. If the dress is white, a plaid silk half-handkerchief tied round the throat, and a plaid sash tied in a bow and long ends behind, are almost al-

ways worn with it. Ruffs are at present but little used, and those which are worn have seldom more than two falls of muslin or lace, and are always left open at the throat.

There is but little alteration in the forms of *chapeaux* since I wrote last; but the brims are smaller, and the crowns something higher, than they were then. Muslin *capotes* are still in great estimation for undress; plain white straw and Leghorn are worn in half dress, and gauze and tulle are universally adopted for full dress: the former material is indeed so much the rage, that it is worn both in half and full dress by many ladies. Fancy straw and satin are at present but little seen in head-dresses: the latter, however, is in considerable estimation for the linings of gauze and tulle bonnets, few of either being now worn with transparent brims, though the crowns are seldom lined.

The brims of straw or Leghorn hats have seldom any trimming at the edge; if there is any, it consists of a broad ribbon bound rather full on the edge, or a light plaiting of gauze laid on at a little distance from the edge. Gauze and tulle hats continue to have *ruches* quillings and rouleaus of the same material on the front. The newest, and in my opinion most elegant, style of trimming is a piece of gauze or tulle which is disposed round the crown of the hat, in very large hollow plaits; in the hollow part of each of them is placed a full-blown rose, which is partially shaded by the plait: the edge of the brim has a quilling of double gauze laid on bias, and

quilled in large plaits. This trimming is now much in fashion, and certainly nothing can be prettier than the intermixture of gauze or tulle and roses upon the crown.

Flowers are at this season always a favourite ornament for hats, but this year they are disposed with more propriety and taste than I have ever before observed them to be: instead of the enormous bunches and ill-assorted wreaths lately so prevalent, a moderate-sized bouquet is placed on one side, or else a wreath of roses, marigolds, jessamine, pinks, or larkspurs. Within these few days past, marigolds have been in great request.

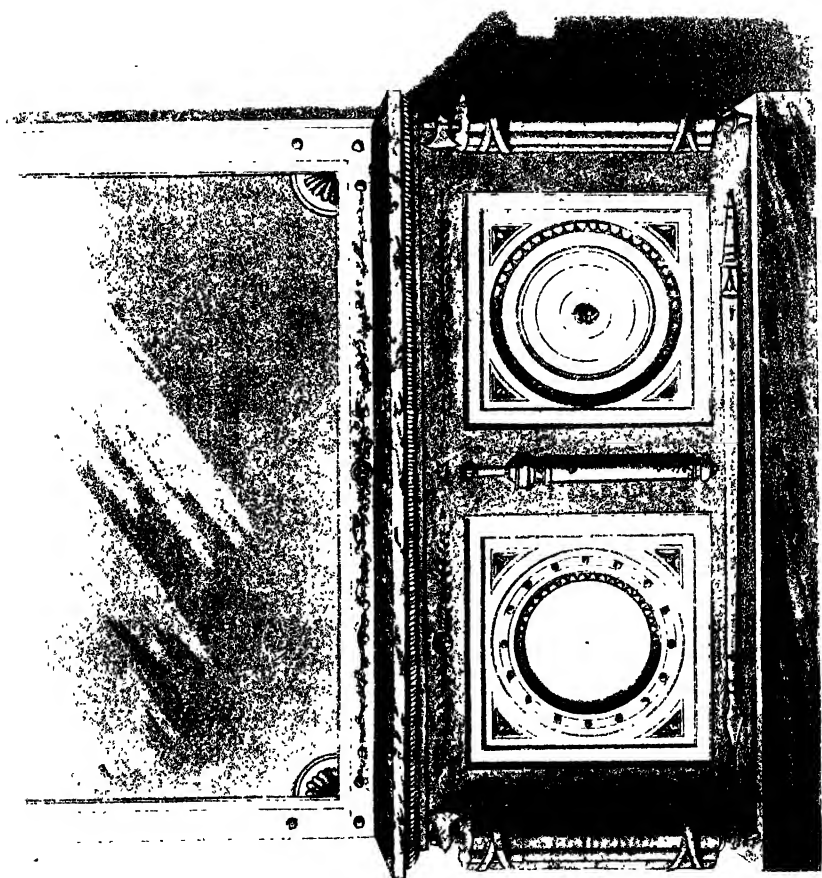
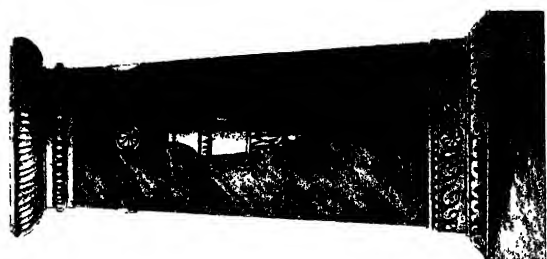
Bunches of flowers are generally composed of two or three roses, mixed with a few unripe ears of wheat and one or two corn-flowers; or else a few half-blown roses mixed with some sprigs of mignonette, geranium, and larkspurs. Roses composed of transparent gauze have lately become very fashionable, particularly on hats of the same material; they have an extremely light and beautiful effect.

But let me leave the adornments of the head, about which I run on with as much prolixity as if I were a Frenchwoman, and proceed to tell you how we dress for the different parts of the day. I have already spoken of morning dress in my description of promenade costume; I shall therefore proceed to describe to you a new and much admired dinner gown.

It is composed of cambric muslin striped in a rich embroidery of leaves, which are worked in white cotton and much raised: it is trimmed at the bottom with three floun-

ces of rich worked muslin; the middle flounce is rather broad, but the one placed above and the other below it are narrow. The body, which is of a three-quarter height, is made without seam; the middle of the back is full, but it sits close to the shape, being disposed by the laundress in very small plaits on each side. A piece of bias muslin is let in full to each of the fronts; it is about two inches in breadth, and is also disposed in small plaits: at the edge of this trimming, next to the bust, is a row of narrow Valenciennes lace, set on very full. Long sleeves of rich clear muslin, worked to correspond with the gown, and finished at the wrist by a triple fall of Valenciennes lace: they are also ornamented at the shoulder by an *epaulette* formed of three falls of rich pointed work. This dress, which owes its celebrity to the inventor, Madame Levino, is extremely fashionable; it is rich but rather heavy, and the stripes give it something of a formal appearance.

Silk begins to be partially worn in dinner dress, but it is much more general for evening parties: white, azure, rose-colour, and lilac are the colours most in fashion for dresses. Frocks are much in request for evening parties; they fasten behind, and are made in general with stomacher fronts. The trimmings of these dresses are always flounces of tulle or blond, which are so disposed as to have a novel and pretty appearance: there are six flounces, which are laid on in waves, each wave being headed by a small rouleau of satin; the top flounce is frequently finished by rosettes of ribbon placed in the



hollow of each wave. This kind of trimming would be very pretty if there was less of it, but the flounces are too many in number, and are placed, besides, too high upon the dress.

Dress hats are still very fashionable; but the favourite head-dress for grand parties is a gauze scarf embroidered either in silver or coloured silks: this scarf, which is narrow but very long, is disposed in a fanciful manner among the ringlets of the hair: it is wound two or three times round the head; one end is disposed in a large knot on the left side, and the other falls over the right shoulder. This style of head-dress is extremely becoming to a tall and graceful *belle*, to whom it gives what the French call *l'air imposant*; but it is not at all calculated for short women, especially to such as are much inclined to *en bon point*.

Flowers are also very much worn

for the hair in full dress, but they are adopted chiefly by juvenile *et gantes*; dress hats, and the scarf I have just described, are worn by matronly ladies; but *toques* and turbans are at this moment quite unfashionable.

White is still the favourite colour; but azure, lilac, and above all rose-colour, are in much estimation. It is not in the decoration of their persons only, that this gay nation delights in *couleur de rose*; they endeavour, whenever they can, to give a tinge of it to their thoughts, their actions, and the events of their lives: and I must own I have often envied them the gay insensibility, or as they call it philosophy, through which they are enabled to look only on the roseate side of every thing.

But I am again digressing. Well, my dear Sophia, I will not add a word more than the name of your

BUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 8.—A PIER TABLE AND GRECIAN PEDESTAL.

THIS design forms a sumptuous piece of furniture, that is adapted to the apartment of an officer of high rank, or to embellish one of those establishments devoted to military gentlemen. The table is supposed to bear a large pier glass, the frame of which is finished in gold, and velvet of a colour corresponding with the draperies, and ornamented by devices carved and gilt. The shelf, or table-top, is of verd-antique marble, supported by gold fasces. The plinth and margins are of rose-wood, or of the oak transversely cut and highly polished, which in splendour rivals

the foreign woods; and admirably harmonizes with surrounding decorations. These are ornamented by the sword and spear, and by laurel-branches above them. The panels are of two designs, forming circular compartments, the margins of which are velvet, white, and gold. The panel on the left of the design is embellished by the mask of Apollo, and radii in gold, forming the well-known symbol of the power of that deity.

The pedestal is designed to correspond in style and materials, and is suited to bear a group of figures in bronze or or-molu, terminated

by branches for lights. These are gloomy in those parts, however the properly placed in the angles of apartment may be generally well large rooms, that will otherwise be || lighted.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE admirable novel of Rob Roy has drawn public attention very pointedly to the clan of the Macgreggors: all the country newspapers, more especially those of Scotland, have abounded with little scraps of intelligence gleaned from various sources, some authentic and some spurious. We learn, however, that a book is in the press upon the subject, the compilation of which at present engages the attention of Dr. Macleay of Glasgow. It is drawn from sources which are stated to be only accessible to the writer, whether as a member lineal or indirect, we cannot pretend to determine. The most interesting part of his work to general readers, will be a prefatory account of the condition of the Highlands and their inhabitants before the year 1745. The public is likewise to be indulged with a portrait of the hero of the house, from an original painting preserved in the family.

A very useful work, by a young lady of the name of Thurtle, is in the press; we mean *A concise History of France*, from the earliest records down to the return of Louis XVIII. after the invasion of Buonaparte from Elba. What is not the least useful part of the book, is a list of contemporary princes, and a sketch of the political arrangements of Europe as fixed by the last treaty between the allied powers. We feel great pleasure in announcing this undertaking, or any other where female talent and know-

ledge are employed upon objects worthy of their attention.

The Temple of Truth, a poem in five books, by Miss S. Renou, is in the press: we shall not fail to notice it on its appearance before the public.

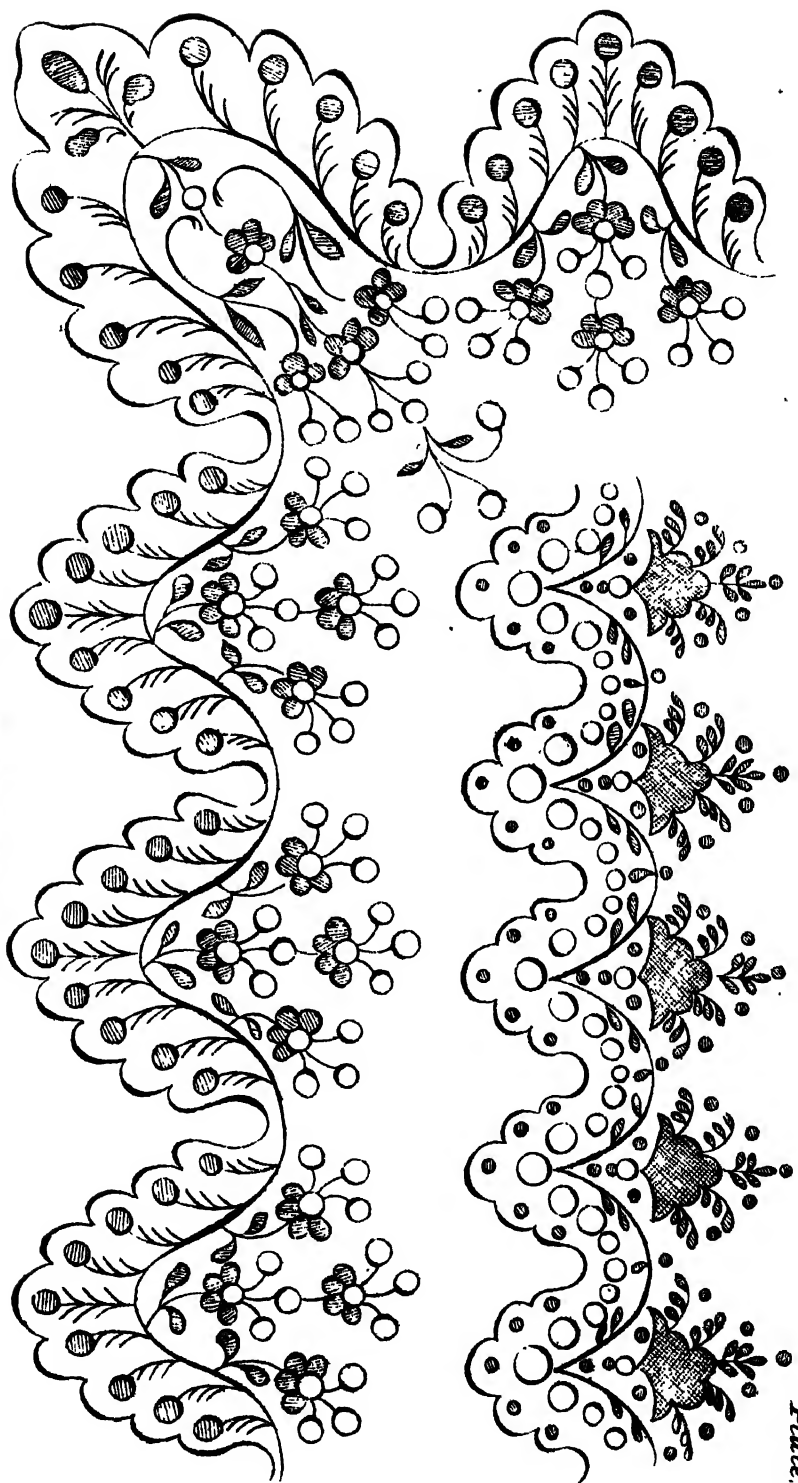
A new Manual of Chemistry is preparing for publication by Mr. Brande, founded principally upon the lectures he recently delivered.

Mr. R. Lawrence's *Etchings*, from various specimens of marbles lately in the collection of Lord Elgin, will be published shortly: they are forty in number, and will be accompanied with explanatory letter-press, and criticisms upon the general collection of these Grecian relics, now at the British Museum.

Mr. W. Carrol is publishing a new work upon the pleasing subject of *Angling*: it is confined chiefly to fly-fishing, and will be illustrated by various plates of flies, &c. their habits, and necessary directions how to use them and other baits. The advance of the season renders it necessary that the work should appear early.

In a few days the Rev. E. J. Tour-nour, A. M. late of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, will put forth a sacred poem, called *The Warning Voice*, in two cantos, addressed, as the title-page expresses it, to the infidel writers of poetry: who they may be we do not pretend to decide, but the subject is a curious one, and the talents of the author are well spoken of.

MUSLIN PATTERNS



The Festival of Flora, by the Rev. Arthur Crighton, is about to be republished in a new edition, with botanical notes and illustrative engravings.

Few books have been more popular than Eustace's *Classical Tour through Italy*, and it is about to receive additions from the pen of Sir R. C. Hoare, in a supplemental volume in 4to. It will include Sicily, and other places not visited, or cursorily mentioned, by Mr. Eustace.

Amongst the numerous inventions of the present day, we have to record the manufacture of medical blank labels by machinery as one of great practical convenience, though applied to a subject of comparatively ordinary importance. Its merit consists in furnishing an article in universal use, in which it saves both labour and expense: indeed, as friends to the arts, we confidently anticipate their universal adoption; for the paper of those we have seen is excellent, the manner of cutting them curious, the embossed impression perfect, and ||

the *tout-ensemble* uncommonly pretty and unique.

At Vienna, a decree of the government of Lower Austria has been published for the regulation of persons privileged to practise Lithography, which contains the following passage: "Those who obtain the said privilege must not only subject themselves strictly to all the rules of the censorship, but it will also be required of them to answer for the conduct of their workmen; to give previous information to the police of the name, and a correct description of the nature of the employment, of each person they wish to engage; to superintend vigilantly their workmen when unemployed, and to inform the police of the least suspicion which may exist of any of these men practising lithography out of the workshop, which is most strictly prohibited; finally, to inform the police of the name of every individual who leaves their employment, with an account of the cause of his leaving it."

Poetry.

DEFIANCE TO THE COY MUSES.

I'll pray no more—I've waited long,
And all the Nine their aid refuse;
Hereafter, to my verse and song
My Mary only shall be Muse.

Hang ye, coy coquetting crew!
And after all there's nothing in it;
You want an age's courting too—
Mary inspires me in a minute.

Go to the d——I then, ye Nine!
I ask no favour for a letter;
My Mary's aid is more divine—
At least I know I like it better!

FRED.

MARY'S SMILE.

What care I for summer weather,
Lasting but so short a while,
When my summer lasts for ever,
If I see my Mary smile!

Fruit and flowers, who would love them,
Nature's presents, cheap and vile?
I have that is far above them,
When I see my Mary smile.

What to me is plain or river,
Valleys rich as those of Nile?
Of much more she is the giver,
When I see my Mary smile.

Mountain top, why should I view it,
Up towards heaven many a mile?
I am always nearer to it,
When I see my Mary smile.

If clouds sometimes the sunbeams curtain,

Such a change I'll not revile;
Though Nature's laugh is lovely certain,
More lovely is my Mary's smile.

Times and seasons may roll over,
Every object change the while;
No changes knows the happy lover,
If, like mine, his Mary smile.

FRED.

QUEEN ORIANA'S DREAM.

By CHARLES LAMB.

On a bank with roses shaded,
Whose sweet scent the violets aided,
Violets whose breath alone
Yields but feeble smell or none,
(Sweeter bed Jove ne'er reposed on,
When his eyes Olympus closed on;)
While o'er head six slaves did hold
Canopy of cloth o' gold,
And two more did music keep,
Which might Juno lull to sleep;
Oriana, who was queen
To the mighty Tamerlane,
That was lord of all the land
Between Thrace and Samarchand,
While the noon-tide fervour beam'd,
Mused herself to sleep, and *dream'd*.

Thus far, in magnificent strain,
A young poet sooth'd his vein;
But he had nor prose nor numbers
To express a princess' slumbers.
Youthful Richard had strange fancies,
Was deep versed in old romances,
And could talk whole hours upon
The great Cham and Prester John;
Tell the field in which the Sophi
From the Tartar won a trophy:
What he read with such delight of,
Thought he could as eas'y write of;
But his over-young invention
Kept not pace with brave intention.
Twenty suns did rise and set,
And he could no further get;

But, unable to proceed,
Made a virtue out of need,
And his labours wiselier deem'd of,
Did omit *what the queen dream'd of*.

TO LAURA,

Dissuading her from dressing so fine.

1.

What, Laura, can be your desire,
Thus flourishing in your attire?
Why such varied colours gaily
Heap'd upon your person daily?
What's your object, I would fain know;
'Though celestial, you're no rainbow.

2.

Is your purpose to look well?
If so, allow me just to tell,
That you much mistake your part,
Smoothing nature up with art:
Art may aid an ugly creature,
But never can improve your feature.

3.

You little know the grateful duty
Men ever pay to simple beauty!
Those frills and flounces serve to hide
What may be your greatest pride:
Splendid robes men are amaz'd at;
'They are not lov'd, but only gaz'd at.

4.

Perhaps your native diffidence
Puts you to this large expense
Of natural beauty, that sustains
All the loss by all your pains.
Pray dress simply, for there's no man
Loves the garment, but the woman!

ALURED.

IMPROMPTU

On a young and beautiful Catholic about to
take the Veil.

If Anna e'er should take the veil,
'Tis others sins alone to wail,
The noisy world she flies:
That she with tenderest pity fill'd
May pray for those her charms have
kill'd—

The archer in her eyes.

T * *.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We are much obliged by the offer of T. L. and shall esteem as a favour the perusal of the article he has promised.

Peter Primset's Adventures of an Old Bachelor are unavoidably postponed by the press of other matter: his second Letter shall be inserted in our next Number.

A Vindication has been received from Pertinax Single, which shall appear, that he may make some amends for his misconduct.

D. W——r has our thanks: his communications will be always acceptable, particularly upon historical subjects.

The curious and characteristic extracts from Robert Burns' unpublished Letters, next month.

The Correspondence of the Adviser has been omitted in the present Number, for the same reason that the continuation of Peter Primset's Adventures were not continued.

The authoress of "Generosity and Gratitude" is informed, that the tale cannot be published in our next Number, as the place is preoccupied. It shall, however, appear soon; and in the mean time we hope to hear from her.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SPERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1818.

N^o. XXXIII.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 63.)

PLATE 13.—VIEW ON QUITTING THE GALLERY OF SCHALBET.

NOT far from the bridge of Ganther, the road, after making several extensive circuits, rises to a space somewhat more open, and at last reaches to the back of the mountain which is seen in the distance in the view of Brieg: the objects are varied and multiplied at every step. The valley of Ganther disappears, and is exchanged for that of the Saltine, the old road being observed at the bottom of the precipice. At length, after a walk of two hours, the traveller arrives at the gallery of Schalbet, which is 95 feet in length. On one of the most elevated points of this passage, and without any object to intercept the sight, one of the most magnificent prospects afforded by the Alps lies before the traveller. When he first issues from this gloomy grotto, or more properly cavern, he is struck by the lofty head of Rosboden, which, glittering with snow and ice, stands alone, the monarch of the surrounding eminences. By degrees his eye descends from this aching height

to the bottom of the abyss beneath, where the Tavernetto and the Saltine rush onward with turbulent impetuosity, and then uniting, make their way through the deep valley.

The eminences on all sides are clothed by dark and deep forests: the ragged firs, the knotty pines, whose blasted heads bear witness to the severity of the climate and the fierceness of the rays of the sun, the enormous masses of solid rock perforated by the hand of man, all give to this grand view a most imposing effect. At this elevation the elasticity and pureness of the atmosphere electrify the senses; and the soul, ravished by the beauty of the stupendous prospect, receives impressions, the luxury and sublimity of which no pen can describe.

As the traveller has but just quitted the pleasant and picturesque town of Brieg, it may not be amiss to add in this place a few more particulars concerning it. The houses, generally speaking, are covered with micaceous schist, or slate, of a

bright silvery hue; and the churches, more particularly that of the convent of the Jesuits, are decorated with a kind of stone called by the inhabitants *gelt-stein*: it is capable of a very high polish, and the ground is green intersected by veins of yellow. At about half a league's distance, in the valley of Gradetz, are hot springs, formerly much used, and esteemed highly medicinal. The whole country is subject to be visited by tremendous storms, and sometimes earthquakes; that which destroyed Lisbon on November 1, 1755, and that so severely felt on the 9th December following, did much damage to Brieg, though at such a distance: indeed the rumblings did not cease for more than a month.

Its flourishing state is to be attributed chiefly to its being in the line of the passage of the Simplon; but this has been hitherto of more disadvantage in some respects than benefit, for it has exposed the town to the merciless ravages of war at various periods. In May 1799, the Austrians passed the Simplon, and

advanced as far as Brieg; but they afterwards withdrew, leaving desolation behind them.

There are many natural curiosities in the neighbourhood of Brieg: the climate is very hot in the middle of the summer, in consequence of the reflection of the sun from the lofty eminences that surround it: the effect, however, is to make the soil productive of a considerable number of rare plants, highly valuable to botanists. Not the least interesting of the natural curiosities in this part of the *Haut-Vallais*, is the primitive gypsum and primitive calcareous stones, which are found in fissures of the beds of micaceous schist.

To the south of the town the Rhone is swelled by the tributary torrent of the Saltine, which descends from the Simplon; and on the north it receives the waters of the Kelchbach, which rushes from the Belp-Alps.

A considerable quantity of crystal was found between 1770 and 1780, not far from Brieg, and of the most perfect transparency.

MISCELLANIES.

PL. 14.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XX.

(Continued from p. 9.)

"A TROUBLED heart often beclouds the brightest understanding: how much more strongly then must it have operated upon my mind, which was still involved in the darkness of prejudice, doubt, and infidelity! Take pity on me, ye who, fortified in your faith, can bid de-

fiance to all the arguments of sophistry, and all the excitements of passion! The vexation resulting from my unsuccessful attempt, instead of leading me to the real cause, rather served to entangle me in new inferences against the truth of your holy religion. The ser-

ment of my blood prevented the consideration, which the history of St. Clara de Montefalcone would otherwise have suggested, that my researches were premature, and that dissection was the only way of discovering the treasure which I was in quest of. As firmly convinced as I now am, that her pious namesake is destined to restore to the astonished world these lost demonstrations of the most profound of mysteries, and that, by this precious bequest at her death, she will crown the exemplary life which she now leads; so far was I then from any conception of this cheering prospect. From my fruitless endeavours I could deduce no other conclusion than this: that not only was the legend of the sainted Clara a fiction, but that all and each of the other wonders recorded by your religion had no better evidence to support them.

“In this state of mind, I chanced to cast my eyes upon that noble collection of excellent works which constituted the greatest ornament of this house. I ridiculed their titles as the boasting of hypocritical pride—condemned their contents as aberrations of the human mind—determined to overthrow the fabric which they formed, and with the spirit of a pagan, doomed these pillars of the faith to the flames.

“I recollected that, in the libraries of your convents and in the repositories of your churches, I had seen books, the contents of which every rational person must venerate, even without examination, as the purest effusions of truth; because they have, under superior protection, sustained that

critical test which proves too severe for all the works of human hands—I mean the test of fire. Indeed, it is but very lately that, in visiting the tombs of St. Denis, I paid due homage to the celebrated performance of Thomas à Kempis, the only book that was found uninjured among the ashes of a copious library consumed by the flames. I asked the pious man who presented it to me to kiss, whether the thousands of other books destroyed by this calamity had contained nothing but error. Little did I then imagine what consolation his answer was destined soon to afford me in the most distressing hour of my life! Thus doth Providence often suspend the most important events of our lives from imperceptible threads; thus too, perhaps, in the remotest ages, a tone may be added to the general harmony from the feeble accents that now drop from my lips—thus may the proceedings of the present hour perhaps serve to convert heathen nations, and subject whole regions—God grant it may be so!—to the yoke of your faith!

“There were, said my informant, many works in this unfortunate collection, of superior excellence to that which was preserved; but these were well known, and not asoul doubted their merit. Thomas à Kempis alone was held in no repute, and his book on the Imitation was least regarded of any in the whole library. It was not till after the miracle of its preservation that it acquired the celebrity which it deserves; and it has since become a sacred model to all religions. It has gone through innumerable editions, and the prefaces relate the

ordeal which it sustained: such were the instructive words that now fell melodiously upon the cords of my soul.

"Of the doctrines contained in the sublime works that stood before me, the one like the other was above my comprehension. That I might not do injustice to any, I doubted them all. My speedy departure and consequent separation from them, precluded the possibility of individual examination; and amidst this conflict of wishes and doubts, I resolved to subject them to the shorter test, as the most suitable to my situation. In the fond hope of beholding these productions—which were as little read, as little regarded, and as much neglected as the great Thomas—soon rise, like him, verified by the flames, I separated them from their covers, placed them loosely upon one another on this hearth, and perpetrated the deed which to you appears so criminal. Full of expectation, my eyes followed every movement of the spreading flame, which soon enveloped the precious deposit entrusted to me by your confidence. The mountain of literature gradually sunk—each minute consigned one more valuable work to destruction. My mortification increased in the same ratio; it changed to horror, when, in the place of these splendid remains of past ages, I beheld nothing but a heap of ordinary ashes. 'Is it possible?' I exclaimed. 'Was there not then one book among so many, worthy of the immediate protection of the Almighty or his saints? have they then all vanished in smoke, without removing one of my tormenting doubts--without leaving behind one

single truth, that might have afforded comfort to my heart and food to my understanding?—Alas! nothing is left me, but everlasting doubts and tears of repentance for this bootless conflagration!"

"Conscious of the purity of my motives, I had nevertheless got the remotest idea that there was any thing culpable in what I had done. I shall only have to pay for these books, thought I; and was not aware how heinous my fiery ordeal was likely to appear to the most liberal mind, till I was but too well convinced of it by the warmth of the pious superintendent of this mansion. From the disadvantageous light in which she beheld my conduct—from the vengeance with which it has inflamed her virtuous mind and the upright souls of my judges, have sprung the melancholy consequences under which I have sighed till the present hour. Ye considered yourselves authorized to treat a man of honour—a traveller of unimpeachable character—a subject of a mighty monarch, and a stranger recommended to your friendship—as a criminal; ye thought it derogatory to virtue and to the rights of your church to accept the proffered compensation. Even now that I have developed the real motives of my conduct, and exposed to your view the most secret recesses of my heart, ye must be at a loss—so difficult is it for even the most sharp-sighted of mortals to discover truth—ye must be at a loss, I say, to decide, whether delusive rhetoric may not strive to blind your judgment—whether the man who so boldly insists upon his innocence, may not be secretly laughing at your credulity—and

whether ye would not be liberating a traitor to your faith, whilst compassionately loosing my fetters. Even such inferences, should it unfortunately be your lot to entertain them, would not abate that respect which I owe to your office, your authority, and your integrity. I should only deplore my untoward fate, and the circumstances which could so mislead justice, and so widely separate friends to one and the same truth. But, thanks be to the mighty hand which draws aside the veil that might still part us! the moment is arrived, that shall impress its glorious seal upon my justification, that shall reward my innocence with your friendship, and relieve your virtue from all fear of an erroneous decision.

“Bitter indeed were the hours that have brought me to the happiness which awaits me—the happiness of your fraternal embrace! Look back with me at the miseries which I yesterday endured; when, at the moment of my intended departure, cut off from all human aid, guarded by armed men, imprisoned in a lonely habitation, amidst the preparations for a tremendous trial!—figure to yourselves—but, no! ye cannot—the horror of the succeeding night, when, pacing my room with weary step, I passed the relics of those whose voices I had stifled, and whose forms I had reduced to ashes. Their spectres seemed to hover fearfully about me; the lamentations of the distressed souls whom I had deprived of their comforters disturbed my slumber; and my doubting, dissatisfied, and dejected heart aggravated my inward torments. Thus passed the night, and in this state of inquietude was

I surprised by the dawn of my judgment-day. The heap of ashes was the first object of my waking thoughts. ‘O ye immortals!’ I exclaimed, ‘who have left behind your spirit in these works, why did ye not protect your bequests? O ye saints! did none of you think it worth while to preserve his legend? O that thou only, blessed Clara—’ Here a noise, like that of a violent wind, checked the current of my words. My eyes turned mechanically to the fire-place, whence it proceeded—O that I could assemble you round me, that ye might hear my testimony, ye supercilious impugnors of that great mystery, which ye think to refute with your circles and your demonstrations of 1+1! I saw—conceive my astonishment—I saw and beheld in it an image of the resurrection—the ashes of the departed rise from the hearth, become agitated and arrange themselves in order: I saw the truths which lie scattered in those sacred writings spring up and form a triliteral column, which appeared to my ravished eye as if constructed of ethereal porphyry. But, alas! this most astonishing phenomenon lasted but for a moment—the column vanished as though it had never existed—and who would now believe, that it was not a dream or a delusion of the senses, if this phenomenon had not been immediately followed by another, which, like the sun at noon-day, admits not of doubt, which has ever been considered as irrefutable, and makes the most incomprehensible things as clear as the most ordinary occurrences—I mean, ocular demonstration. From the dust that lay before me, from the chaos of that

mystic column, now issued the phenomenon of a glowing leaf. Encompassed with a frame which looked as if composed of stars, it floated over the hearth, and the milk-white light that issued from it strengthened my enraptured eye for the high gratification of contemplating its brilliancy. Lost in transport and astonishment at this wonder, I forgot my existence—I forgot you, my judges, and this miserable world. With every minute that brought me nearer to my trial, a star disappeared from the frame of the burning leaf; and as the last of them expired, it sunk into my extended hands. A look, darted with the rapidity of lightning from my entranced eyes, was sufficient. It proclaimed the despised truth in all its extent, and agitated and convinced my heart. I had just time to conceal the precious relic in my bosom, when the moment arrived that was to usher me into your presence. Thanks be to the everlastingly blessed Clara, my search after her jewels has not been in vain. The fire that beams from the eyes of that model of piety who bears her name—that eloquent blood which, while I have been speaking, I have seen traversing her beautiful cheeks—loudly proclaim, that I have discovered the place in which those long-lost treasures are deposited. The evidence of their former and present existence has issued this day, brilliant and unimpaired, from the devouring flames. Its truth is demonstrated. Here, my judges—here is the sacred page—fall down and adore!”

With these words, I drew from my bosom the leaf of the legend of St. Clara of Falkenstein, which, as

you know, I rescued from the fire to be used as an evidence, when the works of Father Martin de Cochim were enveloped in flames. How much more important was the service that it now rendered me! Oh! that you had been present, Edward, and witnessed the various and extraordinary emotions which this unexpected issue of my justification produced in each of the members of this high tribunal! The canon sprang from his seat with an impetuosity which but too clearly betrayed the impassioned interest that he took in this miracle. His eyes filled with tears when he beheld the favourite passage of his edifying reading uninjured upon a leaf singed all round the border. In the confusion of his ideas, he blessed every thing that came across his tongue—the house in which this miracle happened—the ashes from which the phoenix arose—me, to whom Providence confided the incombustible document—but above all, himself, who had afforded the first occasion for this astonishing phenomenon. “Now,” cried he, continuing his incoherent phrases, “the great proof is before us—the inquiries of scholars are—the sacred stones—nay, I hope yet with my own eyes—” Here, however, he paused, as if in compliment to Clara’s modesty—wrapped himself in his purple, and sunk breathless and exhausted into his arm-chair.

The feelings of the old, pious, astonished Bertilia were for a considerable time manifested only in the silent distortions of her ugly physiognomy. “I am grown gray,” at length cried she, with a howling voice, “amidst wonders; but none



—no, none ever made a deeper impression upon my heart. How will my neighbours—how will all the envious women in the hospital—how will the city and the country be amazed at the blessing which is come upon this house, and just at the time—O ye saints! when it was committed to the charge of your handmaid!”

But how can I bestow a thought on this fury, while beside her stands the graceful figure of her niece—the loveliest in the admiring group, but for that very reason the most difficult to be delineated! I wish I could describe to you all the delicate shades that played upon her face, when she cast her eyes upon the leaf that was raised to such honour. A glance which she stole at the canon, and the consequent glow upon the cheeks of both, would have furnished me with a clue to her first lesson, had I not already received it from Epilogue. These older recollections seemed to be mustering all their power to erase the remembrance of subsequent impressions—or I must have misinterpreted the variations of colour upon her cheeks, and the eloquent expressions of her feelings, which, as I thought, I could read so plainly in her looks. But, if I was not deceived, my sudden transition from presumed guilt to the glory of a performer of miracles, threw her into more embarrassment than any thing else. She turned her eyes to me with such timidity, as though she had charged them to beg pardon in her name for the injustice which she was conscious of having done. But as no look of forgiveness was returned by mine, she summoned her syren voice to her

aid. “Who could have thought this but yesterday!” she ejaculated in sonorous accents.—“Horribly beautiful girl!” thought I, and I verily believe she divined the thought; for skilful as was the turn with which she diverted her eyes from me to her aunt, it seemed to me to be too abrupt to be quite natural. “I behold in spirit,” said she to her, with a half-suppressed sigh, “what a blessing the event of this morning will bring upon the house of my benefactress. From the most distant parts pilgrimages will be made to the incombustible document; and how much more you may then ask for your lodgings!—But,” continued she with downcast eyes, “where, O ye virgins of Heaven! where shall I conceal myself, when, as heiress of the blessed Clara, all eyes are directed towards me? Ah, sir!” sighed she, turning her pretty face to me, and seizing my hand, which, in the excess of pious emotion, and before the face of the dean, she pressed to her heaving bosom. Not a soul now took the least notice of this president of the tribunal. He stood by the table in sullen silence, and beside him the *procureur*, who long appeared as if petrified. At last he recovered himself, and in a low tone asked his employer if he should commit the facts to paper. As the dean in his ill-humour returned no answer, he, without further ceremony, resumed his seat, and did it unbidden; while the canon, eager to give publicity to the miracle, threw open the door, and called in my Bastian and the soldiers. A new and striking scene ensued for so tranquil an observer as I now was. The two grenadiers, who be-

lieved that they could not be summoned for any other purpose than to escort me to their former prison, started when they saw me surrounded only by friendly faces; nay, they could scarcely believe their senses, when they witnessed the respect and heard the honeyed words which my accusers and judges profusely poured forth upon me. The canon was obliged to intimate to them more than once to pay homage to the incombustible paper, before they could comprehend what he meant, and in what manner so rapid a change had been brought about in my situation. When they were at length rendered sensible of it, tears of joy trickled down the cheeks of the brothers. Prologue pressed my hand, Epilogue kissed it, and in their eyes, though wet, I read the acknowledgment that they considered me as their master.

All this alternately affected and amused me: but Bastian, who, from the religious notions imbibed in early youth, took the whole story for gospel, and congratulated himself on serving such a master—Bastian alone, without intending it, hit upon the right way to throw me out of this agreeable mood. "Ah!" said he in a pathetic tone, "how will poor Margot and my brother-in-law rejoice when they hear of this!" At the mention of those names I was frightened, like a thief who sees himself advertised in the newspapers. "Good God!" thought I, "how deeply have I fallen during the past week, from a naturally virtuous man to a religious impostor!" I felt like a Jew

who sells hams—I had an aversion to my trade. Bastian had meanwhile run off, and, like an attendant on a quack-doctor, summoned the people to the *boutique* of his employer. In a few moments the hall, the staircase, and the apartments were filled with the curious and devout, all of whom looked as though they had just escaped from the madhouse. In the midst of this tumult, the dean sneaked away, and his second after him. I was heartily glad of it, for I now saw the court assembled to try me dissolved, my malicious accusers reduced to silence; but what more than all assured me that I had gained my cause, I found the popular opinion entirely on my side. For a full half hour I endured the admiration of the multitude, their stupid questions, and the disgusting effusions of their respect: but being at last completely weary of this mumme-ry, and recollecting that, before my departure, I had other important business to transact, I turned, with the importance of a man whose requests are orders, to the motley crowd, desiring that I might now be allowed some repose, wrapped up the magic document, and gave them hopes that I should shortly exhibit it to the public devotion. This intimation produced the desired effect; and to secure myself from further interruption, I commanded my grenadiers to post themselves before the house, and upon pain of being broke, not to permit a creature to approach the knocker.

(To be continued.)

PROTEST OF THE FEMALE INDEPENDENTS AGAINST THE RULES AND MAXIMS FOR MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

MR. EDITOR,

I BELONG to a female society, which, among other works, has been long in the habit of taking in your *Repository*: at our monthly meetings we regularly discuss the contents, the principal articles being read aloud by our members in rotation. Some of us have been in the habit of communicating from time to time, and when our articles have appeared, it is always a matter of courtesy to let the author first introduce it to notice by an open perusal. These are individual favours, and I need scarcely add, that some of the most valuable articles inserted in your Miscellany have been the production of the ladies who assemble in the manner I have stated. I act as honorary secretary, and in the present instance I address you in my official capacity, in order to give you some information relative to our joint sentiments upon one of the papers in your Number for July. First allow me to say a few words respecting the females of whom our society is composed, and the object of its formation: of the last first.

Let me begin by observing, that we style ourselves *Female Independents*, by which it is not to be understood that we hold ourselves independent of the opinions of the world, but that we are resolved to hold ourselves independent of those who assume to be the tyrants of our sex—need I say that I mean MEN? Yes, Mr. Editor, we are resolved to do our utmost to maintain the liberty and support the dignity of what is commonly called the weaker sex;

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weaker indeed in body, but as, I trust, of as much strength of mind as any of our masculine opponents. Do not let me be misunderstood, as intending to deprecate marriages, or that our purpose is to render them less frequent; we wish only to make them more happy, and by rendering them happier, it requires very little penetration to perceive, that they must be more numerous. True it is, that not one of our members is at present united in the holy bonds, though some of us have been so, and as widows have had not a little reason to rejoice that they have been at length delivered from their miserable and dependent condition. The rest of us (among whom I am one) have never been married at all—not that we have not had many and most advantageous offers (as all single ladies of a certain age are sure to have had), but we have uniformly refused them in the present abject state of the matrimonial connection.

We hear every day of assemblies of delegates, and of the formation of clubs and societies for parliamentary reform, and why should not meetings of the same kind be held for *matrimonial reform*? Of this I am sure, that the last is to the full as much required as the first, and both seem equally difficult of accomplishment, because those who hold the reins are of course unwilling to relinquish them.

This being the purpose of our society, I will now give you a very brief sketch of the members of which it is composed. I have already said that we are all single; we consist

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of twelve, exclusive of the secretary, who, on any question that equally divides the body, gives the casting vote. The chair is taken in rotation, after which such communications as have been received since the last meeting are read over: this is succeeded by the perusal of such parts of your *Repository*, and other works, as bear upon the object of the society; then comes the discussion of any topic set down for the night's debate: it is obvious, therefore, that it is quite impossible for any married woman to devote time enough to the business we have undertaken to belong to our number. This I apprehend is the principal reason why none have offered themselves for ballot; for it is certain, that of all persons they must be most anxious for the accomplishment of our design: the husband's authority also has its influence in keeping them away. A few, notwithstanding, lend us occasional assistance by transmitting projects for the amelioration of their unhappy condition, which they are the better able to do on account of their immediate experience. Some of our members are excellent in different ways: thus Miss *Prattle* is gifted with great volubility of speech (indeed in this respect few of us are very deficient); Mrs. *Mobcap* is celebrated for the sagacity of her advice; Miss *Beardmore* is noted for the masculine decision of her conduct and suggestions; Miss *Straightlace* for the strict propriety of her demeanour, and corresponding decorum of all her recommendations; Mrs. *Fidget* for the laudable anxiety she evinces upon all occasions; Mrs. *Wordy* for the eloquence with which she conveys her ideas; Miss

Ferret for the peculiar skill she displays in making discoveries of great importance; and so on, without troubling you with the names and qualifications of all our society.

Having thus introduced ourselves to your notice, allow me, Mr. Editor, in my official capacity to communicate to you what passed at our last meeting relative to your Magazine, and particularly upon one of the articles contained in it under the title of "How to avoid matrimonial Misery."

Of course, with the purpose for which we assemble, a project of that kind could not be passed over without a patient consideration of the nature of the plan suggested; and in your *Repository* we could not but expect that we should find something conducive to our great design. It happened to be Miss *Beardmore's* turn to read the article, but before she had proceeded through the second page, she became so incensed at the audacity of the author, that she was unable to proceed, and a few lavender-drops (an innocent restorative) were required before she could even give her attention to the remainder. The task devolved upon Miss *Prattle*, the next in rotation, but her rapidity was such, that it was not possible duly to reflect upon the several sentences; for we proceed with much deliberation, and do not even condemn or contemn without the ascertainment of sufficient grounds. Miss *Straightlace*, however, kindly undertook the task of perusal, which she performed with her wonted coolness and decorum.

To come to particulars, Mr. Editor, I must observe, that much fault was not found with your introduc-

tion, but the wrath of our society was principally directed against what are stated "Rules and Maxims for matrimonial Happiness," which were generally voted to be an insult upon our sex; and a resolution to that effect was entered upon our proceedings, *nem. con.*—This result was arrived at after much discussion. Miss Beard more insisted that the *rules* ought to be cut out of the Magazine, and burnt by the secretary upon the middle of the hearth: this proposal was, however, generally resisted by all but Miss Prattle and the mover. Miss Ferret recommended very earnestly that means should be adopted to discover the author; that he should be compelled to avow himself; and that application should be made to you, sir, that you might give us a clue to this anonymous libeller of our sex. Mrs. Fidget supported the suggestion with some impetuosity; but it was finally agreed on all hands, on the recommendation of Mrs. Mobcap and Miss Straightlace, that the resolution I have referred to should be placed upon the books, as a lasting testimony of the sentiments of the society. The words of it are precisely these:

"Resolved unanimously,—That the 'Rules and Maxims for matrimonial Felicity' contained in the last Number of the *Repository of Arts*, &c. are an insult upon the understanding of our sex, and a scandalous libel upon their conduct and character, by supposing it possible that any woman would for a moment consent to marry a man who pursued such a system of tyranny and degradation."

(Signed by all the members.)

It was further ordered, that the secretary should communicate the resolution to the Editor, that he might make amends for the insertion of the rules, by the publication of the protest against them: for we are well convinced, that all women of sense, and who have a fit regard for their own rights, will heartily concur in it.

With regard to the plan itself, I have been instructed by the general body to make a few remarks: and in the first place, the extreme arbitrariness of the whole renders it almost unnecessary to point out many of its absurdities—they are too obvious to need explanation. Is it possible to believe, that at this time of day—when the equality, not to say superiority, of women has been so repeatedly established—when in arts, literature, and the affairs of the world, we have so many instances of unexceeded excellence; I say, is it possible to believe that any man would sit down and gravely offer a set of regulations, the object and effect of which would be to extinguish in the breasts of wives every spark of independence and self-respect? In the words of the poet let me ask,

Where is the antique glory now become
That whilom wont in women to appear?
Where be the brave achievements done by
some?
Where be the battles, where the shield and
spear,
And all the conquests which them high did
rear,
That matter made for famous poet's verse,
And boastful men so oft abasht to hear?
Beent they all dead and laid in doleful hearse?
Or do they only sleep, and shall again reverse?
SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. 4.

Sir, they neither are dead nor sleep: the virtues, whether warlike or domestic, and all the other ex-

collences which ornamented women in former ages, have descended, give me leave to say, to the females of this; in no respect are we inferior to those who have gone before us, and least of all are we deficient in courage, and in ability to defend ourselves and our rights. What, sir, in these enlightened days, in these days when men have made and are still making such struggles for liberty, are women to be the only slaves? are they to sustain all the burdens, and to do all the drudgery of life? No, sir! sooner I hope to see that state of things established, which an old traveller relates of some of the tribes of Africa, where the men nurse the children and cook the victuals of the family, while the women are engaged in hunting, fishing, and other robust employments. Even this, I think, would be a preferable condition to that to which your correspondent would degrade us. What distinction he may make between *soul* and *spirit* I do not know; but this I do know, that he shall find that, if according to his notions women have no souls, at least they have a sufficient stock of spirit, which they are justified in displaying when such attacks are made upon them.

Surely, sir, he ought to be aware, that it is against every rule of logic and common sense to infer generals from single particulars; and because he has been unlucky in the married state (probably from his own misconduct, and the observance of the very rules he now wishes others to enforce), he is not to suppose that all other couples are equally wretched, and for the same reasons.

If females who are married, would oftener recollect, that they are equal, not inferior to their husbands—if they would remember, that God has bestowed upon them the same senses, the same intellects, the same passions, the same impulses, and the same rights, they would not so tamely submit to what they now too commonly endure. The only difference is, that they have not the same bodily strength, and of this deficiency the other sex basely take advantage. I have, however, now before me a project even for remedying this evil, which perhaps on some future occasion I shall communicate.

I am, &c.

SARAH SCRIBBLEWIT,
Secretary to the Society of
Female Independents

THE STRANGER KNIGHT.

"WHO in the world can that young man be who so frequently passes our window?" said Mrs. Morrison, as she paused over a brilliantly painted coffee-cup: "I have observed him looking in at this window, methinks, in rather a pointed manner."—"Indeed, madam," answered Miss Freelove, as she was

compressing the thinnest slice of bread and butter, "I know not: you regard me, madam, as if you expected that the attention of every young fellow was devoted to me."—"Why then so sharp, child?" retorted the matron; "a guilty conscience needs no accuser: if some people were not quite so captious,

it would furnish just as good a proof of their innocence; though do not imagine, young lady, that I do not suppose there are other ladies in this house as worthy notice as you are, my invulnerable daughter-in-law!" Miss Freelove was waxing wrath—exceeding wrath; but as from her inattention she had suffered the water from the urn to flow copiously over the side of the teapot, which threatened to deluge the table, she was obliged to ring for a servant, on whom she bestowed all that ebullition of her gentle spirit which she had intended for her step-mother. "He is a very handsome young fellow," continued some other lady, "whoever he may be, and in my mind very like the captain."—"Come, come," interrupted Miss Freelove, "you pay a pretty compliment to Gorget, truly: that man is not near so tall."—"He is five feet three," cried young Orderly of the militia, "and the captain is certainly not a tall man."—"He is rather short," said Miss A.—"He is too lusty," observed Mrs. B.—"He has a fine colour," added Mrs. C.—"And so might you have," said Miss D. "if you bought it at the same shop."—"He is very pale," said Mr. E.—"Crooked," said Miss F.—"And wears stays," said young G.; till at length the company had destroyed all identity with regard to the captain. "Who can the stranger be?" was again agitated. I think I know his face some where," remarked Mr. Morley.—"There is certainly something about it I cannot bear," said Mrs. Morrison.—"He has a mysterious appearance," half-whispered Miss F.—"Rather a sentimental look," half-sighed one of the Miss Morrisons, for there were seven at table.—"I like those white trowsers vastly," said her younger sister.—"It makes a man look very much like one of us," observed Lieutenant Orderly.—"We wear them very much in the navy," replied his brother, who was laid up on the peace establishment. Orderly declared the sailors borrowed every thing handsome and elegant from the army; and this produced a warm debate respecting the comparative excellence, first of the dresses, and then of the exploits of the different services, from a midshipman's dirk to a general's epaulette. Egerton might have profited from the discussion, and the naval recorder recorded more glories of the lords of the main.

"The young strange gentleman of whom you were speaking," at last interrupted a middle-aged spinster, "seems morally inclined. I saw him yesterday giving money to a poor girl who—"—"Affectation!" exclaimed Juliana Morrison; "I hate your good men and all charitable people: I dare say he is some shop-fellow!"

Mrs. Morrison had not long retired from Cheapside herself; her judgment might, therefore, be deemed irrefragable on this point. "One would think—" But here she was interrupted in her "one would think" by a curriole passing the door; all flew to the window, for it was unanimously declared to be the stranger's curriole. The breakfast equipage was nearly over-set, kaleidoscopes rolled on the ground, coffee-cups and spoons followed, and Pug was sent off howling from a wound received from a

fork, for the *déjeuné* thus disturbed had been *à la fourchette*. This confusion was allayed only to make way for a warm dispute respecting yellow wheels, brass harness, and handsome charioteers; till Mr. Morrison, overcome with the noise of the squabble, threw down the *Chronicle*, declaring it was impossible to understand a word he read; that he really believed himself in the centre of Covent-Garden hustings, amidst the roarers for annual parliaments and universal suffrage. "I am really quite ashamed of all of you," he exclaimed; "that sensible persons, as you *all are*, can raise such a clamour about trifles, I am quite at a loss to conceive: but trifles alone nowadays occupy every body, while things of the greatest moment are neglected. Do you think that you are always to remain in this world, to trifle valuable time away?" He then rose from his chair, and striding pompously out of the room, proceeded to arrange a new arrival of dried butterflies.

"The appearance of a stranger in a country church," says Archer, "draws as many gazers as a blazing star." The arrival of a stranger in a market town not one hundred miles from London, could not occasion less curiosity. Conjectures were formed, reports raised and rejected, as to the cause and character of the handsome incognito; and schemes were planned by Mrs. Morrison to insure her introduction to the notice of this prodigy—or rather, how to introduce her daughters to his notice. Satisfied with the appearance of the curricule and its appointments, she neither asked herself if he were a swindler

or a fortune-hunter, and having set up the view-halloo, she was joined in the chase by about twenty mammas, just as speculative and as prudent as herself. She lost no time in letting the stranger understand by her pointed manner, that it was his fault that they were not intimate; for he must have been blind not to have been convinced, that all this tumult was caused by his presence. But the stranger was one of the most perverse of men; he seemed determined to give no opportunity for an *éclaircissement*. Nobody knew who he was, whence he came, or whither he was going. In vain sisters employed their brothers to sift him at the billiard-room. He sipped his ice regularly at Jones's, whose shop was now too small to hold the galaxy of his satellites; but instead of attending here to the ladies, he seemed fully occupied in playing with his watch-seal, looking more out of the door than into the room, or, surrounded by the men, he settled the merits of Giblets against Blucher, scarcely deigning to cast an eye on the fair inquisitive circle near him. In vain Mrs. Lewson dropped her purse as if by accident, or Mrs. Newson pushed rudely against him, in order that she might have an opportunity of apologizing; he neither spoke to the first, nor answered the last. Mrs. Morrison, an older and therefore more able general, determined to carry her point with a *coup d'essai*: she clapped one of the largest feet ever buskined upon the glossy Wellington boot of the stranger, whom she strove to overcome by the expression of her fears for the damage she might have done to his toes; she fixed her large gray

eyes upon him "most constantly," while she reiterated that really *such a set* now frequented Jones's; at the same time hinting with a smirk, that she thought there were exceptions to their *gauche* manner. Occupied in repairing the damage of his Day and Martin with a silk handkerchief, he only answered, that he would lay 5 to 1 that Smirke would come down before the last heat. Even Mrs. Morrison was dumb-founded: her daughters were equally unsuccessful; the familiar stares which they bestowed on him made no impression, and the conversation which they carried on, and which they hoped he would overhear, took effect only as far as hearing went. The talking *at him* at last became so palpable, that, overcome with disgust, he left the emporium of ices for the news-room.

"Impertinent coxcomb! self-satisfied Adonis!" uttered the ladies as he left them.—"And I," said Mrs. Morrison, "to demean myself to stoop so and to pick up nothing! Why he sees nobody but himself, Mrs. Jones!"—"No, madam," she replied; "indeed he does not seem to care much for the ladies, though he is an excellent customer."—"But do you know who he is, and where he comes from?"—"No, madam; I only know that he pays for every thing he has of us, ices, jellies, and so forth; and that he often goes from hence to Cromer. But what is very extraordinary—"—"Aye, Mrs. Jones—"—"Why, madam, do you know, he says—"—"Well!"—"that he could not eat a custard (which you know, madam, we excel in) for the world!" Provoked at being disappointed

of hearing something more important of the stranger than that he would not eat custard, Mrs. Morrison left the shop, followed by Laurey and Anne and Ria and Cary: like an old goose at the head of her goslings, she waddled down the principal street, conjecturing what reason the stranger could have for *cutting* her and her daughters, who were no bad fortunes, and the finest girls in G—. She at length recollected that she had been so imprudent as to enter into familiar conversation with Mrs. Clements, the poor curate's wife, and no doubt this was the sole cause of the stranger's taciturnity: she therefore made a *mem.* in the pocket-book of her mind, to avoid Mrs. Clements for the future.

It not unfrequently occurs, that when we conceive Fortune is persecuting us with the most unrelenting severity, she is in fact seeking a remedy for the wounds she has inflicted. Mrs. Morrison had no sooner stepped into Mr. Tiffany's shop, to *match* the sarsnet of Wessa's gown, than she was informed that a ball was to be given by Sir Everard Highflyer at the George, in consequence of the great run of luck which he had experienced on the course, and that all the world was to be there. As the red and white had won the plate, it was proposed by the ladies to appear in these hues. Tiffany was sure the news was authentic, for the stranger had sent his servant for a watch-ribbon of these colours, and was to open the ball with Sir Everard's sister. Mrs. Morrison made so sure of a card, that she eagerly bought up all the red and white in Tiffany's shop, and hastened home to await

the invitation, which at the proper time arrived. It is not my business to enter into all the bustle this entertainment, which was to take place on the following evening, occasioned. The demand for *poudre subtil*, Macassar oil, rouge, or milk of roses, was no doubt great; how many superfluous hairs were removed, or how many false ones purchased, I know not.

The stranger engaged every eye; he was in high spirits, and well dressed: he wore at his button-hole a star argent, ornamented with a well-engraved device. "What is it? what can it be?" were on the lips of every fair-one. Mothers, aunts, daughters, and nieces exerted themselves to be partners to the stranger knight (for that he was a knight of some order or other was quite clear), leaving the male natives to laugh at the cupidity of their female friends, as well as to envy the celebrity of the illustrious *incog*.

The stranger felt more than ordinarily well after his exertions at the ball: not so his worshippers; some indeed dreamed of stars and ribbons; some never tried to sleep at all; others dosed in despair of gaining him: but all rose in hope, and rouge and ringlets were again put in requisition for the morning lounge. At twelve o'clock on the following day, the breakfast of the stranger was detained full an hour by morning callers. Mr. T. a man of great fortune, called on him, as a new-comer, at the request of his sister, and hoped for his company to dinner; Mrs. V. invited him to tea and music; and cards were left by W. X. Y. and Z. Mrs. Morrison, last though not least, determi-

ned on doing the genteel thing, spite of the rebuff she had met with, and invited him to a ball and supper!

And now the arms of the stranger knight ached in returning salutes from those who would know him, while every pen he possessed was worn to a stump in declining or accepting invitations. But man, vain man, thy brightest prospects rise but to vanish! The stranger indeed wondered often and long at the urgent wishes of every one all at once to know him; but he was of course the last person to own that he was undeserving this attention: what then was his astonishment in finding but a few days after, that those who had shewn this obstreperous anxiety to enjoy his company, now seemed just as desirous of avoiding it! In vain he sought a cause, all was mystery. He became in turn the pursuer, but nobody was at home, and he was left alone in the midst of a gay society, in the heart of a multitude. He applied himself to Mrs. Jones; he ate more ices than ever, and he even partook of her celebrated custards. This thawed her heart at once, and she informed him, that the weakness of wearing the insignia of a most respectable society (worn indeed on every gala-day in Ireland) had been the real cause of this sudden change: that as a simple knight of the Shamrock (a title only owned in a convivial society on the other side of the water), he had unfortunately been mistaken for a man of high rank and consideration. Mrs. Morrison too had given the stranger a curriele, to which it was now found he had no right.

The eyes of Kerrigan O'Domville were now opened; in vain he asserted that his fortune and family were respectable in a circle determined upon sacrificing every thing to show and title; and Kerrigan O'Domville left in disgust a place where mothers could thus break through all laws of decorum,

in the hope of splendid establishments for their daughters.

The young ladies of G——, whenever they afterwards made an effort to captivate a stranger, took warning by the *denouement* of the history of the *Stranger Knight*, alias Mr. Kerrigan O'Domville.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

No. III.

On Watering-Places—Citizens, their Wives and Daughters at Margate—A question whether Citizens' Daughters are or are not well educated—Comparison between Brighton and Margate—Watering-place Amusements, and a Proposal for reforming them.

Scene—A BREAKFAST-ROOM.

Persons—Sir JAMES, LOUISA, and Lady FRANCES.

Sir James. WELL, my dear Louisa, since we have determined not to go to Cheltenham or Matlock, but to the sea-side, tell me in favour of which of our gay ports you vote. What say you to Brighton?

Lady Frances. Aye, my dear uncle, do let us go to Brighton; it is a charming place.

Louisa. I knew very well which you would vote for; you are always for being the gayest among the gay—balls, routs, and parties are your delight.

Lady Frances. My dearest child, how can you say so? Balls and routs at a watering-place! Well, I vow I would not dance at one of them, if the handsomest man living were to be my partner. No! no! not quite so fond of gaiety as to descend so low to find it. Why a ball at a watering-place is nothing but a col-

lection of stiff purse-proud citizens, their fat, fine, flounced wives, and their gaudy and ill-dressed daughters.

Sir James. A very respectable set of people too, and who have a full right to enjoy themselves as they please. As for their vulgarity, I must say that you do them injustice, for I very much doubt if the daughters of wealthy merchants are not now as well educated as the daughters of noblemen: probably the cost of cultivation is greater, and I have much doubt if the fruit is not more plentiful and of a higher quality.

Lady Frances. My dear uncle, how provoking you are! you will not understand. I do not mean that citizens' daughters are not able to chatter French, and to sing Italian to the tinkling of their own accompaniment; but there is a great difference between acquirements and manners: what I complain of is, the vulgarity of their manners, not of their education.

Sir James. Is not that a distinction without a difference?

Louisa. I confess I agree with my cousin, that there is a difference; for let a man or a woman be ever so well instructed in languages and

accomplishments, it is only the mixing in good society that can give a polish to the manners. In this respect I am inclined to think, that the sons and daughters of merchants and citizens are generally defective. But this has nothing to do with the choice of a watering-place.

Lady Frances. I vote for Brighton.

Louisa. Well now I should have thought that, on your own principles, you would have pitched upon that as the last place to which we should go.

Sir James. And I too. Why it overflows with citizens, and their wives and daughters: not a day passes without fresh importations by Darts, Stars, Rockets, and all other public conveyances.

Lady Frances. So much the better, so much the better, my dear uncle. * It does one's heart good to see and laugh at them.

Sir James. Then we are to understand that your chief motive in going to a watering-place is to ridicule those who come down for very different purposes—health and recreation.

Lady Frances. Why that is my recreation; and as for my health, Heaven be praised, it needs no amendment. To be happy is to be healthy, and I am never so happy as when I am laughing at the faults and follies of people who surround me.

Louisa. Your friends and acquaintances are no doubt much obliged to you. But if your object be to turn honest citizens into ridicule, to satirize all you meet, you had better go to Margate; there I think you would find plenty of food for

your good-tempered severity: for to do you justice, you are the most good-natured ill-natured creature I ever knew.

Sir James. Boileau, the French satirist, if I remember rightly, talks of a person as being "the best-natured man with the worst-natured Muse:" and the line applies very much to you, my smart niece. All your friends and relations are more or less sufferers: even your grave uncle cannot escape; his wise saws are the everlasting objects of attack.

Lady Frances. At least you have no reason to complain now.

Sir James. Nor at any time: I am happy that your shafts should have so patient a butt to be aimed at; and let people censure it as they will, more good has been done by well-timed satire than by all the sleepy prosings and preachings for which you celebrate your uncle.

Louisa. But what do you say to Margate? there is plenty of food for satire.

Lady Frances. Too much, too much by half! and besides, it is too coarse for my appetite—it will not digest. No, my dear, my vein does not descend to shopkeepers, and to the apprentices of linen-drappers and milliners. Not a middle-aged man goes there but bows as if he were crouching to a customer behind a counter; not a beau but flourishes his stick as if it were a yard-measure; and not a belle, but in pulling off the glove of her left hand, to shew that she is disposeable and unmarried, does not at the same time display the scarifications of her needle-pricked finger.

Sir James. Upon my word, Lady Frances, you will lose the character I have given you of a good-na-

tured satirist, if you proceed as you have commenced. What, include the whole population of the place in your sweeping censures! no exception; not one visitor at Margate above the level of a shopkeeper or an apprentice!

Lady Frances. I do not say exactly that: there may be, and no doubt are, a few genteel people there in the course of the summer; but they go there principally as a part of a tour round the coast; *en passant*, and not as residents. Yet I have heard now and then of a sprightly party made up for the purpose of doing what I should do were I there, and did not hold myself a little above it; I mean laughing at the Cocknies with their pretensions to fashion and consequence. A ball at Margate must be a high scene.

Sir James. Strange as it may appear, I have been present at one, and still stranger, I received great pleasure from being there! Not that I danced either reels, country dances, or cotillions (for I assure you the city ladies emulate all fashionable amusements), but I saw others dance them, and I think I never beheld a set of merrier faces; their hearts were certainly lighter than their heels, for their steps were not the most graceful or fairy-like. What I speak of happened some years ago, but I never shall forget the great enjoyment I felt from merely witnessing the hilarity of others.

Louisa. I have often thought how much pleasure the great deprive themselves of by never partaking or even witnessing the pleasures of the little. But—

Lady Frances. Nay, have mercy on us, my dear Louisa! One pro-

sing moralist in a family is quite plenty. My revered uncle there has enough sage reflections for a whole generation.

Louisa. Well, Heaven be praised, I have not yet arrived at that pitch of levity which calls every thing that looks like reflection dull morality.

Lady Frances. Nor I, Louisa, believe me; only I do love a little gilding on the outside of the pill. I can moralize too, but then it must be in my own way—I must be a laughing philosopher.

Sir James. And so you shall, my sprightly niece: but we have not yet fixed whether we shall go to Brighton or elsewhere.

Lady Frances. I dare say now my sober cousin would like to retire to some distant port in Wales or Scotland, where, in her sentimental moods, she might listen to the roar of the sea and the echo of the rocks—to the cry of the sea-mew, and the whistling of the wind! For my part, I am not of that temperament: I love the bustle of a well-thronged watering-place, where gaiety and good-humour reign, and where stiffness and formality are left behind in the dreary solitudes of St. James's square or Portland-place.

Sir James. In some respects I am of your mind; and though the amusements at Brighton, for instance, are frivolous enough in general, there is no compulsion upon any body to pursue them: sensible people may read, walk, and ride, while foolish people dandle upon the Steyne, loll in the libraries, and straggle along the cliffs.

Louisa. What I complain of is such a listlessness about every body you meet there; they seem to have no

pursuit, no object in view, nothing to do but to kill Time; and they put the old gentleman to death in a most unmerciful and lingering manner; they torture him in a thousand ways.

Lady Frances. La! my dear, you and I just think alike at last.

Louisa. In what respect?

Lady Frances. Why in respect to the listlessness you complain of; only I think that it is confined to a certain class, who having been accustomed to do a great deal, come down to a watering-place to do nothing. Many and many a shopkeeper (for shopkeepers get to Brighton too since the establishment of so many and such rapid conveyances) longs to be once more behind his counter in Cheapside or Fleet-street: like the old grocer who gave up his business to his son, to retire into the country, but before a fortnight had elapsed, came back again, and petitioned to be allowed to enjoy himself in rolling up ounces of tea and sugar. But the better and higher part of the inhabitants of a watering-place feel no such *ennui*—I am sure I never did.

Louisa. Never in all your life, I will venture to say—you have such everlasting spirits.

Lady Frances. That is to say, I never choose to yield to any thing like low spirits. I have nothing to vex me, and I will not manufacture miseries where none exist. But what you say about listlessness at a watering-place I think is not true, excepting among a certain class whose time hangs heavily on their hands. Persons who have not previously been engaged in manual

occupations, in measuring and weighing pins, needles, threads, and tapes, or, to take a higher class, in sitting in counting-houses or attending the Royal Exchange, do not feel any *ennui* that I can discover: they ride, or walk, or read, just as they please; only they have the additional pleasure of being at the sea-side, and of enjoying a prospect to which they are not accustomed.

Louisa. Perhaps you are right in some degree, but I confess when I see (as I have done frequently) a number of yawning idlers sitting on the benches at the doors of the libraries at Brighton, or just crawling from one end of the Steyne to the other, it produces a very unpleasant effect upon me: the sympathy is much the same as when we see others gape; it is impossible to avoid it ourselves.

Lady Frances. Now with me it is just the contrary: it makes me laugh at and pity such miserable vagrants; and comparing my own state of mind with theirs, I find an abundant source of self-congratulation.

Sir James. Not confined to that particular, I dare say, Lady Frances.

Lady Frances. Who is satirical now, my sober uncle? or rather I should say, who is sarcastic? for I think there is a wide difference between sarcasm and satire: sarcasm always proceeds from ill-nature—from some bad feeling or other; most frequently envy or malice—

Sir James. My remark is no doubt an illustration of the truth of what you say, supposing that what I observed was sarcastic.

Lady Frances. You know you do not like to be interrupted yourself in the middle of one of your wise saws, and why may I not have mine out? I was making a very learned and nice distinction between sarcasm and satire: the first is always (or almost always, I should say, my dear uncle,) the effect of some ill-natured feeling in the mind; while, on the other hand, satire is consistent with the greatest good-humour and good-will.

Sir James. I will be more polite than you, niece, for I will say, that you are a practical proof in favour of your argument: satire, with you at least, is never ill-natured.

Lady Frances. Thank you, uncle. What to say in return, I know not; unless that you are a practical proof of the untruth of one part of my argument: you are a rare exception, for the general truth I will maintain.

Louisa. There is one thing that has always struck me when at a watering-place; and that is, that half the wearisomeness I referred to, particularly in our sex, is occasioned by a sort of licence ladies give themselves to read nothing but novels or romances: the first two or three go down very well; nay, persons who have a strong relish for the marvellous, may get through four or five: but what is the consequence? These productions leave nothing behind them—nothing for the mind to dwell upon with any satisfaction; and above all, they produce a distaste for other reading. History, voyages, and travels, or works of taste and *belles lettres*,

are not to be endured after them: so that in fact the reading of novels and romances, at first so delightful, becomes odious in itself, and renders us unfit for any thing else. If women, and men too, would have the resolution when first they go down to forswear such trash, I am convinced that time would be much more happily spent at watering-places than it now is.

Sir James. The low paltry gambling too—the loo and the Coburg tables, that run away with time and money, and have all the vice and meanness without any of the dignity of gaming for high stakes, is another source of misery.

Lady Frances. In short, you two condemn all sorts of amusements usually pursued at watering-places.

Sir James. You mistake: ride, walk, read, sit upon the beach in the refreshing breeze while the spray washes your face, if you please; these are employments not only healthy to the body, but to the mind. But for people to go down to the sea-side to shut themselves up in hot crowded rooms, not only at night, but nearly the whole day, doing nothing, and thinking, if possible, of less, is injurious in every way.

[It was then finally settled, that Sir James should take his daughter and her cousin Lady Frances to Brighton. The servant entered to remove the urn, and the carriage was ordered to carry the young ladies out shopping before they commenced their journey.]

EXTRACTS FROM JAMES HOWEL'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.

Mr. EDITOR,

YOUR ready insertion of my former communication, consisting of some amusing miscellaneous extracts from the private correspondence of James Howel, in the important reigns of James I. and Charles I. induces me to transmit you for the present month a continuation of them: and I am sure your readers will not be less pleased because they are upon graver subjects; viz. matters of history, and anecdotes of distinguished individuals who flourished in those times. They will be read with the more avidity by such as are fond of researches of the kind, because, generally speaking, what is related is on the authority of an eyewitness: for instance, Howel went to Spain with Charles I. and states the facts relating to the Infanta upon his own personal knowledge; he was at Theobald's palace when King James died; and the facts referring to Felton's assassination are not less authentic. It is from sources such as these, making due allowance for temporary bias, that the materials of the best histories have been drawn, and in this view Howel's Letters are extremely valuable. I have often wondered that the whole body of them has not been reprinted. I have seen no later edition than that of 1678.

Should the present article be acceptable, I will furnish you next month with some lighter and more humorous matter from the same volume, which contains abundance and variety. Yours, &c.

D. W.—R.

P. S. I should perhaps add, that I have modernised the spelling, which is very peculiar in the original, as Howel had a fancy to establish a new system of orthography consistent with the sound of the words. To this project he was led by the irregularity and want of all system and uniformity in works published about his day.

CHARLES I. AND HIS COURTSHIP OF
THE INFANTA OF SPAIN.

There are comedians once a week come to the palace, where, under a great canopy, the queen and the Infanta sit in the middle; our prince and Don Carlos on the queen's right hand; the king and the little cardinal on the Infanta's left hand. I have seen the prince have his eyes immoveably fixed upon the Infanta half an hour together, in a thoughtful speculative posture, which sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it: it was no handsome comparison of Olivares, that he watched her as a cat doth a mouse. Not long since, the prince understanding that the Infanta was used to go some mornings to the Casa de Campo, a summer-house the king hath on the other side of the river, to gather May-dew, he rose betimes, and went thither, taking your brother with him. They were let into the house and into the garden, but the Infanta was in the orchard, and there being a high partition-wall between, and the door doubly bolted, the prince got on the top of the wall, and sprang down a good height, and so made towards her;

but she spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek and ran back; the old marquis that was then her guardian, came towards the prince, and fell on his knees, conjuring his highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his head if he admitted any to her company: so the door was opened, and he came out under that wall over which he had got in. I have seen him watch a long hour together in a close coach in the open street, to see her as she went abroad: I cannot say that the prince did ever talk with her privately, yet publicly often, my Lord of Bristol being interpreter; but the king always sat hard by, to overhear all. Our cousin Archy* hath more privilege than any, for he often goes with his fool's coat, where the Infanta is with her *meninas* and ladies of honour, and keeps a blowing and blustering amongst them, and flirts out what he lists.

One day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was, that the Duke of Bavaria, with less than 15,000 men, after a long toilsome march, should dare to encounter the Palsgrave's army, consisting of above 25,000, and to give them an utter discomfiture, and take Prague immediately after. Whereupon Archy answered, that he would tell them a stranger thing than that: "Was it not a strange thing," quoth he, "that in the year 1588, there should come a fleet of one hundred and forty sail from Spain, to invade England, and that ten of these could not get back to tell what became of the rest?"

DEATH OF KING JAMES.

It was my fortune to be on Sunday fortnight at Theobald's, where

* King Charles's celebrated jester.

his late Majesty King James departed this life, and went to his last rest upon the *day of rest*, presently after sermon was done. A little before the break of day, he sent for the prince, who rose out of his bed, and came in his night-gown: the king seemed to have some earnest thing to say unto him, and so endeavoured to rouse himself upon his pillow; but his spirits were so spent, that he had not strength to make his words audible. He died of a fever, which began with an ague, and some *Scotch* doctors mutter at a plaister the Countess of Buckingham applied to the outside of his stomach. 'Tis thought the last breach of the match with Spain, which for many years he had so vehemently desired, took too deep an impression in him; and that he was forced to rush into a war, now in his declining age, having lived in a continual uninterrupted peace his whole life, except some collateral aids he had sent his son-in-law. As soon as he expired, the privy council sat, and in less than a quarter of an hour, King Charles was proclaimed at Theobald's court-gate, by Sir Edward Zouch, Knight Marshal, Master Secretary Conway dictating unto him: *That whereas it hath pleased God to take to his mercy our most gracious sovereign King James of famous memory, we proclaim Prince Charles, his rightful and indubitable heir, to be King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.* The knight-marshal mistook, saying *his rightful and dubitable heir*, but he was rectified by the secretary.

ARRIVAL OF HENRIETTA-MARIA, QUEEN TO CHARLES I.

I can send you gallant news, for

we have now a most noble new Queen of England, who in true beauty is beyond the long-wooded Infanta; for she was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon (being but in her cradle when the great Henry her father was put out of the world), is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a dark brown: she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection. She had a rough passage in her transference to Dover castle: there was a goodly train of choice ladies attended her coming upon the bowling-green on Barham Downs upon the way, who divided themselves into two rows, and they appeared like so many constellations; but methought that the country ladies outshone the court ladies. She brought over with her two hundred thousand crowns in gold and silver, as half her portion, and the other moiety is to be paid at the year's end. Her first suite of servants (by article) are to be French, and as they die, English are to succeed: she is also allowed twenty-eight ecclesiastics of any order except Jesuits; a bishop for her almoner, and to have private exercise of her religion for her and her servants.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF LORD BACON.

My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness: he died so poor, that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom; it being one of the essential properties of a wise man, to provide for the main

chance. I have read that it hath been the fortune of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as he was, to die so, 'tis rare. It seems the same fate befel him that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it: but I believe he died poor, out of a contempt of the pelf of Fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity, which appeared, as in divers other passages, so once when the king had sent him a stag, he sent for the under-keeper, and having drunk the king's health unto him in a great silver gilt bowl, he gave it him for his fee.

He writ a pitiful letter to King James not long before his death, and concludes: "Help me, dear sovereign lord and master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor I, that desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live:" which words, in my opinion, argue a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the prince did of profaneness; wherein he hoped, that as the father was his creator, so the son will be his redeemer. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount Verulam, who was a rare man, a man *recondita scientia, et ad salutem literarum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle.

ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the duke rose up in a well-disposed humour out of

his bed, cut a caper or two, and being ready, having been under the barber's hands (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while), he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Saubize came to him, and whispered in his ear that Rochelle was relieved. The duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Saubize went away discontented. After breakfast, the duke going out, Colonel Fryer stepped before him; and stopping him upon some business, one Lieutenant Felton being behind, made a thrust with a common tenpenny knife, over Fryer's arm, at the duke, which lighted so fatally, that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The duke took out the knife and threw it away, and laying his hand on his sword and drawing it half out, said, "The villain hath killed me;" meaning, as some think, Colonel Fryer, for there had been some difference betwixt them: so reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The duchess, being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night dress from her bed-chamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, where-

in he declared, that the reason which moved him to this act was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay, and had been deprived of his captain's place twice; but in regard he thought the duke an enemy to the state, because he was branded in parliament: therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by, but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the passage, where, though the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed 'twas he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, Captain Mince tore off his spurs; and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was despatched, for 'twas not he, but the hand of Heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered with armour of *proof*, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went presently to the king four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet he never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit, till all divine service was done.

THE PORTRAIT: A TALE.

THE only son of the Count Renaud de la Claude had just returned from his travels through Italy, Switzerland, and his native country; his father, a haughty, grave,
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but estimable man, saw his utmost wishes fulfilled: his son brought with him glowing health, an uncorrupted heart, and a cultivated mind. He pressed him to his bosom, after

he had cast his eyes over him; but when three days had elapsed, and he had thoroughly proved him and his principles, he took his hand with solemnity, clasped it within his own, and called him with affectionate pride, "My friend!"

This from a proud father said much. With this single word he rendered his son independent of him. He embraced him, and led him to his cabinet, and there, making him acquainted with the state of his fortune, assigned to him unconditionally the greater part of his possessions in Provence.

"Thus, my dearest friend," said his father, "you are free, entirely free, from that paternal authority which nature, the laws, and your youth gave me over you. Until this moment I have delayed expressing to you my only remaining wish. You know my old friend Martenay; we have been true to each other in joy and in sorrow through life. It has been our most cordial wish, my son, to strengthen the bond of friendship by that of relationship. He has a daughter, an amiable girl, and——" The count drew forth a case, and gave into his son's hand the portrait of Julia. The young Claude threw an enraptured glance over the smiling picture. "Oh, what heavenly innocence," cried he, "in that lovely countenance! what a mind in those charming eyes! what noble dignity, what feminine modesty!"

The father partook of the emotion of his son. "The picture is like her, very like, as her father writes: however——"

"It is like, speakingly like!" cried his son. This is no ideal form, my dear father; it lives—oh, yes, it must be like!"

"Even though it may be flattered, my son, and I wish you to believe that it is so—indeed I wish it; the sight of the original may otherwise occasion you an unpleasant surprise. Then"—taking the picture—"she is like her mother, Martenay writes, astonishingly like; and if so, the painter must have flattered her much, very much. I only wish that Julia may make half the impression on you that this picture has done. Now hear me, my dear friend!—Heavens, with what looks you are devouring that image! Hear me, Claude! The young lady knows nothing of this, or at most very little. We have no wish to constrain you; but that I believe would be unnecessary. She has likewise seen a picture which strongly resembles you, and——"

"O my father, what did she say to it?" eagerly demanded his son.

"Without knowing who you were, or in what relation you were likely to stand to her, she read such an eulogium on your head, not only with her lips but with her eyes, that you may visit her with all possible hopes."

"Visit her!" cried his son with a deep sigh, "when, when?—But, my father, I have been thinking, this lovely face, this angelic beauty, in which the perfection of her mind shines forth—I was thinking—that—if her—heart should be already engaged——"

"She is free, I tell you, my dear friend."

"Oh, when can I set out, my father?"

"This moment—But indeed, my son, I believe that the painter has flattered her greatly."

"By Heaven, he has not! Do

you not see, my father, how real it is? In the complexion perhaps; that I will give up; but the features live, actually live. This is no imaginary being. Where, where shall I find her?"

"In Provence Martenay's estate joins your estate of Villoison. You will travel thither; you will make a visit to Martenay, to your neighbour: you will be silent as to the motive of your visit; for Julia," continued the count, smiling, ("perhaps it is her only fault) has imbibed in the convent where she has been educated, rather too high an idea of love, and of the happiness of the married state. In a word, she is a little sentimental, and her head has taken rather a romantic turn. She will be loved for her own sake only. She knows perfectly well that a union with you is in contemplation, and if she thought that you were likewise aware of it, she would perhaps see you with some prejudice. Her father has sent me her portrait without her knowledge; he was obliged to steal it from her. Do not suffer it to be suspected that you already know her, and her romantic disposition will have full sway; and perhaps to a young man like you, a slight colouring of it will be an additional charm."

The young count threw himself into his father's arms; immediate preparations were made for his departure, and in two days the impatient lover was nearly at the end of his journey. No postillion was swift enough for him. He secretly drew forth the portrait of Julia, and devoured the beautiful image with looks of tenderness. He often so far forgot himself as to talk

to it, to sigh to it, till the smiles of his old valet awakened him from his poetical feverie. He arrived at length within a few miles of his estate.

"Romantic! sentimental!" From these two words he had spun out a whole string of romances: she would be loved for her own sake; he imagined a thousand strange adventures, by which he might prove to her that he loved her for herself alone. These images at length became so lively that he alighted at the next town they arrived at, and giving orders to his valet to wait for him there, he set out alone, in a very plain dress, for Villoison, the name of his estate. Here he could not be recognised, never having before been there.

He gave himself out for his house-steward, who had preceded the young count, to make preparations for his reception. The tenants were expecting the arrival of their new lord. A hundred gay preparations were made. In the road to the castle, triumphal arches of myrtle were erected, and in the open spaces between, the country people, who had been for a month past in a perpetual tumult of joy, were assembled to dance. Their impatience at the protracted absence of the young count had at length become so excessive, that Martenay thought it best to give them a festival in the mean time.

He wandered towards Martenay's estate. He crossed the park which surrounded the castle, and here, so near to his beloved Julia, under the inspiring warmth of a southern sky, amongst blooming vineyards, fragrant olives and citrons, amidst the cheerful shouts and love-songs of

these happy Provençals, he opened his whole soul to love. But he found not Julia. A labourer in the park informed him, that Martenay and his daughter were from home; and he added, with significance, "There is some mystery hangs over this journey: at first we heard that mademoiselle was to be married, and that the bridegroom was on his way hither; and on a sudden both father and daughter are off, no one knows where, and the old steward shrugs up his shoulders and laughs, and there is some trick. In short, there is something in the wind, and they are not far off."

The count listened, and remembered Julia's romantic enthusiasm. "No," said he smiling, "they are not far off." He went ruminating towards the house. He heard from afar the cheerful songs of his tenantry, accompanied by the light tones of a lute and violin. He drew near. A lovely maiden, lightly clothed, her bosom adorned only by a nosegay, came gaily towards him, inviting him to the dance. She paused a little when she recognised the steward of her lord; but a woman, conscious of her own charms, and of the tenderness she excites in the breast of man, and secure in the purity which reigns within her own, fears no man. She offered the count a garland for his hat; he accepted it; she fastened it in his hat, and then hanging confidently on his arm, she led him into the circle of the dancers.

On reaching it, the count became entranced: exactly opposite to him, under the shade of a myrtle, stood Julia—Julia, the daughter of Martenay, his adored Julia, perfectly resembling her portrait. He red-

dened; he saw not how much trouble his partner took with him, to make him follow the lively motion of her feet. He stood as if rooted to the spot, his looks fixed on Julia, who saw him not; whose large, brilliant eyes were turned on a young vintager, with whom she had been dancing, and who was now singing a romance to her, to which she listened with fixed attention.

"Pray, my dear, leave me," said he at length to the young girl who was endeavouring to allure him to the dance, "leave me, I beg; I am too much fatigued." The damsel gave her hand to another dancer, and the count had time to observe Julia, who now, with the voice of an angel, joined in the burden of the romance.

At first he saw nothing but the graceful slender form, the beautiful countenance, glowing with innocence; never had he beheld so lovely a creature; but at length he could not help acknowledging to himself, that she seemed to encourage a little too much the freedoms in which the rustic indulged himself towards her.

There stood she, the perfect image of an artless, innocent country maid, in this love and pleasure-breathing land. Her fine brown hair flowed in waving ringlets, intermixed with flowers, over her snowy shoulders. The sleeves of her garment were tied up with rose-coloured ribbons to the shoulder, and her round and beautiful arms were raised to the measure of the romance. Her lovely bosom heaved beneath a bunch of flowers. A closely-fitting bodice of white silk, a short petticoat which scarcely reached the ankle, com-

posed her dress. She had the form and the clothing of a nymph; no charm was unrevealed; dress neither concealed nor improved the symmetry of her youthful form; it shaded her neither from the rays of the sun nor from the eye of man. Thus stood she, marking time with her head to the air of the romance, one rosy-fingered hand thrown on the shoulder of the singer, the other clasped in his.

Scarcely was the romance finished, when the singer placed his hand on Julia's white shoulder, and led her amongst the swiftly circling waltzers. She came at length close to the count, and at this moment the young rustic drew Julia within his arms, her swelling bosom touched his breast, and thus embracing, they whirled around each other.

The count closed his eyes: this was a little too much: he would have sacrificed his life to have thus encircled her charms for one minute: he followed her with glittering eyes through the circle.

At length she stopped, and leaving her partner, turned towards an old man who sat drinking under the shade of the trees.

"And does no one here know her?" said he to himself. He asked one of the servants of the castle who she was. "I will inquire," said he. He brought word that she was a stranger; somebody had brought both father and daughter from the castle of Martenay.

The count slowly drew near to the spot where Julia sat. She cast her eyes over him with so much unconsciousness, that she either did not know him, or she played her part with astonishing skill. It required the greatest caution to en-

able him to support the resolution he had made, to behave as if he did not know her.

He spoke to her: his heart beat tumultuously. She answered him in the dialect of the country, but in so sweet a voice, with such gracefulness of expression, that he saw well she was no common rustic. He inquired where she lived; and she told him at a solitary cottage, where her father had within a month become a tenant of—

"Of whom?"

"Of Monsieur de Lusiis."

The count could not comprehend the freedom, the innocence, the appearance of truth, with which she answered all his questions. He asked her for the romance which the young peasant had sung to her: she excused herself with a charming confusion; she could not remember it.

"Sing something to the gentleman," cried the father; "you can sing, I am sure. She has a voice, my dear sir," continued the fond father, "as fine as if she had learned at the opera in Paris. Let us have the romance of the Nun."

Julia, without hesitation, sang the count the romance of the Nun. He stood before her, so near that he felt her breath upon his cheeks. He saw her breast heave gently at first, then more disturbedly, to the woes of the dying nun. He saw her bright eyes fill with tears. He took Julia's hand, pressed it, and said calmly—but this calmness cost him the strongest effort—"You certainly did not learn to sing thus among peasants!"—"No," answered Julia with equal ease; "I was two years at the seat of the Marquis de Salm, and then a year at the cas-

tle of Monsieur Martenay. There we sang every day."

"You know Mademoiselle Martenay then, my sweet girl?" asked the count.—Julia answered coolly, "Yes;" and added that she was to be married to the Count de la Claude: she ran on for an hour, with the utmost unreserve, about the daughter of Monsieur Martenay; and the count could not help remarking, that Julia had a great deal of sense, and a most brilliant wit.

She danced with the count, with all the charm and grace which beauty, health, and lightness give. She embraced him in the waltz with the same innocent confidence she had before shewn when she danced with the young rustic.

The festival was ended, and the count proceeded to the house, carrying with him an eternal passion for the beautiful country maid, but not altogether tranquil in his mind.

Did she know him, or not? The artless serenity of her countenance, contrasted with her perfect dissimulation and presence of mind, her complete execution of a part so difficult! he shook his head a hundred times.

The next morning he rode to the cottage where she dwelt with her father. They received him as a friend. Here he immediately recognised Julia: the house was fitted up with a degree of taste; there were more servants than are generally to be found in so low a dwelling. He took Julia's hand, and examining it, said laughing, "These hands have not laboured much."—"Not much indeed," answered Julia smiling. "When I was at Monsieur Salu's I had only to ar-

range the dress of the marquise; and at Monsieur Martenay's I had nothing to do."

"And why did you not stay there?" asked the count. Julia blushed, and at length said, "That is a secret, sir, which I dare not betray. It will be long before I am again accustomed to the labours of my station, which, after all, I have always preferred to the pomp of the mansions where I have been brought up."

The count perceived how steadfastly she kept her resolution of sustaining her part. He had likewise every reason to be careful not to betray that he knew her. He constrained himself to appear as cool as possible towards the lovely girl. At his departure, the father entreated him, with more earnestness than was natural to their short acquaintance, to visit them often; and the count desired nothing more than to fulfil the father's wishes.

In two days he went again, and found the father alone. The old man was certainly not Monsieur Martenay. He was quite the peasant, and he betrayed by his bluntness Julia's plot against the count. He asked him eagerly, how Manon (so Julia called herself) had pleased him: he praised her beauty, her virtue, her goodness of heart, her mind, and seemed inclined actually to offer her to the count.

His manner so raised the courage of the count, that on Manon's entrance, his love betrayed itself rather abruptly. He confessed to her the impression she had from the first made on his heart; he pressed her hand, kissed it, and vowed eternal love. Manon was not displeased, but she refused to take what

he said in earnest. She laughed, she perverted every expression, and played so many tricks that the count was angry and pleased again ten times in a minute. He perceived, however, during all this that Manon occasionally threw stolen glances at him, and that these stolen glances were very earnest and very speaking.

The count desisted, without having obtained any answer from Manon; but he remained more in love than ever, for she had this day displayed to him, in the simple character of a well-educated rustic, a rich treasure of brilliant wit, quick sparkling raillery, and the most fascinating powers of conversation. In playful sport she had this day irrecoverably enchained his heart in rosy fetters: he was enchanted with her; and yet he shook his head a hundred times. At length Manon, who was returned from some employment, began to make her toilet before him. She stepped aside indeed behind a little hillock, and turned her back to him while she changed her dress; but she continued to converse with him, and in the midst of lacing her bodice, animated by her subject, she turned suddenly round to call out, "You do not understand me!" She seemed to feel no more than if she were drawing a glove upon her arm; then seating herself by his side, and continuing to talk to him, she drew the flowers one after another from his hand, and placed them in her bosom.

His feelings were too highly wrought. He could almost have fled from the sight which enchanted him. He smiled, and could have cursed. And Manon looked at him with the bewitching innocence of a

child. The inexperienced simplicity of a Provençal peasant might allow this; but Julia—Julia, educated in the cloister, living for the last year in the world! He found nature too closely followed in the part she was playing.

He went almost every day to Manon, and every day her confidence in him appeared more complete, more innocent, and more artless. He kissed her hands; she laughed: he kissed her white round arm, and she did not oppose him. He presumed so far as to kiss her lips; and Manon, the beautiful Manon, was angry and not angry. She reproved him and blushed; and the count saw with astonishment, that a couple of kisses had done more for him with the lovely creature, than all his fine declarations. At home he shook his head; but abroad Julia smiled at him so bewitchingly, that he could not forbear trying the experiment whether his lips could *perform* more for him than they could *say*.

Ah! how often did the unfortunate count forget, amidst this innocent toying, this unreserved intercourse, the songs which she sang so sweetly to him—amidst the heaven of this voluptuous atmosphere, how often did he forget with whom he was really thus engaged; how often did he see nothing but the charming rustic! He forgot Julia. He clasped his beloved Manon, he pressed his lips to her cheek, to her rosy lips, even to the flowers which now so weakly protected her bosom.

Oh! in moments like these (and they frequently occurred, though Manon was always angry,) he had continually on his tongue the words, "O Julia, I know you! I love you eternally!" but he dared not utter

them. His father had sent him a letter from Julia's father, in which were these words: "It is well that your son knows my daughter; for the little sentimental enthusiastic witch has determined to penetrate to the very depths of his character. Recommend to your son caution and discretion. She has taken it

into her head to win the heart of the count before he knows that she is my daughter. I am going to Nice, and your son must examine attentively every female figure which comes in his way; for my daughter will perhaps appear to him as a sylph or a shepherdess."

(To be continued.)

ON APPAREL IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, &c. FOR THE REPOSITORY.

SIR,

I OBSERVE in the entertaining article entitled *Dialogues of the Living*, inserted in your last number, that your correspondent Asmodeus makes one of his characters refer to certain proclamations by Queen Elizabeth, to correct the inordinate passion for dress which prevailed towards the latter end of her reign among her subjects: this was certainly a proof of the enormous extent to which she carried her prerogative; for what would be thought of a king of our own, or of any foreign civilized country, who should attempt to enforce such regulations? Roger Ascham, the tutor to "Royal Bess," in his *Schoolmaster*, I think, refers also to the prodigious excess to which the courtiers carried the love of finery about their persons, and he refers to certain petitions from the city of London addressed to the queen upon the subject: he also mentions, that watchmen were placed at the gates to prevent persons from passing through them who wore particular kinds of silks or velvets. These regulations originated in mercantile views, because the articles interdicted were of foreign manufacture; but it is not at

all impossible, that though the proclamations of Elizabeth were the immediate consequence of such remonstrances by her subjects, envy had a considerable share in procuring them: for that she was envious, bitterly envious, even of the merest trifles, especially if they related to the personal appearance of the ladies about her, no person can doubt, who has read a few anecdotes detailed by Sir John Harrington, for some time one of her courtiers, and published in a work called *Nugæ Antiquæ*, or trifles relating to antiquities, some of which have been quoted by Miss Lucy Aikin in her recently published Memoirs.

One of them is very curious, and refers, if I recollect rightly, to Lady Mary Howard, one of the maids of honour, who unluckily had purchased a velvet gown, *garded* (as it was called) or embroidered with gold. The old queen (for she was old at that date) happened to have a dress of the same kind, and ornamented in the same manner; but one day (as old inquisitive ladies will do now and then) she took the opportunity of rummaging in the drawers of Lady Mary Howard, and there finding this gown, she

put it on: it was too short for her, but, notwithstanding, she made her appearance in it before her maids of honour, among whom was its owner. They were of course astonished, and expected a storm, which soon overtook them, though it was not so violent as usual: the queen asked Lady Mary how the dress became her; to which she answered, no doubt in a tremulous tone, "An't please your majesty, methinks it is too short." To which the queen sharply answered, "If it do not become me because it is too short, it will not become one of my subjects, because it is too fine." Of course Lady Mary Howard never appeared in it again, at least during her majesty's lifetime.

I have related this story from memory only, as I happen not to have the book, from which it is taken, at hand; but I believe that I have given the substance, though the witty Sir John Harrington relates it with much more point and humour. It is extremely characteristic of the captiousness, and even enviously malignant temper of "Bet of Little Britain."

I happened the other day at the British Museum to be turning over a collection of old public documents, from an early date in the reign of Elizabeth to a late date in the reign of Charles II. and I happened, among others, to pitch upon one, which I copied at the time, thinking that it was a very curious paper upon a singular subject: never having seen it quoted in any of our histories, I therefore subjoin it for the information and entertainment of your readers; observing only, at present, that it relates as

well to the dress of men as of women. It is as follows.

"By the Queen,

"Whereas the queen's majesty; for avoiding of the great inconvenience that hath grown, and daily doth increase, within this her realm, by the inordinate excess in apparel, hath, in her princely wisdom and care for reformation thereof, by sundry former proclamations; straightly charged and commanded those in authority under her, to see her laws provided in that behalf duly executed; whereof, notwithstanding, partly through their negligence, and partly by the manifest contempt and disobedience of the parties offending, no reformation at all hath followed. Her majesty; finding by experience that by clemency, whereunto she is most inclinable so long as there is any hope of redress, this increasing evil hath not been cured, hath thought fit to seek to remedy the same by correction and severity, to be used against both these kinds of offenders, in regard of the present difficulties of this time, wherein the decay and lack of hospitality appears in the better sort in all countries; principally occasioned by the immeasurable charges and expenses which they are put to in superfluous apparelling their wives, children, and families; the confusion also of degrees in all places being great, where the meanest are as richly apparelled as their betters, and the pride that such inferior persons take in their garments, driving many for their maintenance to robbing and stealing by the high way: and yet, in her gracious disposition being willing to have that

course of punishment to be the last mean of reformation, did, in the end of this last term of the Holy Trinity, in her highness's court of Star-Chamber, at an assembly of divers lords of her privy council, and most of the judges being justices of assize, in the open hearing of many justices of the peace of all the parts of the realm, and of a multitude of her majesty's subjects there present, by way of admonition, signify her princely determination to have (specially at this time), for many urgent considerations, this intolerable abuse and unmeasurable disorder reformed: and albeit her highness knows how she might justly make great profit, as well by the executions of her laws standing in force for the penalties already due, as also against both the said kinds of offenders for their manifest contempt against her majesty's said proclamations; yet her majesty, not respecting her advantages in these cases, but seriously intending the reformation of the abuses, and the common good and benefit of all her loving subjects, by these most royal and gracious proceedings, hath not only added by these presents such favourable tolerations and qualifications to such points of the former laws, now standing in force, as by alteration of time may seem in some part hard to be exactly observed, but also hath commanded the due execution of those parts of those laws that be most agreeable to this time, and easy and necessary to be observed, without charging either kind of the said offenders for any offence already past, unless it shall be against such as shall hereafter offend, and not observe the special

parts and branches of the laws now standing in force, and articles hereafter following, according to such toleration and modification thereof as is hereafter expressed and set down. * * * * *

"All which articles, clauses, and premises, her majesty straightly commandeth to be exactly and duly observed in all points from the 24th day of August next coming; and the parties offending to be further punished as violators and contemners of her royal and princely commandment, by this her highness's proclamation expressed and published. Given under our signet, at our manor of Greenwich, the 23d day of July, in the nine and thirtieth year of our reign.

"God save the Queen."

Where the asterisks occur, are inserted two folio sides of articles, drawn out in form, which specify with great particularity the materials of the dresses of the various degrees of her majesty's subjects of both sexes. It is observable, that it is ordered that no female under the degree of a knight's wife shall wear *netherstocks*, or stockings of silk, which shews that in 1597 they were tolerably common, though it has been said that Queen Elizabeth was the first woman in England who wore them. This may still be true, though I do not know on what authority the fact is stated.

I might quote many passages from authors of that day in illustration of the same subject, but I shall only subjoin the following from one of the most celebrated writers, whose history and peculiarities Mr. D'Israeli, in his *Quarrels of Authors*, has so entertainingly treated—Thomas Nash.

"Just to dinner will they (ladies) rise, and after dinner go to bed again, and lie until supper. Sometimes, occasioned by no sickness, they will be in bed three days together, provided every morning before four o'clock they have their broths, their cullises, with pearl and gold soldered in them. If haply they break their hours, and rise more early to go banqueting, they stand practising half a day with their looking-glasses, how to pierce and to glance and to look alluringly amiable. Their feet are not so well framed to the dance as are their eyes to move and bewitch."

He afterwards speaks of the "top and top-gallant" ornaments, with which ladies loaded their heads even at that time; and indeed the whole is very applicable to females of all ranks in our own day. It is true, that now the dresses of our females are not quite so expensive as in the reign of Elizabeth, but in other respects they are quite as extravagant. The ground on which

the queen puts it is, that it is the cause of the decay of hospitality, and ought on that account to be remedied. I am not aware that either among men or women a want of hospitality prevails at present, but the comfort of families is very much destroyed by the great and needless attention paid to apparel by all ranks: many and many a respectable shopkeeper, I will venture to say, has been ruined by this excess, for females of the lower orders now bestow as much time and money upon adorning their persons as individuals in the highest and wealthiest stations. From this censure I may, in a great degree, acquit the male part of the population. At the same time I beg it to be understood, that I am not an enemy to such reasonable decorations as serve to set off personal beauties, or to conceal personal defects. I am, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

Aug. 13, 1818.

AN AUTHOR'S VISION.

TO THE EDITOR.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those unlucky wights whom a fondness for scribbling disqualified at a very early age for business; and as my circumstances obliged me to make choice of a profession, I determined, *malgré* the advice of my friends, to be an author. I accordingly enrolled myself in the literary corps of Grub-street, and for some years past I have contrived to pick up a living by my wits. In common with other humble retainers of the Muses, I am sometimes obliged to

practise the severest frugality; but I console myself by reflecting, that occasional abstinence is very good for the health, and that the want of a dinner to-day, will be sure to render the homely viands of to-morrow delicious.

For some time past, Mr. Editor, I have thought of offering you my services as an essayist. I wrote some pieces on different subjects, but none of them appeared to me worthy of attention; at last I commenced one "on benevolence," which pleased me more than any

of the rest, and I determined to submit it to your inspection. As I proceeded I grew warm with my subject, and laying down my pen, I began to meditate on the great things I would do for my fellow-creatures if Fortune had endowed me with wealth.

While I was indulging these ruminations, I insensibly fell into a doze: the subject of my waking thoughts, however, still kept possession of my mind, and produced the following dream.

I fancied myself sitting, as was really the case, close to my writing-desk; on a sudden I heard a soft rustling, and on looking up I perceived a beautiful female, whom I immediately recognised for a good genius, by the resemblance which her appearance bore to those described in the tales which formed the delight of my youthful days. Methought she held a casket in her hand, which she placed before me, saying, in a voice of the utmost sweetness, "You, who so well know the use of riches, take this; the gems which it contains are worth an empire." As she spoke she placed the casket on the table, and vanished before I could reply.

Dazzled by the lustre of the jewels, on which I gazed in speechless rapture, I was too much delighted with my good fortune in possessing them, to be very scrupulous about the source from whence they came. So, without troubling myself whether my beautiful genius was "a spirit of health or goblin damned," I began to lay plans for the immediate disposal of her bounty.

But, alas! that spirit of benevolence with which I had just before

been animated, by degrees gave place to pride and ostentation; I was still bent on doing good it is true, but I now studied the manner in which I could do it with the greatest *éclât*. I no longer thought so much of what would be the feelings of those whom I should relieve, as of what they would say of me and my munificence. I resolved to employ one half of the genius's gift in immortalising myself as the benefactor of mankind; for this purpose I determined to found colleges, establish the most magnificent public libraries, shower favours upon men of genius and learning, portion orphans, build hospitals, establish manufactories; in short, to reward merit and relieve indigence wherever I found them.

Transported at the fame which I thought myself about to acquire, I began to consider by what appellation I should be handed down to posterity, whether I should be styled the Benevolent, the Wise, or the Magnificent; when it occurred to me, that my name, Jerry Scraggs, would sound very badly if coupled with any of these epithets. I recollected that I am frequently called among my friends Honest Jerry, and I have taken some pride in this appellation; but I considered that this would be much too vulgar a mode of distinguishing a man who would soon be an object of admiration and adoration to all Europe.

I cannot describe to you, Mr. Editor, the vexation which this simple circumstance caused me. I execrated the vile taste of my godfathers and godmothers, and would at that moment have given a million or two for the privilege of being rebaptized by a name more

worthy of my good fortune. But this was only the beginning of my troubles; I have been for some months engaged to marry a worthy amiable girl, who will make, I am persuaded, an excellent wife, though she does not possess all the requisites to adorn high life. It will be impossible for me now, thought I, to unite myself to such a person as unaffected Susan: doubtless I shall be noticed by every branch of the royal family, courted by all our nobility, and visited by every illustrious foreigner who comes to England; how then could I possibly introduce a comparatively unpolished female like her as my wife? No, no! I see I must give the poor girl up: however, as some amends for the loss of my heart, I will make her the richest private gentlewoman in the kingdom. But, whispered Vanity, can fortune console her for the loss of your affections? And, added Honour, can you reconcile it to your conscience to break with an excellent young woman, to whom you are positively engaged, only because you have met with unexpected good fortune?

This last reflection staggered my purpose a little; besides, I considered that it would be necessary for me not only to give up Susan, but most of my friends and acquaintances, since there was scarcely one of them with whom I could continue to associate in the sphere of life to which I was now exalted.

As these ideas crowded on my mind, my joy at my good fortune began to abate. Though poor, I possess some friends with whom I have passed many happy hours: from some of these I have received

services, which, though trifling perhaps in themselves, were of value to me; and to some of the rest I am attached, because I have had it in my power to be occasionally useful to them. Fancy presented to my view the social board which I had hoped to see surrounded by these friends, while my Susan presided as mistress of the feast; a situation in which her sense, good-nature, and genuine hospitality would indeed enable her to shine: and must I then, methought, in order to become a great man, renounce all that has hitherto constituted my happiness? No, the money may go to the devil, and I will continue honest Jerry Scraggs to the end of my days, sooner than make such a sacrifice!

In the warmth of my feelings I struck my clenched fist upon the table, and instantly awaking, I found that I should have no temptation to break my good resolutions; for instead of the dazzling gems, whose lustre I could scarce bear to look upon, I beheld close to me my unfinished essay deluged with ink; for the violence with which I struck the table, overturned the contents of the inkstand upon my desk.

As every circumstance of my dream was fresh in my memory, I committed it to paper; and upon reading it, I could not help thinking you might perhaps deem it more worthy of insertion than the essay of which it had occasioned the destruction. I have therefore, sir, the honour to offer it to your acceptance, and am your very humble servant,

J — S —.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXXIII.

The proper study of mankind is man.—POPE.

It has been recommended to me by a very sensible correspondent (whose letter I would publish, if it would not appear very much like vanity, to unfold the flattering opinions it entertains of my late papers), to give something of an analysis of *Human Knowledge*, as a proper conclusion to the sketch I have given of *Human Nature*.

In obedience to this recommendation, I shall offer, according to the best of my judgment, a systematical view of human knowledge, as obtained by the several faculties of MEMORY, REASON, and IMAGINATION.

From the MEMORY proceeds *sacred, ecclesiastical, civil, ancient, modern, and natural history*.

1. *Sacred and ecclesiastical history* relates to divine revelation, religious duties, church institutions, &c. &c. &c.

2. *Civil, ancient, and modern history*, comprising political and literary history, consists of memoirs, antiquities, and what may be denominated comprehensive or complete history.

3. *Natural history* relates to the uniformity of nature, as well respecting the heavens, as meteors, earth and sea, minerals, vegetables, animals, and the elements.

Natural history also comprehends the aberration of nature in celestial prodigies, strange meteors, apparent wonders on the earth and in the sea, as also in the mineral, vegetable, animal, and elementary world.

Natural history involves also the

application of nature in arts, trade, and manufactures; in the working and application of gold and silver by assayers, coiners, gold-beaters, gold-wire-drawers, goldsmiths, refiners, &c. &c.;—in the ordering of precious stones by lapidaries, diamond-cutters, jewellers, &c. &c.;—in the working of iron and copper by forging, foundery, smithery in its various branches, &c. &c.;—in making and working glass by glass-blowers, looking-glass-makers, spectacle-makers, &c. &c.;—in curing and working skins by tanners, curriers, glovers, shoemakers, &c. &c.;—in working in stone and plaster, &c. &c.;—in architecture, sculpture, masonry, &c. &c.;—in manufacturing silk by spinning, throwing, weaving, as of velvet, &c. &c.;—in manufacturing wool into cloths, hosiery, &c. &c. &c.

II. REASON is the origin of *philosophy*, which comprehends *general metaphysics*, or the doctrine of the general affections of existing beings; the *science of GOD*, the *science of man*, and the *science of nature*.

1. *Metaphysics*, on which all the sciences have their dependence.

2. The *science of GOD* comprehends natural theology, revealed theology; in short, the knowledge of whatever tends to aid, produce, and support religion.

3. The *science of man* involves the science of the soul, with the art of thinking: whence proceed apprehension, or the science of ideas; judgment, or the science of propositions; reasoning and method.

The *science of man* comprehends

also *logic*, which is the art of using reason well in our inquiries after truth, and the communication of it to others; the art of retention, from which arises memory, both natural and artificial, together with helps to memory, by alphabet and cypher, giving origin to writing, printing, reading, &c.; comprehending orthography, with grammar, criticism, &c.; to which may be added the necessary qualities in discourse produced by rhetoric, which is the art of speaking not merely with propriety, but with skill and elegance. Moreover, from the *science of man* issues morality, general and particular: from the former proceeds the science of good and evil in general; from the latter arises the science of laws or jurisprudence, whether natural, economical, or commercial.

4. The *science of nature* comprehends metaphysics of bodies, their impenetrability, extension, motion, vacuum, or space unoccupied by matter, &c.

This science comprehends also mathematics, the knowledge of whatever is capable of being numbered or measured, and is pure or mixed. Pure considers abstracted quantity, without any relation to matter; and mixed is interwoven with physical considerations.

The *science of nature* also comprehends particular physics, involving every branch of *natural philosophy*.

We conclude with the *IMAGINATION*, which is the origin,

1. Of *poetry*, both sacred and profane: branching into *narrative*, as in the epic, &c.; *dramatic*, whether in tragedy, comedy, opera, &c. &c.; *didactic*; as enforcing morali-

ty; or *allegorical*, illustrating by imagery and parable

2. *Music*, either theoretical, practical, vocal, or instrumental.

3. *Painting*, the art of representing objects by delineation and colours.

4. *Sculpture*, the art of carving wood, or hewing stone into images.

5. *Architecture*--which is divided into *civil architecture*, or the art of erecting domiciliary buildings; *military architecture*, or fortification; and *naval architecture*, which, besides building of ships and vessels, includes also ports, moles, docks, &c.

6. *Engraving*, the art of picturing by incision on any matter.

THE END.

How often shall th' unpractis'd youth,
Of altar'd gods and injur'd truth,
With tears, alas! complain!

How soon behold, with woud'ring eyes,
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise,
And scowl along the main!

While, by his easy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;

He fondly hopes, that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithless wind.

HORACE.

I RETURN with pleasure from my philosophy, though I hope it has been treated in a way to be useful, and resume those pictures of life which possess a more amusing character.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious, esteem without love is languid and cold. I am afraid that too many men, whose wives have possessed their esteem, have lavished their fortunes in the pursuit of pleasure which has little to do with domestic happiness; while the love of others, however ardent, has been quickly alienated, because

it was not dignified and supported by esteem.

As there is not perhaps a married pair upon earth whose natural dispositions and relish of life are so perfectly similar, that their wills constantly coincide; so it must sometimes happen, that the immediate pleasure of indulging opposite inclinations will be greater than a participation of that pleasure, which would arise to the other if this indulgence should beforborne: but as to forbear this indulgence can never fail to conciliate esteem, it should always be considered as a means of happiness, and rather as an advantage than a loss; especially if it be true, that the indulgence itself, in these circumstances, never gives the pleasure that it promises.

Lady Mary Matchless had been married to Sir William, a baronet of that name of great fortune, amiable, honourable, and accomplished. He loved her, and was indulgent; she loved him too, but she was vain. Among her other numerous graces, she was admired for the peculiar elegance with which she waltzed. At first Sir William was delighted to see her in this kind of display: he was now in the possession of her unrivalled charms, and when he saw how much she was admired, and what exclamations of delight her graceful movements excited, his admiration received an added impulse; and though etiquette naturally restrained his tongue, his heart joined in the applause. However, at the close of the ball, on asking an old friend of his family, and whose opinion he had ever regarded with a venerating respect, whether he did not think the waltz a charming

dance, he was surprised by this grave reply: "It certainly is for every kind of woman except such as wish to be thought virtuous wives or chaste misses." This sentiment instantly produced the effect for which it was uttered; and the next ball to which Lady Mary was invited, he expressed a hope that she would not waltz. "Nay, my dear Sir William," she replied, "what an unreasonable objection, when you know how fond I am of dancing, and how much I prefer that dance to any other! I am sure you will not disappoint me, when I ask you to withdraw your prohibition." Sir William, who was good-nature itself, smiled assent, as he did not wish her compliance when an air of reluctance would have accompanied it. She, however, who had not less good-nature than himself, suffered so much pain from the suspicion she entertained of having mortified him, that, in the midst of all her graces, and the praise they occasioned, or the envy which they excited, she continually wished herself at home. Thus she offended the delicacy of his affection, by preferring a dance to the indulgence of his fond and anxious sensibility; and forfeited part of the esteem which was due to that very good-nature, by which she lost the enjoyment of the night.

In this instance the pain inflicted upon the husband arose from the private gratification proposed by the wife: but there is a passion very different both from malice and rage, to the gratification of which the pain of another is sometimes essentially necessary. This passion, which, though its effects are often directly opposite to good-

nature, is yet, perhaps, predominant in every breast, and indulged at whatever risk, is vanity.

To a gratification of vanity at the expense of reciprocal esteem, the wife is certainly under much stronger temptation than the husband: and I warn the ladies against it, not only with more zeal, but with greater hope of success; because those only who have superior natural abilities, or have received uncommon advantages from education, have it in their power.

To rally a wife with success confers little honour upon a husband; the attempt is rather regarded as an insult than a contest: it is exulting in a masculine strength, to which she makes no pretensions, and brandishing weapons she is not supposed to have the skill to wield.

For the same reasons, to confute or to ridicule a husband with an apparent superiority of knowledge or of wit, affords all the parade of triumph to a wife: it is, indeed, to be strong where weakness is no reproach, and to conquer when it would not have been dishonourable to fly. But these circumstances, which increase the force of the temptation, will be found to afford proportionate motives to resist it: whatever adds to the glory of the victor, adds equally to the dishonour of the vanquished; and that which can exalt a wife only by degrading a husband, must in fact be a worthless acquisition, as it may perhaps change fondness to resentment, or provoke an active jealousy, by an implication of contempt. But if good-nature is sufficiently strong to secure the esteem of reason, it may, nevertheless, be too

negligent to gratify the delicacy of love: it must, therefore, not only be steady, but watchful and assiduous; beauty must suffer no diminution by inelegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it contributed to win; whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must not be incautiously unfolded to the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum, and there is a certain degree of delicacy in every mind, which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid giving an offence which it has often received.

As they who possess less than they expected cannot be happy, to expatiate in chimerical prospects of felicity is to ensure the anguish of disappointment, and to lose the power of enjoying whatever may be possessed. Let not youth therefore imagine, that, with all the advantages of nature and education, marriage will be a constant reciprocation of delight, over which externals will have but little influence, and which time will rather change than destroy. There is no perpetual source of delight but hope. It follows therefore, from considering the imperfection of the utmost temporal happiness, that to possess it all would be to lose it, as hope would be annihilated. We enjoy that which is before us; but when nothing more is possible, all that is attained is insipid. Such is the condition of life, but it does not lessen the real value and final object of it:

Hope follows through, nor quits us when we
die.

POPE.

Z

F—T—.

I have received a letter from a lady who signs herself *Rubella*, who very much overrates my knowledge. She inquires why red hair is considered as a female disagreeableness. This is a question to which she must obtain an answer from the other sex, and not from one of her own.—She then demands the physical cause of hair of that colour: but to obtain the requisite satisfaction, she must have recourse to those physiologists who have applied their studies to the exterior productions of the pericranium, of which I declare myself altogether uninformed. All I can say is, that my hair is dark, and that it is dressed according to the fashion, whatever it may be.—To her last interrogatory, my inexperience will not allow me to give an answer. I really do not know which of the various unguents, &c. that are daily advertised, is capable of producing the desired transformation, of changing red or gray locks to black or brown; my recommendation to the lady is, *to try them all*.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Three Italian Arietts, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to the Right Hon. the Lady Burghersh, by F. Sor. Third set. Pr. 5s.

IN the composition of these three ariettas, Mr. Sor has exhibited a combination of taste, feeling, and science, which cannot fail endearing his labour to the true vocal amateur. They are written in the best style of the Italian school; their melodies are distinguished by an uninterrupted succession of select ideas; the accompaniments possess, besides their correctness, an uncommon degree of richness, and variety; and in the expression of the text, Mr. S. has almost throughout been eminently successful.

The latter observation is pre-eminently applicable to the beginning of the first arietta, in which the words, *Io mentitor? no cura!* as well as the remainder of the lover's justification, is most impressively translated into musical language

in the manner of a recitativo in D minor. The succeeding strain, in the relative major key, is replete with chaste melodious sweetness. The unfortunate swain, however, cannot forget the unmerited reproach; he again breaks out (p. 5), *Io mentitor*, &c. in the minor key, but soothes himself at last by dropping once more into an *arioso*, very similar to the first, but in D major. In the two *arioso* parts there is perhaps a little too much repetition upon the whole, which produces an effect of monotonous sameness: but this may be matter of individual taste.

The second arietta sets out with a delicate subject in C major, and a charming instrumental period occasionally intervenes between the voice with great effect. The chromatic ascent at "*vedo che ingannatrice*" is excellent, quite in its place, and, with the exception of probably a typographical error, ably harmonised. We allude to the A♯ in the bass of the beginning of

the passage in question; the ♯ was, we presume, intended for the F instead of the A. The strain in G major is very pleasing; and another very interesting idea occurs in the two first lines of p. 10. This thought is not original, but it is well placed and ably treated. The whole of this song is extremely attractive; it is also shorter than its predecessor, and the better for it.

The last of these ariettas is a sprightly elegant polacca, as interesting in point of melody as it is satisfactory by its accompaniment, which is at once active and tastefully diversified. A vein of innocent playfulness and gaiety pervades the whole song. Metastasio could not have intrusted his text into better hands.

This is classic music.

A Bashkyrian Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. A. Goldschmidt of Hamburg, by Ferd. Ries. Op. 73. No. II. Pr. 3s.

Of the many national airs with which Mr. R. has treated us from his Russian port-folio, this appears to us to combine, in a particular degree, decided originality with uncommon simplicity. The melody in G minor bears the stamp of high antiquity; the variations bespeak the hand of a master, the favourite pupil of Beethoven; but their execution requires Bashkirian agility and dexterity. Fortunately for us, a musical reviewer is not in all cases expected to perform the piece he comments upon; for such is our humble state of digital proficiency, that we verily believe we should make a better figure upon the fiery steed of a Bashkirian warrior, than before a music-desk un-

folding these variations. Among those which preferably inspired us with this awe, we reckon var. 6. with its learned harmonic combinations; var. 8. in G major, its bold modulations, and original score. The very scientific style and complexion, and the crossed hands, of No. 9. equally baffled our attempts.

The nature of the theme has more or less infused a degree of sombreness of colouring into the variations reared upon it, and their learned treatment may confine their execution to a select class of performers; but to those the study of Mr. Ries's labour will be productive both of great practical advantage and a gratification of the higher order.

"La Chasse—Ennui," Introduction and Polacca for the Piano-forte, composed by J. F. Burrowes.—Pr. 3s. 6d.

After a good deal of fruitless meditation on the hidden meaning of this title, we find ourselves under the necessity of leaving the solution to the sagacity of our readers. The work itself forms more properly an object of our attention; and we must add, our investigation has been productive of real and continued gratification. Mr. Burrowes writes much; never indifferently, frequently very well, and occasionally in the best classic style. To the latter class belongs *La Chasse—Ennui* (we wish sadly we could expound this title). The introduction is a composition of great merit; the theme, a mellow *cantabile*, is followed by a pretty cadence; fine harmonies appear at the close of p. 2; delicate melodic figures p. 3; in short, the whole texture consists of fanciful, unfet-

tered emanations of a cultivated musical taste, guided by sound harmonic knowledge.

The polacca presents an attractive subject, which, in the progress of the movement, is handled and turned with great ingenuity. In p. 6 we observe many good passages, but the one to C major (l. 6) is anything but a "smooth passage." In p. 7 the author's imagination takes a free range: the *arioso*, p. 8, is tender and melodious; its harmony derives additional interest from a few bars of good contrapuntal contrivance; and the coda (p. 10) claims our unqualified applause: it is of a superior order.

Ross's Airs, arranged with Variations, and a characteristic Prelude, for the Piano forte. Nos. I. and II. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.

Several former compositions of Mr. Ross, organist at Aberdeen, have favourably passed critical muster in our review. We now have before us two numbers, of a series of six, in each of which he gives variations on some favourite airs. In No. I. the Scotch air, "The Maid of Barra," forms the subject; and No. II. is founded on the Irish air, "The Maid of Coloun." The same observations, generally speaking, apply to both these publications. The subjects are judiciously chosen, as being of simple and pleasing melody. The variations, without attempting anything grand or striking, are tastefully devised; they follow the theme faithfully in every instance, except where the airs are treated in the minor keys, and on those occasions the author has been so scrupulous as not to style his labour a variation, but a digression. In these di-

gressions, however, the character of the air is still sufficiently visible, and they appear to us peculiarly interesting. We must also do Mr. R. the justice to advert to the harmonic correctness of his arrangement, by which, as on former occasions, he has shewn himself a good musical scholar. A little more diversity in the character and style of the variations would have augmented the general interest. Some of them resemble each other too closely. In No. II. for instance, the similarity between var. 2. and 3. as to melody at least, is obvious.

"Rosabella," an Air with Variations, composed, and dedicated to Miss S. Barbe, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The air upon which these variations are written is equally Mr. K.'s work, and has our approbation. It is simple, well phrased, and of agreeable melody. The four variations are devised in an easy, familiar style, perfectly free from harmonic or practical intricacies. A twelvemonth's pupil ought to play them, and, from their attractive nature, will derive both pleasure and credit from the performance. The left hand, however, might have had a little more to do than to harp the broken chords of the harmony. One variation, at least, might have given some little occupation to the bass. Var. 3. can hardly claim the title of polacca; it has few, if any, of the characteristics of that dance, an essential requisite of which is, that the cæsure should fall on the weak part of the bar.

"Beside the low Grot," the admired Song introduced at the Theatre

Royal Drury-lane, with unbounded applause, by Mrs T. Cooke, composed by T. Cooke. Pr. 2s.

Although we think a pastorale melody in $\frac{3}{4}$ time would have proved more analogous to the metre of the text than the $\frac{2}{4}$ time chosen by Mr. Cooke, we are free to say, the tune, as devised by him, through its innocent simplicity, the mellow flow and good connection of the ideas, and the rhythmical balancing of the periods, does credit to Mr. C.'s lyric talents, of which, as well as of his compositorial science, the London public have had previous specimens of a much higher order. In the present instance we make no doubt of the correctness of the avowment in the title, as to the applause earned by Mrs. T. Cooke in the delivery of this song. We have never heard that lady sing without real pleasure, and we regret that the public has not more frequent opportunities of witnessing her vocal talent.

March and Rondo, composed, and inscribed to Miss Clarke, by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon.— Pr. 2s.

Besides the march and rondo (in D major), a slow movement, in the same key, forms the introduction to these. In all, we recognise talent, ability, and a laudable degree of care and attention. There are not those marks of hurried writing, which in so many musical productions of the present day leave no other impression than a persuasion, that their chief object is that of being sold, rather than being played with relish. Mr. M'Murdie counterpoints willingly, and, we must add, satisfactorily. Of this the subject of his rondo, and many subsequent passages, afford suffi-

cient proofs. Neat contrivance and creditable workmanship are frequently to be met with. The march claims our approbation for the same reason. It is good in plan, well conducted, regular and symmetrical in its constituent parts, and supported by a full and correct harmonic arrangement.

"Grove-House," a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced a grand military March, and a Rondo à la Chasse, composed, and dedicated to Miss Summersum, by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 4s.

An introductory slow movement in C, a march in F, and a rondo in C: all very meritorious! — The slow movement, a pastorale, claims our favour by more than one feature of recommendation: it is soft, melodious, chaste, interspersed with many passages of peculiar delicacy, and replete with tokens of good harmonic science and originality. Among these ranks foremost Mr. E.'s grand modulation to—D b! Aye, nothing less, though the key be C.—However averse we are to very extraneous transitions, we must say that Mr. E. has cleared his bold path, to and fro, with consummate skill: from D b he gets comfortably to G b, and, by analogous process, dashes masterly into G b (smooth water), C, &c. In short, the business is well done.—The march also has our full approbation, especially the second strain. The portion in D minor is very good, full of sombre grandeur, but it certainly reminds us of Beethoven's funeral march.—The rondo, *alla Siciliana*, presents at the outset clever harmonic contrivance; modulations of original complexion are liberally and ably interspersed pp. 9 and 10; the portion

in C minor is well treated; the whole of p. 11 presents a string of select ideas; and the conclusion, p. 12, is in fine style.

In dismissing this divertimento, we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction at the progress towards perfection in the art, which Mr. E.'s successive works obviously exhibit. His aim at originality, although occasionally productive of the *ultra* in composition, is laudable, and his attention to correctness in harmony worthy of our warm commendation.

The Copenhagen Waltz, with new Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by C. L. Lithander.—Pr. 2s.

However numerous the varia-

tions upon this sprightly German tune may be, Mr. Lithander's labour before us shews that the subject had not been exhausted by his predecessors. His variations are any thing but commonplace amplifications of the air. Considerable ingenuity has been used in their construction, and something or other of a select cast is to be met with in every one. The left hand, too, stands in no danger of being "asleep;" it is kept in activity by occasional passages of very good effect. Among these, we number the neat imitations in the second strain of var. 3. the bass of var. 1. and 4. &c. The chromatic semitones sprinkled through var. 5. we notice with commendation.

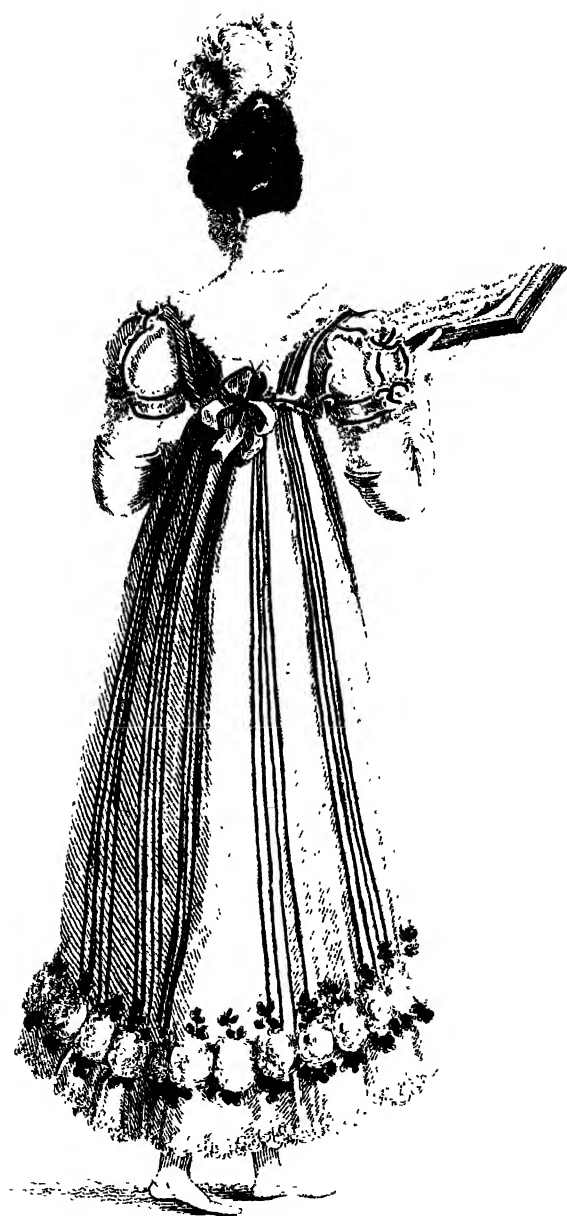
FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—WALKING DRESS.

AN open robe composed of jacot muslin, and trimmed with mull muslin laid on full; the fulness is drawn in by welts; there are two round the bottom, and a heading. Over this is a very broad piece welted in five places, which has also a heading; it is trimmed down the fronts with a double fulness of muslin, in the middle of which is a welt. The body is made tight to the shape, and has a collar welted, to correspond with the trimming. Long sleeves, of an easy fulness, finished at the wrist also to correspond. Over this robe is worn a spencer, which is composed of a new material, of a beautiful pale grey colour; the waist is short, the back a moderate breadth, and

the sleeve, which is of an easy fulness, falls a little off the shoulder. The bust is slightly ornamented with evening primrose satin; the sleeve, which falls a good deal over the hand, is also edged with it, and there is a narrow band goes across the wrist to correspond. The shoulder is very tastefully finished with full puffs of satin, each fastened down by a silk button of the same colour. The spencer comes up to the throat, and the collar of the dress falls over. The head-dress is a French bonnet, of the same material; it is of a moderate size, and is finished at the edge of the brim with primrose satin, and tied under the chin with ribbon to correspond: a bunch of flowers and an elegant plume of ostrich feathers are placed



on one side. Gloves and shoes, pale canary colour.

PLATE 17.—EVENING DRESS.

A transparent gauze dress over a white satin slip; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a trimming composed of double gauze cut bias: the heading of this trimming is disposed in large plaits, the lower part falling in an easy fulness; it is slightly festooned; a row of painted taffety goes round it, and a full blown rose is placed on each festoon. The body is cut very low in the back of the neck, and shews the shoulders, but it is so contrived as to come high over the bosom. Very short full sleeves, which, as well as the body, are elegantly ornamented with pointed tulle. Head-dress the coronet cap composed of white satin and tulle, with a slight intermixture of evening primrose satin. The upper part is entirely white satin; it is in the form of a crown: the lower part has a fulness of tulle round the face, which is very becoming. Neck-lace and ear-rings, coloured stones. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We have been furnished with both our dresses this month by Miss Macdonald.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The present month is one in which Fashion generally seems to suspend her whims, when, as is at present the case, the weather is fine. We have accordingly but little novelty to notice, particularly in the promenade costume.

Walking dresses still continue to be made of muslin, but sarsnet pelisses have very generally displaced

muslin ones for dishabille. The prettiest and most novel of these pelisses is composed of rich figured sarsnet, of the colour of a dead leaf, and lined with white sarsnet. The body is cut bias, and without any visible seam; but the back and shoulders are ornamented with three small welts on each side. The collar, which falls over, is made to stand out from the throat; and the sleeve, which is of a moderate width, falls half over the hand. The trimming of the pelisse is a rich embroidery in a feather pattern, composed of various shades of green floss silk and chenille; it goes all round the pelisse, is very broad, and has a beautiful effect. The shoulders and the bottom of the sleeves are ornamented with satin of the colour of the dead leaf; it is disposed in a singular but tasteful manner in folds, and forms a pretty epaulette and cuff. We consider this as one of the most gentlewomanly walking dresses we have seen for some time; it is neat, simple, and appropriate to the season.

Spencers are likewise in much estimation both for walking and carriage dress: the one which we have given in our print, is equally a favourite in the dress promenade and carriage costume. Levantines, spotted silks, and striped lute strings are the favourite materials; the trimming is always satin, sometimes of the same colour, but oftener of one which contrasts well with it. Epaulettes are universally adopted. Waists continue as short as ever, and we observe that the fashion of the sleeve falling off the shoulder seems to be reviving.

Leghorns is by much the most fashionable material for walking bon-

nets; they continue to be worn as large as ever, but we observe no alteration in their shape since our last number: for plain walking dress, they have seldom any ornament but a ribbon; but for carriage or promenade dress, they are decorated either with flowers or feathers, or sometimes with a mixture of both.

Spencers and scarfs are most fashionable for carriage dress: the Augusta spencer, which we understand is at present in high estimation at Brighton, is one of the prettiest dress spencers that we have seen: it is composed of striped white satin, made tight to the shape, and finished at the waist with tabs, which are cut in the form of leaves, and edged with narrow silk trimming: this mode of ornamenting the waist is novel and pretty. The bust is trimmed with three rows of blond put on in the pelorine style, and mixed with silk trimming. There is no half-sleeve, but the last row of blond passes directly over the shoulder, and supplies the want of one. The sleeves are finished at the hand with blond and silk trimming. Nothing can be more elegant than this spencer.

The transparent bonnets which have been so long in estimation are now very partially worn, even in carriage dress, white satin and Leghorn being the favourite materials. Large-sized bonnets, of the French shape, are very prevalent; but toques are also in favour: they are composed either of white satin, or of satin to correspond with the spencer or pelisse. These head-dresses are worn very low; the oval shape is most in favour, and they are always ornamented

with feathers, of which there are generally three, placed to fall over on the left side.

Muslin is still universally adopted in morning costume. Robes seem more in favour than they have been for the last two months, and dresses are again trimmed very high. Weltd trimmings are much in favour, as is also French work: this last is much used for robes. Some *élégantes* wear the bottoms of their dresses trimmed with rich work, which is set on very full; there are generally three rows of this work, each row headed by two or three welts formed in the dress by cotton run in. The bodies of morning dresses are generally made in the *chemisette* style, but with very little fulness. Collars are universal. Sleeves are worn very loose.

Silks are now as much, or indeed rather more worn than muslin in dinner dress. Frocks still continue in favour; they are cut low round the bust, and the sleeves, if the dress is silk, are always short. The most fashionable trimmings for silk dresses are composed of blond, British net, or gauze. Flounces, either disposed in large plaits, or cut bias and laid on double, are in much request; when they are double, they are generally headed with silk trimming. A puckering of net or gauze, intersected with silk trimming or cord, is also very fashionable; and rouleaus, disposed in waves, though so long worn, are still considered very genteel.

British net and transparent gauze over white satin are the favourite materials for full dress: the one which we have given in our print, is the only novelty worthy of notice

which has recently been introduced.

A new and very pretty dishabille cap has just appeared: it is composed of fine worked muslin; is a round shape, with a full border of lace; the crown is higher than they have lately been worn; a small net handkerchief, edged with lace, is pinned on the crown *à la marmotte*, as the French say, and is tied at the left side; it is ornamented with full bows of narrow ribbon in front.

Caps are also very fashionable in half dress; but they are little worn in full dress, with the exception of the one we have given in our print, which promises to become a very great favourite.

Togues are still considered very fashionable; but head-dresses of hair are more general than they have been for some time. The

hind hair is dressed always of a moderate height; the front hair is combed back on each side so as to leave the forehead bare, a few loose ringlets only being suffered to appear on each side. This fashion, though far from becoming, is so general that no lady ventures to appear with her forehead shaded even by a single ringlet. Flowers continue in very great request; but plumes of feathers, at the base of which one sometimes sees an *ai-grette* of pearls, diamonds, or coloured stones, are also very fashionable: it is needless to mention, that this kind of head-dress is confined entirely to *grand costume*.

Fashionable colours are, Pomona green, pale canary colour, evening primrose, sea-green, pink, and Clarence blue.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Aug. 19.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR fashionable promenade dresses at present are composed either of perkale, jaconot muslin, or the pretty pink muslin which I described to you in my last. Pelisses of perkale, trimmed with mull muslin, are much in favour, as are also perkale pelerines; they are the only out-door coverings adopted by *belles* of any taste, silk pelisses and spencers being totally exploded: though so very versatile is fashion with us, that perhaps by the time I write to you again they will be all the mode.

Pelisses at present are made half-high, and quite tight to the shape; they have no trimming at bottom,

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but are trimmed down each front and round the bust in a very tasteful manner with a puckering of mull muslin, which is edged on each side with rich but narrow work. The bottoms of the sleeves are ornamented to correspond; and the sleeves, instead of being tight to the arm, are now of an easy fulness, except just at the wrist. These pelisses have really not much novelty, yet there is something neat and tasteful in their appearance, and the manner in which they are cut and trimmed round the bust is particularly advantageous to the shape: they are always worn with a *fichu*, and a large ruff of rich worked muslin.

Pelerines are rather more in fa-

A A

vour; they are worn so large as to conceal the body of the dress, and are fastened behind with small buttons: they are always trimmed to correspond with the bottom of the dress. Sometimes the collar stands up round the throat, at others it falls over. I need not observe to you, my dear Sophia, that this kind of girlish covering for the bust looks ridiculous enough on women of a certain age, or on clumsy ill-proportioned figures; it is in fact proper only for the slight and graceful *belle* who is still in the spring of life: but so arbitrary is the tyrant Fashion, that ladies of all ages and all figures are seen in the public walks without any other covering.

Gowns are now made longer in the waist, and the backs narrower, than when I wrote last. The same materials are used both for morning and dinner dress: the former have a plain high body; the latter are cut low round the bust; but long sleeves are generally adopted for both. The bottoms of the skirts are trimmed with two flounces, which are always white, even if the dress is coloured: the lower flounce is very deep; a narrow one, placed immediately over it, serves for a heading. These flounces are disposed in very large plaits: the bottoms of the long sleeves are trimmed to correspond. A sash of the same material as the dress is tied behind in small bows and long ends, the ends sloped so as to be broader towards the extremities, which are finished with plaited muslin to correspond with the trimming of the dress.

This, however, though the most fashionable, is not the only kind of trimming worn; there is another

kind of flounce, much prettier and less formal: it is the same material as the dress, is cut bias, and set on very full: two rows of this trimming are put on, at some distance from each other, round the bottom of the skirt; it is of a moderate breadth, and falls in careless folds, which has a good effect. The pelerine, sleeves, and sash are trimmed to correspond.

The materials for *chapeaux* are gauze, crape, *gros de Naples*, and Leghorn. The most fashionable of these is gauze, of which the milliners make at least as many hats as of the other three. White, citron, lilac, straw-colour, and plaid gauze are all in request, but white and plaid are deemed most tonish.

The crowns of *chapeaux* are still worn low, and the brims large, but not of such an *outré* size as they were some time ago. Some have a piece set in behind at the bottom of the caul, which stands out and shades the neck a little; the brims of others go all round, but are only about an inch in depth behind, that is to say, at the back of the neck; others are quite square in the brim, and these in general are cut out behind.

The ornaments for the edges of the brims of hats vary a good deal. Some have a *ruche* of the same kind; others have a gauze ribbon plaited round the edge in large plaits; some have gauze or crape *bouilloné* on the edge, and a great number have a piece of some light material disposed round the brim in what are called *wolves' mouths*. Leghorn hats are simply bound at the edge with a ribbon, which must be either plaid, lilac, or white.

Flowers are as much in favour as

ever, but we see very few roses. Pinks, larkspurs, violets, geraniums, daisies, and pomegranite flowers are all in request. Garlands continue to be worn of a moderate size, and are not so general as wreaths.

Short robes, trimmed with flounces disposed in large plaits, are likely to become fashionable in dishabille. They have loose bodies with puckered collars, which stand up quite round the throat, and partly envelope the chin, and are confined to the waist by a sash of the same material, the ends of which are trimmed to correspond with the robe.

In speaking of the promenade costume, I have given you the best idea I am able of dinner dress. For full dress, tulle over white satin or sarsnet is in very great request. White levantine, trimmed with tulle or blond, is also very fashionable for evening parties. I have just seen one of these dresses, which, without being strikingly novel, is, I think, pretty and tasteful enough to deserve your notice.

The skirt is of a moderate length, made without gores, and tolerably full; a row of rich blond lace is set on plain at the bottom; over this is a row of tulle *bouillons*, which is surmounted by white satin *coques* placed perpendicularly. These *coques* are ornamented at each end by a little silk tuft, and headed by another row of tulle *bouillons*. The body is cut very low round the bust; it is ornamented with a row of *bouillons*, and has a stomacher to correspond. The sleeve, which is very full and short, is composed entirely of tulle, and has a band of *bouillons* across the lower part. The girdle

worn with this dress is singularly pretty; it is a ribbon composed of net silk, and tied in a full bow on one side of the bosom: as it is of various colours, like the scarfs you have in London, it appears at any distance like a bouquet of flowers.

Toques have again become fashionable in full dress; and small round caps composed of tulle, and ornamented with bunches of flowers, are beginning to be worn: but the most elegant head-dress that I have observed, is a kind of *toque* hat, which is composed of white satin and transparent gauze: the crown, which is oval and low, is a mixture of both; the satin is plain; the gauze is laid on in flutings. The brim is very small; it is cut in points, which are edged with pearl: the *toque* part is gauze, laid on very full, something in the style of a turban; the fulness is confined by strings of pearl, which are fancifully intermixed with it. This is really an elegant hat, and would be particularly becoming to my Sophia's Hebe face.

Our shoes and boots have afforded no novelty for some time past, but I have lately observed that our dress shoes are worn higher than they used to be on the instep: instead of rosettes, there are generally little clasps of gold or silver; sometimes these clasps are pearl or coral. For the promenade we wear *brodequins*, which are a sort of half-boot composed of kid leather, or stout silk, and buttoned on one side; they sometimes correspond with the dress, but more frequently are of a different colour.

Lilac, wild rose-colour, citron, and straw-colour, are at present most fashionable.

And now, my dear Sophia, having described to you the apparel of our Parisian *belles*, literally from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, I have only to repeat to you what you already know, that

neither time, absence, nor new connections can ever weaken that tender friendship for you, which has for so many years constituted the principal pleasure of your

EUDOCIA.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 15.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE THREE OF DIAMONDS represents a mountebank exhibiting and lecturing on varieties of the human visage, made hideous by ill-shaped masks and strange colours; an improvement, perhaps, on the ancient medium of the *horse-collar*. The zany is in the usual act of expressing astonishment at the skill of his master; and the male part of the audience are attentively watching the effect of the exhibition on the countenance of a well-dressed female placed between them. The figure of the card forms the mask and handkerchief, and an ornament to the stage.

THE FOUR OF SPADES. A fire-worshipper is prostrate at a consecrated altar, at which two lamps are burning with the perpetual fire. The pyramid and globe are sheltered beneath a canopy supported by four pillars, which is decorated by mystical devices formed by the

spade, and by inscriptions in the Persic language, inscribed upon the capitals and friezes.

THE SEVEN OF CLUBS. A Turkish rajah, seated on his throne of state, is receiving the homage of two officers, who are prostrate before him. The throne is surmounted by plumes and other decorations formed by the figure of the club, which is also borne as ornaments on the dresses of the attendants.

THE FIVE OF HEARTS represents a Grecian lady at her work-table, employed in forming into bracelets the valuable seed of the accoa plant, which are said to possess the property of giving additional lustre to beauty, by communicating their transparent freshness to the skin, and by giving brilliancy to the eyes. The heart is disposed as architectural ornaments, and as part of the contents of the vase.

AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTIONS REGARDING RECENTLY IMPORTED ANTIQUITIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I PERCEIVE in your last number some inquiries by a correspondent signing himself H. K. respecting some relics lately brought into

this country from the Mediterranean, and landed at Palace-yard. He asks, first, whether they formed part of the ruins of Carthage, Corinth, or Thebes, or of any, or all

of them; and next, where they are to be deposited, and whether they have been presented to the Prince Regent, who it seems has lately had the head of Memnon given to him.

Allow me, in reply, in the first place to observe, that I apprehend it is not impossible that these specimens of ancient architecture have been brought from different places: they consist almost solely of the fragments of columns, some in a more and some in a less perfect state: the capitals and pedestals are invariably separated from the shafts, and, excepting from the colour of the stone or marble, it is not perhaps now easy to ascertain which belonged to which. They are in different styles of architecture, and are composed of different substances; some of marble, some of red Egyptian granite, and some of a stone of a very peculiar appearance and composition, the grain running from top to bottom of the pillar, and the veins or streaks, which are of various colours, being in the same direction, and continued nearly in straight lines. I do not, however, find among them any of what your correspondent calls *verd-antique*, though there is a fragment or two of a kind of porphyry bearing some resemblance to it. What was the general style of architecture in Carthage, or of what materials the public buildings were composed, I confess myself in the dark, nor do I know where to obtain any information upon the subject: it seems probable, however, that the various ancient orders were in use; and in so magnificent a city no doubt marble, granite, and porphyry were brought from great distances to embellish the palaces and temples.

Therefore it is not impossible that all these recently imported antiquities may have been brought from thence. I confess that I am of your correspondent's opinion, that the probability is the other way.

I have the satisfaction to add, in answer to H. K.'s second question, that all these specimens have been conveyed to, and are now deposited at, the British Museum, the receptacle of the Elgin and Townley marbles, where any individual who chooses to take the trouble may have an opportunity of examining them. They are at present not under cover, but before the winter it is advisable that a temporary erection should be made over them, if there be not room to deposit them in any of the buildings at present raised. The effect of the severity of our northern climate upon these southern relics would be very injurious; besides which, the smoke and dirt they would be exposed to in the open court-yard, would much disfigure their beauty in the course of the winter.

Let me observe, in conclusion, that some of the capitals of the columns of the Corinthian order are in the most perfect and beautiful state of preservation, and are composed of the most exquisite materials: the greatest skill seems to have been employed in cutting them.

I am not able to refer your correspondent to any published account of these relics. I am, &c.

D. F. J.

HAMPSTEAD, Aug. 8, 1818.

[The Editor solicits such further information upon this curious subject as any of his readers may be able to supply.]

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of *INTERESTING EXTRACTS* from *NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.*

BIOGRAPHY OF EDMUND CAPELL, ESQ.

(From *Mr. NICHOLS' Literary Anecdotes, &c. of the 18th Century.*)

MR. CAPELL was born at Troston, near Bury in Suffolk, June 11, 1713. He was descended from the Capells of that county, but from what branch of them the writer cannot say with precision, though it became collateral before the family was ennobled, and therefore was not in the entail of its honours, as some have imagined. This has been acknowledged by Mr. Capell, for an affectation of this kind of pride was not among his foibles.

The father of the gentleman before us was a clergyman, and held the family living hereafter mentioned; and I presume was a younger brother, and became heir to his elder brother, for he enjoyed a considerable patrimonial estate, which afterwards devolved to Edward, his eldest son; while the living, with a younger brother's fortune, went to Robert, the younger and only brother of Edward.

Edward had one brother, Robert, and three sisters, Hester, Dorothy, and Anne. He had an uncle of the name of Maddox, who was a clerk in the lord chamberlain's office under Charles Duke of Grafton. This was probably on the mother's side.

Edward was, I think, of Catherine Hall, though he left his MSS. and books relative to Shakspeare to Trinity College. His brother was a fellow (a senior) at the time: but that was not the reason of such bequest. The former college was,

in his opinion, too obscure a place for such a deposit, for nothing but his industry could exceed his vanity.

More than twenty years of his lifewere spent in preparing the text of Shakspeare for the press. He must at the same time have attended to his notes, glossary, and "The School of Shakspeare," which he did not live to publish, though not more than two or three sheets were left unprinted; so that, in fact, thirty-three years of his life were absorbed in these works: for he did little else; though he preserved the languages in a more or less degree to the last. He was no mean classical scholar, and to the dead languages had added the French and the Italian; the last of which was necessary to him in his post of deputy inspector of the plays, including the operas, which were sent to him untranslated.

Mr. Capell held likewise, under the lord chamberlain, the post of groom of the privy chamber, in which he was likewise put by his Grace of Grafton, 1745, vice John Parsons, Esq.; and in which also he was succeeded by Mr. Trail. The net produce of these two appointments was, *communibus annis*, very nearly worth 300*l*.

It cannot be allowed that Mr. Capell had any *genius*, by which I mean wit or invention; for nothing original is known to have been

written by him. Once indeed he shewed to a friend a bold, ill-written, unpointed epigram, levelled at his persecutors, which he himself chuckled at as a happy thought. Neither had he any tincture of what is called *taste*. He had not even pretensions to the intermediate rank of an antiquary (for he held them rather in contempt), though he of necessity met with so many passages in Shakspeare relative to ancient customs and manners.—These he seems to have overlooked in search of various readings, for which I need but refer to his notes, wherein he is much more busy in comparing editions, than in elucidating his author.

He piqued himself, and not without some justice, in having purged and reclaimed his author's text; in-somuch that, being complimented with the title of *the Restorer of Shakspeare*, by a literary peer (I think Lord Dacre), he was known to have wept whenever he read the letter. His vanity, it must be owned, was a little aided in this weakness by the irritable state of his nerves, occasioned by a sedentary and secluded life. This appellation was the *maximum* of his wishes: the misfortune was, that it was said in a private letter, and not to the world, with which he was undesignedly at war.

Mr. Capell was a personable, well-made man, of the middle stature, and had much of the carriage, manners, and sentiments of a gentleman.

The bust prefixed to his notes and "The School of Shakspeare," was taken, I presume, when he was in the meridian of health, for it conveys nothing of his features in

profile to those who only knew him in the latter part of life, when he was much afflicted with a scorbutic humour, which shewed itself so much in his face, that his features became coarse, swollen, and disguised. When he was a young man, both at college and at the Temple, he was a professed beau, and much inclined to gallantry, as well as gaiety in dress.

It is a matter of no surprise that one who had affected so much refinement, should fancy himself a man of taste. Painting and music, I think, he was equally a stranger to: he might, for the sake of Shakspeare, like poetry; though he was not perhaps, generally speaking, a competent judge. As he must shew a taste in something, he chose architecture, and built a house on the faith of his own skill in that science, for which he paid exceedingly dear, to the great disappointment of those who succeeded to his fortune. This house was placed in a situation of all others the most uninteresting to a man of taste, who looks for diversity of prospect, lawns, groves, rivulets, &c.; for it was close to the sea, at the dirty port of Hastings. Here was he so much cramped in the scope about his house, that he was obliged to hire several adjacencies, or pay for them "inch-meal." This whim cost him, by his own account, and he was not given to exaggeration, near 5000*l.*; and, lamentable to tell, did not, after his decease, produce more than 1300*l.* Here, for the last twenty years of his life, he passed his hours, from May till October, equally unknowing and unknown; for he was of too haughty a spirit to associate with the inhabitants, and too much

of a humourist to be sought for by the neighbouring gentry. At first indeed he used to make morning visits to the Earl of Ashburnham and the Bishop of Chichester (Sir William Ashburnham, who had a patrimonial seat in the neighbourhood); but even these wore away, and he became at last as much a hermit at Hastings, as in his chambers in the Temple.

When he came to town in October, for the ten years preceding his death, nothing but the most urgent business could draw him out of doors. He was, however, exceedingly temperate in his diet, eating sparingly of simple things, and chiefly white-meats, and drinking no wine, except one glass, if perchance any one was allowed to partake of his little repast. He

was prudent, not covetous; expensive he could not be, though he was always neat in his dress to the last, which was as plain and simple as it had once been gaudy.

No one but himself was permitted to stir his fire, or snuff his candles; and to remove and misplace the most trifling thing in his room was a heinous offence. Thus, while he mistook literary industry for genius, he thought preciseness was a proof of a refined understanding: long habit had changed the latter into a humoursome particularity and peevishness, which drove his friends from even making him eleemosynary visits, when he really wished and begged for a little company. He died Jan. 21, 1781, aged 68 years.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IN A CASE OF MURDER.

(From Mrs. OPIE's *New Tales*.)

ONE of the waiters, whose name was Everett, was a man who had once belonged to a gang of house-breakers and thieves, but struck with temporary remorse during a violent illness, had left his wicked courses; and after trying different employments, had been so fortunate as to get the place of waiter at an inn; and there he might perhaps have become a more respectable character, had he not formed a connection with a very abandoned woman, whom he married, and who now, on pretence of her being ill, and wanting his assistance, had insisted on his leaving his place and coming to her, with a view of his joining a gang of smugglers, with whom she was intimate, and going with them immediately on a cruise

on board their cutter, which she thought would be good for her health.

Accordingly he had given warning to his master, and he was to set off the next day for the place where his wife expected him. But well knowing he should be more welcome to her if he brought money with him, and also being aware that he could get on board ship immediately, he resolved to make prize of part, if not all, of that gold which Bradford had so ostentatiously displayed; and he thought he could do this with more security, because Bradford having already accused Henry of having robbed him, his suspicions would undoubtedly fall on him; and he could, if Henry was sound asleep (as he expected

him to be), put some of the money and coins in his pocket.

Accordingly he entered the room, and found Henry unconscious, as if in the sleep of death. On Henry's table lay a small diamond pin, the gift of his mother; that Everett resolved to make his own, and for a while he pinned it on the bosom of his shirt. He then went to Bradford's bedside; but finding him less soundly asleep than he expected, and also finding that his head lay on his pockets, he saw no certainty of securing his prize but by adding murder to robbery. He, therefore, drew *Henry's sword* from his scabbard, and made a blow with it at the yet sleeping Bradford; but though it wounded it did not kill, and it awoke him immediately so much as to enable him to struggle with the villain for one moment—but in vain; the next stroke was fatal, and Bradford fell back on his pillow a bleeding and insensible corpse. Everett then went back into Henry's room, and replaced the bloody sword in the scabbard.

At this moment, just as Everett had completed his purpose, and was returning to take possession of the money, Henry became restless, and talked in his sleep; which alarmed Everett so much that he dared not stay a moment longer in either room, but returned to his own, where, having washed himself, and burnt to ashes all his linen that was bloody, he resolved to wait till he thought Henry was once more sound asleep. But on his re-entering the chamber, Henry, to his great alarm, cried out, "Who's there?" and he was glad to retreat; nor could he find an opportunity of ever entering the room again, for

he heard Henry walking about soon after, and found by the noise he made; that he was dressing himself.

Thus, then, had he burdened his soul with the commission of murder, without any recompence whatever; nor dared he leave the house under such circumstances, as that would appear a suspicious proceeding; and with a sinking heart, though with an assured countenance, Everett dressed himself and joined his fellow-servants.

When Henry awoke from his first deep sleep, he awoke to sleep no more that night, for with returning consciousness came the horrible recollection of the engagement he had made, to do an act which his own principles, both moral and religious, utterly condemned; namely, at the risk of his own life, and that of his parents' peace, raise his arm against the existence of a fellow-creature!

To a virtuous young man and an obedient pious child like Henry, such a recollection was insupportable; and it was not long before he began to consider, whether it was or was not too late to draw back from the precipice on which he stood.

Nor did he deliberate in vain; for soon not only "consideration like an angel came, and whipped the offending spirit out of him," but salutary fear of God conquered the unworthy fear of man and man's censure; and he almost positively resolved to quit Berkshire instantly, and to leave a letter for Bradford and for his own second, explaining his reasons for not fighting; and declaring his resolution, if Bradford persisted in his calumnies and his violence, to seek redress in a court of law.

Still he could not prevail on himself to do what his conscience required. Still pride, and even a virtuous resentment, withheld their approbation of the meditated step; and he was sitting irresolute still (though his trunk was nearly packed, and he himself dressed all but his sword), when the door opened, and a waiter appeared at it.

"What do you want?" said Henry.

"I am come to awake Mr. Bradford, sir, by his own desire, at five o'clock."—"Is it so late?" replied Henry. "But be so good as not to awake Mr. Bradford yet," he added in great agitation; "I have a reason for it."

"Indeed I must, sir," replied the man with a look of suspicion, "for he is a violent gentleman, and he would be angry."

"No matter; oblige me, and here is money for you," said Henry, who feared to have any communication with Bradford till his mind was made up how to act.

"I will have none of your money, sir," returned the man indignantly; for at this moment, glancing his eye towards the sword, which lay on Henry's chair, he saw the hilt was bloody, and that there was blood on the floor by it.

As soon, therefore, as he had uttered these words, he ran past the astonished Henry, and entered Bradford's chamber. At sight of the scene before him, the man uttered an exclamation of horror, which made Henry follow him. But as he intercepted Henry's view of the corpse, he exclaimed, "What is the matter?"

On hearing his voice, the waiter turned round. "Do you ask what

is the matter?" said he: "wretch! hypocrite!" So saying, he ran to the door of Henry's room, in spite of his detaining arm, took the key, which was inside, and then locking Henry in, went down stairs, crying "Murder!"

Amazement, speechless amazement, now took possession of Henry, which was succeeded by horror and agony as great, when, on looking towards the bed, on returning into the room from his vain pursuit of the waiter, he beheld Bradford stiff and bleeding, and saw by his countenance that he was dead, either by his own hand or that of an assassin.

Surprise, pity, and consternation at once assailed and overwhelmed him, and he staggered against the wall, nearly as insensible as the bloody corpse before him; while at first no fear or consideration for himself mingled with his feelings for Bradford. But short was the disinterested agony. The waiter's singular manner both of speaking and acting, in one alarming moment recurred to his mind, and convinced him, that the suspicion of having murdered Bradford must indubitably fall on *him*: and he stood pale and motionless, the image of despair, with his eyes wildly fixed on the unconscious object before him, when he heard the door unlocked, and saw every inhabitant of the inn rushing into the apartment in disorder and alarm.

The scene needed no explanation—it explained itself. On the bed, in the inner room, lay the bleeding and now cold body of Bradford; by the side of it stood Henry, overwhelmed with such agony as could be easily mistaken

for the agony of guilt; while the landlord seized the sword of Henry Woodville, and drawing it from the scabbard, held it up to view, stained to the very hilt with blood.

"My sword!" cried Henry, roused by this painful sight, "and was it done with *my* sword too? Then I am a lost man indeed!" And leaning against the wall, he hid his face with his hands.

It was found also that Bradford had *not been robbed*; and one of the gentlemen with whom he and Bradford had supped, now stooped down and took up something which glittered on the floor, and it proved to be Henry's shirt-pin, the beauty of which he had admired the preceding night. The head of this pin had been broken off in Bradford's short struggle with Everett; who, as I before stated, had pinned it on his shirt, and it now served (with the circumstance of there being no robbery) as an additional proof against the innocent Henry.

"Alas!" cried one of the gentlemen, holding it up to Henry, who had now uncovered his face, "unhappy young man, look! what an evidence is this against you!"

Henry did look—recognised his once dear ornament (the gift of his mother on his birth-day), and turning away, he said nothing then. But when the coroner was come, and the inquest entered upon, he solemnly called on his Maker to witness his entire innocence of the murder, strong as he must own appearances to be against him.

These terrible events had succeeded each other with such excessive rapidity, that Henry felt too much bewildered, and his feelings were too much obtunded, for him to take in as yet the danger, the mi-

sery, and the necessities of his situation: but when, in consequence of the strong circumstantial evidence against him, he was committed to prison as the supposed murderer of Bradford, he was roused to the full horrors of his almost hopeless condition; but then he recollected with some comfort, that his friend and partner was only a day's journey from him, and he was sure that he would not only hasten to him immediately, but would break the sad tidings to his beloved family.

Accordingly he begged to be allowed to write to him, and having done so, stating his entire innocence, and his confidence that Mr. Courtney would *believe* him innocent, he felt more easy, and resigned himself with confidence to the will and protection of that Being who "judgeth not as man judgeth."

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of Henry when the night closed in on him in the cell of his prison, and he saw himself chained, confined, and abhorred as a murderer, though innocent of even any intentional crime, except as far as having intended to meet the poor murdered Bradford in mortal combat, could be deserving of the name.

But the bitterest of all agony, and that consciousness on which he could not even bear to dwell—for there was madness in it—was the thought of what his parents, his family, and his friends would endure. "However, I have the comfort of knowing they will not for a moment believe me guilty," said he mentally: he then betook himself to long and ardent prayer, and fell into refreshing sleep.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. JAMES of Derby will shortly publish, by subscription, *A Diagram of the French Language*, to be printed in the form of a map. It will contain a very considerable quantity of original matter, comprising an improved arrangement of the verbs, with remarks and suggestions relating to the acquisition of the language.

Mr. Stanley, assistant surgeon and demonstrator of anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, is preparing for publication in October next, *A Manual of Practical Anatomy*, for the use of students engaged in dissections.

Anderson and Chase will publish on the 1st of October next, their *Annual Catalogue of new and second-hand Medical Books*; with a complete list of the lectures delivered in London, their terms, hours of attendance, &c.

The Rev. E. J. Burrow, A.M. F.R.S. F.L.S. Mem. Geol. Soc. has in the press, a second edition of his *Elements of Conchology*, according to the Linnæan system, illustrated by 28 plates, drawn from nature.

The principal artists of the city of Worcester have at length determined upon a public exhibition of their works, in which they will be materially assisted by the consent of the corporation for the use of a room in the Guildhall. They hope, from the encouragement held out, that they may be able, under all the advantages of a first exhibition, to produce a few pictures, which may at once add credit to individual talent, and to the city that produced it.

The Memoirs of Count Grammont are about to be published, printed elegantly in two pocket volumes, and at a moderate price.

Shortly will be published, in octavo, *The Nativity of her Royal Highness the late Princess Charlotte-Augusta*, calculated, by John Worsdale, sen. from the astronomical tables of Dr. Edmund Halley, late Regius Professor of Astronomy at Greenwich; including every arc of direction in the zodiac and mundo, with their genuine and natural effects, combined with the measure of time used and practised by the learned Claudius Ptolemy, and adjusted in proportion to the sun's geocentric motion in the ecliptic. To which is added, an important and interesting calculation of seven remarkable nativities, the parties being now living.

D. Jones's new translation of the *Four Gospels* into Welch, will be published in a few days, in a duodecimo volume.

The first part of *The Life of Mr. West*, President of the Royal Academy, by Mr. Galt, from materials furnished by the subject of the work, excited considerable interest: we are happy to hear that the second part is in progress, which will bring the memoirs down to a late date.

The *Miscellaneous Works* of the late George Hardinge, king's counsel and one of the judges for Wales, will shortly be published, under the care of Mr. Nichols, who was long his intimate friend, and who derived from Mr. Hardinge some of the most valuable materials for



his late volumes of *Literary Anecdotes*.

Mr. T. Parke, whose learning in old English literature is admitted by all, and who gave some proofs of it in his edition of the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, is about to publish what he calls *Nugæ Modernæ*, or Morning Thoughts and Midnight Musings. We have little doubt that his book will turn out to be better than his title.

Dr. Andrew Duncan has in the press, *An Account of the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. Alexander Monro*, of Edinburgh.

Mr. Alexander Chalmers, a writer of great industry and learning, is to edit the abridgment of Mr. Todd's *Johnson's Dictionary*.

The Rev C. R. Maturin, author of the tragedy of *Bertram*, and of *Woman, or Pour et Contre*, a novel, is about to print a volume of *Sermons*, delivered at his curacy of St. Peter's, Dublin.

We had occasion to mention some time ago Bellamy's new translation of *Genesis*, in which the author endeavoured to shew, that the version now in use was corrupt and incorrect: this is about to be controverted by Mr. Whitaker of St. John's Cambridge, who will attempt to refute the charges made by Mr. Bellamy.

Mr. W. Carey will shortly produce *A Biographical Sketch of Mr. Haydon*, the painter of *Macbeth*, and the *Judgment of Solomon*: it will be accompanied by criticisms upon his pictures and writings.

Memoirs on the present State of Science, and Institutions for its Promotion in France, are in the press: they are by Dr. A. B. Granville, and they will be accompanied by

many plates and other illustrations.

The authoress of the well-known novel *Purity of Heart*, and of *The Confession*, has written a poem, called *The Moor of Tripoli*, which in MS. has received considerable praise.

The Rev. Mr. Brook has a very valuable work nearly completed, on the *State and Progress of Religious Liberty in Great Britain*, from the first planting of Christianity to our own day.

Dr. Ayre of Hull has in the press, *Observations on the Causes and Cure of Insanity*.

Mr. Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E. has nearly completed his *Historical Account of Discoveries in Asia*. A short time ago, he produced a work, under the same title, relative to Africa.

The travels of foreigners in our own country are always interesting, for their observations upon manners and habits, which, though peculiar, do not appear so to us: on this account we shall be happy to read the translation about to appear of Dr. Spiker's *Travels in Great Britain*. They have already been published in German at Berlin.

Mr. Piquot's *Chronological History of Modern Europe*, compiled from the best French and German authorities, will shortly be given to the public.

The Narrative of the Captivity of Captain Golownin has excited so much attention, that he is about to print his *Recollections of the People of Japan*, with remarks on the manners and customs of this singular people. The subject is curious, and few works of authority have been written upon it.

Poetry.

THE SHEPHERD'S INVOCATION
TO SPRING.(From Poems by the Authoress of "Purity
of Heart.")

LOVELY nymph, with laughing eye,
Why delay thy coming, why?
Haste, oh haste! and let thy feet
Wander by my shaded seat;
Lightly trip beside my cot,
Dance along each well-known spot;
And where'er thy footsteps tread,
See the lowly flow'rets spread.
Twined in thy yellow hair,
Bring the daisy fresh and fair;
While thine eye of matchless hue
Mocks the violet so blue.
Sweet the rose upon thy cheek,
More than mortal grace shall speak;
While thy parted lips exhale
All the perfume of the gale.
Come, oh come! and let me see
Joy and hope and peace with thee;
Let thy glance, with life divine,
O'er my precincts sweetly shine.
Haste, oh hasten to my bower!
Bring the wreath, and bring the flower;
Sport amid the lucid tide,
See the meadows in their pride,
Mark the lambkins in their play;
Come, thou lov'd one! come away:—
Nature's choristers advance,
Calling to the jocund dance;
Hear their voices as they rise,
Hailing sweet the vaulted skies:
Weary Earth, she waits like me,
See she longs, she pants for thee!
Come, oh come then, balmy Spring!
All thy beauties hither bring;
Come and grace this lov'd retreat,
Come and share my rustic seat;
Come, oh come! with all thy charms,
Come and bless thy lover's arms!
Think not time or Summer's ray
Shall my passion melt away,

Or that Autumn's yellow hair
Will to me seem bright or fair.
Thou art as the opening day
Summer sets in Autumn's ray;
Hope of bliss thy glances cast,
Summer smiles when thou art past.
Fair is Autumn, with her train
Sweeping o'er the loaded plain;
Fair the crowded board she brings,
And fresh the fruitage of her springs:
Fair is Autumn, but her charms
Soon are lost in Winter's arms.
Promis'd hope, thy joys, my fair,
Sweet as roses in the air.
Haste then, hasten to my bower,
Bring the wreath and bring the flower.

SONNET TO MISS KELLY.

By Mr. CHARLES LAMB.

You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,
That stoop their pride and female honour
down
To please that many-headed beast *the*
town,
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks
for gain:
By Fortune thrown amid the actors' train,
You keep your native dignity of thought;
The plaudits that attend you come un-
sought,
As tributes due unto your natural vein.
Your tears have passion in them, and a
grace
Of genuine freshness, which our hearts
avow;
Your smiles are winds whose ways we
cannot trace,
That vanish and return we know not
how—
And please the better from a pensive
face,
A thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

It will be seen that, by mistake, in some copies of the Repository of this month, a reference to plate 20 has been made at the beginning of "The Sentimental Travels to the South of France;" when in fact the plate belongs to the article upon the "Residence of the Prince of Homburg."

D. W.—r's Extracts from Heywood's History of Women are acknowledged with thanks.

The first letter of Antiquarius is inserted in the present Number; his second communication will appear, probably, in our next.

Andrew C. is requested to send early his further Extracts from Robert Burns' unpublished Letters.

Elizabeth has our thanks, and, as in duty bound, we shall obey.

Pertinax Single, we are sorry to say, must be content with a slight delay of his Vindication: in the mean time he will be able the better to estimate the numbers and powers of his antagonists.

H. F.—S. S.—and Lorenzo are under consideration. Peter Primset's Adventures in November.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SEJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER 1, 1818.

N^o. XXXIV.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 126.)

PLATE 19.—VIEW OF THE GALLERY OF SCHALBET, TAKEN FROM THE ITALIAN SIDE.

ONE of the most magnificent, and at the same time one of the most beautiful and extensive, prospects is afforded to the traveller from the entrance to the gallery of Schalbet on the side of Italy: he here takes a review of the road he has passed, which is seen winding round the side of the mountain of Léria; the old road is also visible, following the same direction, but less distinct and more circuitous.

In the luxuriant and deep valley beyond, the smiling village of Naters forms an interesting object: it is surrounded by meadows of the freshest green, and encompassed by trees, some of handsome and ancient growth. The whole of the fore-ground is well wooded with pines and firs of various kinds; and the strong lines of the broken rocks and the dark foliage of the trees serve to set off the distance with great delicacy and effect. The valley is watered by the Rhone.

Beyond Naters the mountains rise somewhat gradually, but picturesquely: they are broken by

winter cataracts and other causes, in some places into very fantastic forms; and that which immediately backs the village is in parts richly ornamented by wood, principally firs, but the sameness of their effect is relieved by the distance from which they are seen. These are the mountains of the Valais, and beyond them, at a great distance, but rendered less in appearance to the eye by the magnitude and brightness of the objects, are the glaciers of Switzerland, extending through an enormous space on either hand. Upon the whole, this is one of the finest and noblest views in the entire range of country through which the traveller has to pass.

Of the gallery of Schalbet itself nothing more remains to be said: after a severe winter, the road is seldom so open as it is here represented, in consequence of the large masses of rock and earth, loaded with trunks of trees, which precipitate themselves into it from the sides of the impending mountains.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

A WIFE FOR PERTINAX SINGLE.

Mr. ADVISER,

I MUST begin by telling you frankly, that I do not apply to you for advice but assistance. I am a widow for the seventh time, and if Hymen will but listen to the prayers of his ardent votary, it shall not be long before I again enlist myself under his banners. But, shame to say, I have been already nine months a widow, and I have received no overture towards matrimony; a circumstance which I must believe arises partly from that absurd false delicacy so properly reprobated by your correspondent, an Antimonogamist, and partly from a report that I am equally clever in getting husbands and in getting rid of them.

I will not say, Mr. Adviser, that this assertion is altogether without foundation, but I protest to you, sir, I have employed only fair and allowable means for my own defence; and as a proof of it, I will, previously to the request I have to make to you, relate my matrimonial adventures.

I was run away with when I had scarcely attained my sixteenth year by Mr. Cameleon. During six weeks that our courtship lasted, he had taken the greatest pains to inspire me with a belief that his love was so violent, that if he was once possessed of my hand he should not have a care upon earth, nor any business in life but to render mine happy. Nevertheless, three weeks had scarcely elapsed after our marriage, when my poor husband was

immersed in business, and so overwhelmed with cares, that he had no time to attend to the light of his eyes, as he used to call me before marriage. My fortune consisted entirely of landed property; and as Mr. Cameleon was naturally avaricious, his whole thoughts were occupied in endeavouring to make the most of it; so that instead of a lively, tender, and polite husband, as I had flattered myself he would prove, I found him cold and careless in his behaviour, and perfectly indifferent to every thing respecting me but my expenses: these he curtailed so unmercifully, that I had very soon the agreeable prospect of living in a worse style than one of my own under-tenants. I was too inexperienced to have recourse to any other means than tears and supplications, which were quite thrown away upon my tender *sposo*; when a circumstance happened which turned the tables most delightfully in my favour, and gave me opportunities of revenging myself, which I did not fail to use effectually.

This was my being in that state in which "ladies wish to be who love their lords;" and as, if I died without children, my property would revert to a distant relation, Mr. Cameleon suddenly became exceedingly attentive to me. I had sense enough to be conscious of the motive which induced him to resume that appearance of tenderness he had so long laid aside, and I took care to have caprices enough, each

more expensive than the other. I could laugh now at the recollection of what the poor man must have suffered. He sometimes complied with my whims with suppressed rage, but apparent mildness; at others he would begin to remonstrate, but as any thing that sounded like opposition never failed to throw me into hysterics, he never got farther than the first sentence.

In this manner, sir, I carried on a spirited attack upon my tyrant for five months; at the end of that time I took a fancy to an Indian shawl of such an extravagant price, that Cameleon's avarice conquered his fear for my health, and he peremptorily refused to let me have it. I had recourse to a display of hysterics, and feigned them so well, that he sent for the shawl immediately; but the effort he made in so doing cost him dear, for I verily believe it broke his heart. He never held up his head afterwards, and died in less than six weeks, of what the doctors termed a nervous disorder.

By this event I regained my freedom in my eighteenth year, and I had learned worldly wisdom enough not to be cozened out of it again by any lover who could not make me a settlement proportioned to my estate. I was soon surrounded by a train of adorers, from whom I selected Sir Andrew Afterday, a baronet of ancient family and good property. As he appeared to be of an easy temper, I had no doubt that we should live very well together; but I found myself mistaken: Sir Andrew, though he had passed his grand climacteric, had still a passion for being thought a man of spirit and gallantry; he was, be-

sides, extremely vain of his person, and tiresomely particular about his dress. All this I should not have troubled my head about, if he would but have suffered me to follow my own pursuits, but he tormented me daily to join in his. I was obliged during whole mornings together to sit listening to him descanting on the elegance of a cuff; or the easy fall of a collar, which he had just introduced; or, if these edifying subjects were exhausted, I was entertained with anecdotes of the joyous scenes in which he had mixed forty years before. In short, he effectually hindered me from seeking amusement abroad, and he totally destroyed my comfort at home by keeping all the talk to himself. Judge, sir, whether it was possible for a woman of the least spirit to put up with this treatment. I turned my thoughts to provide a remedy; and as it occurred to me that a cold might give a seasonable check to my spouse's loquacity, I advised him to leave off his flannel waistcoat, which I assured him was the most unfit appendage in nature to the wardrobe of a smart fellow. The poor man, who had a very good opinion of my sense and taste, followed my advice; but I could not help regretting that I had given it, when, instead of a temporary hoarseness, he caught a cold which settled upon his lungs, and very soon left me for the second time a widow.

I had been so sickened of a talkative partner, that I took care to choose a person of a contrary disposition for my third mate. Mr. Nuntium, a gentleman whose estate joined mine, made me proposals in the tenth month of my widowhood, which I accepted. I was

now of an age to wish for a rational companion, and as Mr. Nuntium passed for a man of great understanding, I was in hopes to have found one, but I was miserably mistaken: he was a violent politician, and so occupied with the affairs of Europe, that he soon treated me with gross neglect; and what was worse, whenever affairs of state, either abroad or at home, did not go on according to his wishes, he used to fall into such fits of passionate ill humour, that I have more than once trembled for my personal safety while he has been in these paroxysms of rage.

I should strive in vain to paint to you, Mr. Adviser, all the misery of being dependent on a being whose temper literally varied with every wind that blew, and whose pleasure, even when he chanced to be in a good humour, which was rarely the case, was not of a nature in which I could participate. For some time I led a truly uneasy life; for though Mr. Nuntium would not have prevented my going out as much as I pleased, ill health confined me to the house; and to this circumstance, which I then regarded as a serious misfortune, I may ascribe my deliverance.

I contracted a fondness for scribbling poetry, and soon afterwards my husband, who had some thoughts of getting into parliament, wrote a political pamphlet, on the success of which he depended to forward his views. In the hope that by mortifying his vanity I should humble his haughty and violent temper a little, I wrote a lampoon, in which I treated him with more severity perhaps than wit: however, I had the laughers on my side, and that

was enough to exasperate him. You will readily believe that I had the discretion to conceal my name, but he was so intent upon finding out the author, that he gave himself no rest night nor day. I believe that for two months he scarcely eat or slept, but at the end of that time he had worried himself into a fever, which carried him off in a few days.

Business necessarily brought me acquainted with Mr. Nuntium's executor. This gentleman, whose name was Panada, was mild, polished, and intelligent; he soon became warmly attached to me, and as I saw nothing but what preposessed me in his favour, I consented to give him my hand: and now you will say, I might have been happy. Alas! Mr. Adviser, one single shade in my husband's character rendered us both in a little time miserable. He was an imaginary valetudinarian, and he not only lived by rule himself, but he would, out of his tender care for my health, have obliged me to do the same. As he was really, this failing excepted, very amiable, I submitted for some time with tolerable patience to be half starved; but perceiving that he became more unreasonable as I grew more complying, I boldly asserted my right, as a free-born Englishwoman, to eat what I pleased, substituted Madeira for barley-water, and instead of water-gruel at night indulged myself in a hearty supper.

Horror-struck at proceedings which he thought would end in the total destruction of my health, Mr. Panada determined to assail me both by precept and example: accordingly he became daily more temperate, till at last he took

scarcely any sustenance; and I, on the other hand, provoked at being continually teased, indulged myself sometimes in those dishes to which he had the greatest objection: so that between his fears for my health, which he was really anxious about, and his extreme abstemiousness, aided no doubt by the quick medicines he was continually swallowing, he survived our marriage little more than a year.

I was yet young and, vanity apart, handsome; but as censorious people seemed to wonder at my having so quickly buried four husbands, I had some thoughts of remaining a widow; and I really believe I should have done so, but for the vanity of supplanting a beautiful girl who had been a ward of my late husband. The gay Captain Gorget, one of the most dashing men in England, was paying his addresses to her; but he soon contrived to let me know that he would instantly break off the match, if he had any hopes of me. Though I did not care a farthing for Gorget, yet I could not resist the opportunity of triumphing over a first-rate beauty, and he managed matters with so much address, that I consented to marry him privately, on his solemnly promising to settle all my fortune immediately on myself.

For the first month or two all went on well. Gorget was gay, tender, insinuating, in short, as I thought, a *rara avis*: but a very short time proved the fallacy of my judgment. He continued to evade making the promised settlement, and in consequence we began to stiff a little. Shortly afterwards he

began to absent himself greatly from home, and I had the mortification to find, that the money which ought to have been secured to me, was every day squandered with the most ridiculous prodigality. This of course led to quarrels whenever we did meet; but luckily for me, that love of notoriety which had so nearly caused my ruin, delivered me from my bondage.

It was one of Gorget's peculiarities to fancy that he could do every thing better than any body else. One day a gentleman, who dined with us, was speaking of some extraordinary feats of pedestrianism which had been recently performed; Gorget declared that he saw nothing wonderful in them, and that he was sure he could go a greater distance, in a given time, than any of the persons who had been mentioned. The company were silent, but I could not help expressing my astonishment at the hardihood of this assertion; which he then repeated more vehemently. He offered bets, but none of the company would take them; and at last, irritated by my sarcasms, he declared his intention to outdo every pedestrian that had hitherto appeared, by walking in the ensuing week a certain number of miles without stopping. Everybody exclaimed that it was impossible, and I took care to exclaim louder than any of the rest. He was resolved to convince us that we were all mistaken, and he accordingly made the attempt: he continued his walk, though it rained very hard, till he actually dropped down exhausted by fatigue; and even then he would not allow that he had failed, for he said that he would resume his walk

as soon as he was a little rested; but a violent fit of the ague came on shortly after he was put to bed, and terminated at once his walks and my fears of starvation.

Upon looking into my circumstances, I found they were so reduced, that a rich husband was absolutely necessary to enable me to live in the style to which I had been accustomed. But this time I had not as formerly a troop of lovers to choose from; on the contrary, I was obliged to exert my utmost address to make such a conquest as would answer my purpose: at last I fixed upon Simon Shallowbrain, esquire, a gentleman something younger than myself, and possessed of a good property. I had little trouble in captivating him, and after a short courtship, we were married.

As my young husband was not overburdened with understanding, I had no doubt that I could govern him as I pleased; but I very soon found him utterly unmanageable: I tried flattery, coldness, and caresses all in vain; I had then recourse to remonstrances, and oblique hints and sneers, but they were also unavailing; he neither heeded being talked to, nor talked at. When it luckily entered my head, that he had once dropped some hints of his belief in astrology. From that moment I had him entirely in my power: it did not require much knowledge of astrology to make him think that I was well skilled in it; and I became so completely lady of the ascendant, that by the help of my good friends Jupiter, Saturn, and the rest of the planets, I ruled him as I pleased. We might have lived till now in

great harmony together, had he not been carried off by a putrid sore throat, which he caught by watching the motions of Venus in the open air on a frosty night.

My seventh and last husband was Mr. Snarl. I married him merely to clear my character—not from any suspicion of impropriety; no, in that particular even the most censorious have never presumed to asperse me; but very injurious reports had been circulated respecting my temper and disposition. Snarl was an old bachelor of immense property, and of such a singular disposition, that he delighted in nothing so much as contradiction: he frequently declared that he was miserable for want of somebody to contradict him; and hearing that it was shrewdly suspected that my obstinacy and perverseness had shortened the days of my several mates, he paid his addresses to me, in the hope that, by gaining my hand, he should secure to himself a friend of contradiction for the rest of his days: indeed on my accepting his proposals, he boasted to a friend of his that he had done so. The gentleman, who happened to be an acquaintance of mine, repeated the conversation to me, and I immediately determined that my intended should find himself disappointed. I have naturally an admirable command of my temper, and I behaved with so much meekness and affection, acquiesced so dutifully in whatever he said or did, and took such care never to thwart him in the most trifling thing, that the poor man could not support it; his acrimonious and violent temper preyed upon his spirits, and he died nine months ago, I verily be-

lieve of mere weariness and chagrin.

And now, Mr. Adviser, let me, woman-like, tell you at the conclusion of my epistle, the reason of my writing it. The letter of an Antimonogamist has given me a very favourable opinion of the writer: from his easy and spirited style, I am inclined to think that he is a single man; and from the liberality of his sentiments, I have no fear that he will accuse me of forwardness in thinking of an eighth husband: if he is inclined to enter the holy state, I should have no objection to accompany him to the altar. From the detail which I have given, I think he must allow, that it is at least likely I shall prove a match for any man, and as I am tired of hostilities, I am resolved to take as much pains to please my next husband, as I have taken to plague my others.

Relying upon you to convey this letter to your correspondent, I remain, sir, your very humble servant,

VICTORIA.

I shall not attempt to obtrude my advice upon Victoria, but I cannot help conjuring my corre-

spondent, an Antimonogamist, to be very cautious how he enters into any treaty with this invincible widow, who seems to have no more scruple about breaking the hearts of her husbands, than Blue Beard had about cutting off the heads of his wives. As to the fair promise with which she concludes her letter, I consider it merely as a decoy to lure my correspondent into her toils, and if he will take my advice, he will carefully avoid an interview with her. I know indeed but one man whom I think she ought in justice to honour with her hand, and that is the gentleman who signs himself Pertinax Single. I believe I can answer for it, that there is not one of the fair readers of the *Repository* who would not be happy to hear that he and the widow were united; and for my own part, if they would follow my recommendation, they would marry directly; for I look upon it that they are each unique in their way, and I think their union would afford to each the best opportunity they can ever have, of displaying their respective powers of managing a helpmate.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

No. IV.

Sea air and the atmosphere of a ball-room compared--Female satire, and its consequences--Human inconsistency--A lover introduced, and remarks on the appearance of persons in love--Nice distinctions--Reasons why in marriage people of opposite tempers should be united

as well as people of disproportionate sizes.

Scene.—The East Cliff at BRIGHTON.

Persons.—LOUISA, Lady FRANCES, LOVE-MORE, and Sir JAMES.

Lady Frances. After all, my dear cousin, what you say is true; it certainly is a delightful thing to

enjoy the fresh sea-air upon these cliffs: I declare I do not know which is most agreeable, to walk here, or to dance up and down a crowded ball-room.

Louisa. I do not see in what respect any comparison can be made: to me they seem perfectly contrasted.

Lady Frances. I do not say that they are alike; only that the sensation is much the same, and the pleasure derived from each much in the same degree.

Louisa. How do you shew that the sensation is at all similar? Is there any resemblance between the cool air here and the hot air in the ball-room; or between the fresh morning looks of the people we now meet, and the jaded, pallid appearance of those who have worn themselves out by skipping and jumping in all directions for many successive hours?

Lady Frances. The likeness consists not in the cause, but in the effect.

Louisa. Nay, now you are going far out of my depth, if you are about to reason upon cause and effect, and metaphysical questions of that sort. What, my satirical cousin, turned philosopher!

Lady Frances. What, my philosophical cousin turned satirist! Pray why may not I talk a little gravely and rationally sometimes as well as you and my uncle? I never heard that you had any monopoly of that kind. I say again, the likeness consists not in the cause, but in the effect: the air here is reviving and invigorating; and what can be more animating and enlivening than the music in a ball-room, with a handsome fellow to

detail, as one walks up and down, all the little gossip and anecdotes of the week?

Louisa. No doubt it has its pleasures, or so many would not be anxious to enjoy them: but you know I never was very fond of dancing.

Lady Frances. Aye, aye, you were always too sentimental to delight in that elegant and rational amusement: the change of partners was not always agreeable, and you were much more willing to sit still with a certain agreeable young gentleman to amuse you with his remarks, than to join those who were engaged in footing it to the music. You may smile as you please, but you know it was the fact, as Henry Lovemore can witness.

Louisa. Nonsense, child! or if it were so, I do not know that much blame could attach to any one for liking agreeable and well-informed conversation. You had your conversation too with your beaux, no doubt. I dare say all the new plays were criticized with your wonted candour, and all the dresses in the room observed upon with your usual good-nature. You are the veriest quizzer that ever delighted in turning others into ridicule. I wonder you do not tire sometimes, and relax a little of your severity.

Lady Frances. Tire, my dear! I never can tire, and there is so much food for my satire, that I ought never to tire.

Louisa. I dare say you consider yourself a very important personage, specially appointed and called to be the censor of morals and manners. Yet, after all,

what does your satire accomplish? Nothing, or worse than nothing; for while it reforms nobody, it makes every body your enemy—every body is afraid of you, and it is impossible for those who fear ever to love.

Lady Frances. And do you imagine that I can be at-all anxious for the love of such creatures as I think deserving ridicule?

Louisa. But your ridicule is indiscriminate--all fall under the lash, and all recollect the smart of the infliction.

Lady Frances. But all do not feel it; some, and not a few, are so thick-skinned (to carry on your figure) that the lash never penetrates; they cannot be my enemies any more than my friends. But how does what you are now saying agree with what you remarked a few days ago, when my uncle (who is at this time prosing over the newspapers at Walker's library) referred to the celebrated line of Boileau as applicable to me, that I was the best-natured creature with the worst-natured inclination?

Louisa. I am quite ready to own that you are so. I say it again; but it is not at all in contradiction to my recommendation, that you should restrain a turn for satire, which makes you so many enemies. For the sake of saying a severe thing, you would not scruple to lose twenty friends, as the same French poet remarks of his young witster*: but you do it from thoughtlessness, not from design in general; or if it be by design,

* Mais c'est un jeune fou, qui se croit tout permis,
Et qui, pour un bon mot, va perdre vingt amis.

Sat. ix.

I must do your discernment the justice to allow, that you offend persons who are seldom worth pleasing.

Lady Frances. I do not see that you have got out of your dilemma, and I cannot wonder that you should be involved in a contradiction about a person who is herself a living contradiction—one half of whose words and deeds are in opposition to the other half.

Louisa. You are certainly like nobody else in many respects.

Lady Frances. But not in that, believe me. As my uncle would gravely and sagaciously remark upon this occasion, "How inconsistent are all the actions of men! how full of contradiction, not only one to the other, but to themselves!"

Louisa. And as you would shrewdly subjoin, "How fit it is that it should be so: for if all mankind did and thought alike, what a fund of entertainment would be lost! what a sameness would there be in the world, what an absence of all that variety of character and conduct which renders life agreeable!"

Lady Frances. Nay, my dear, I should say no such thing: it would be rather too much of a truism for me, and would far better become my uncle's daughter. Let that remark and its sagacity belong to you. But come, let us return: as I live, here is my uncle advancing to meet us; but tell me, Louisa, pray who is that tall smart young gentleman that has hold of his arm? Who can it be? Well now, I declare it is—

Louisa. Mr. Lovemore. Can you not see?

Lady Frances. Yes, yes, a little more than you imagine, I fancy. But, my dear, you really put me

out of breath—why are you walking so fast on a sudden?

Louisa. I did not know that I walked faster than before; or if I did, it was only because I wished to hear if there were any news in the papers this morning—that was all.

Lady Frances. Your anxiety for news makes your colour come and and go, too, with great rapidity. No doubt you are deeply interested in the state of politics, the issue of the contest in the Spanish colonies, and the mighty matters to be brought before the congress at Aix la Chapelle. But, methinks, Mr. Lovemore is walking fast also; see how he drags poor Sir James along by the arm! I suppose he wishes likewise to learn your opinion upon the state of politics and things in general.

Louisa. Well, I see there is no stopping you—go on.

Lady Frances. It is you that go on, and so fast that I really cannot keep pace—the nearer you approach the quicker you walk; but that is as it ought to be, for you are on your way to the centre of attraction. Well, considering that his head is wrapped up in politics and matters of high moment, I think I never saw a young gentleman look less wise than Mr. Lovemore at the present moment. There is certainly a sympathy between you, for I vow that your face exactly reflects the expression of his.

Louisa. What nonsense you talk! I do not see that he looks so foolish.

Lady Frances. I dare say not; but here they are.—[*To them, Sir James and Lovemore.*—Good morning, Mr. Lovemore. Uncle, pray where did you meet?

Sir James. I saw Mr. Lovemore

sauntering upon the beach, only in his own company, as an Irishman might truly say, for he seemed involved in his own contemplations.

Lady Frances. No doubt he was revolving the state of politics, and the posture of affairs in Europe. Louisa, too, has been very deliberative, I fancy, upon the same subject that occupied the thoughts of Mr. Lovemore—whatever that might be—hem!

Lovemore. No doubt Miss Bolton's thoughts were well employed, Lady Frances.

Lady Frances. Pleasantly, I dare say, but whether profitably perhaps remains to be seen.

Louisa. I am sure, cousin, in your company it is very difficult to think about any thing. You compel every body to be as thoughtless as yourself.

Lovemore. Perhaps Lady Frances has this advantage over the rest of her sex, that she can do well without thinking: it is in her nature to do right as it were by instinct.

Lady Frances. If you mean that as a compliment, I think it is somewhat lame; for at least you make me out to be a mere animal, governed not by reason, the light of man, but by mere brute instinct.

Sir James. And is it no compliment to a woman then to say, that she always does what is right, that she is *la femme qui a raison*?

Lady Frances. But *la femme qui a raison* means the woman who not only does, but thinks rightly: now Mr. Lovemore insists that I never think at all. However, it is not wonderful that he should be in a dilemma, for not more than five minutes ago my cousin Louisa was in the same predicament.

Lovemore. Whether I am or am not willing to grant that you act in consequence of previous deliberation, Lady Frances, and consequently that you possess the divinest quality of human nature, it seems clear that there is but little humanity in your attacks. In that respect, you do not entitle yourself to the praise you are so anxious to claim.

Louisa. That is a very fair retort, cousin, and you deserve it.

Lady Frances. Indeed but that remains to be seen, for here again Mr. Lovemore is in another dilemma. It is a very old saying, that "laughter belongs to mankind only*;" and if I laugh now and then at my friends and relatives, does it not afford an additional proof that I am human?—*human* and *humane* are the same thing.

Sir James. If they are the same thing, why are they different words?

Lady Frances. Why, uncle, you know better than I do, a thousand instances where the same thing is expressed by different words. What is the distinction, for instance, between *love* and *affection*? Can you tell me, Louisa, or you, Mr. Lovemore?

Louisa. Upon matters of that kind, cousin, I could not presume to give an opinion before a lady of so much more experience in the tender passion.

Lady Frances. No, no, Louisa, you may accuse me of a great many foolish things certainly, but not

* *Parceque rire est le propre de l'homme.*

Intr. Sonnet to Rabelais.

It had been often said before, and has often been repeated since, but it is not to be supposed that the young lady derived it from the above authority.

of that climax of folly—falling in love. Heaven be praised, I am free from that offence!

Lovemore. If it were fair to ask Lady Frances to give a reason for anything she advanced, I should be strongly tempted to inquire, why she holds love to be an offence.

Lady Frances. And perhaps if you did, I should endeavour to shew, that it is an offence against all laws, both human and divine. In the first place, the object of all human laws is to produce a gradual improvement in the species; and surely the motion is only retrograde when two people make fools of themselves. In the next place, it is against good-breeding to be in love, for it is a complete devotedness to one object, to the exclusion of the commonest attentions to other people. As to the divine law, are we not bound to love all mankind equally? and is it not, therefore, disobedience to love one only? For my part, I cannot discover what is gained by it; on the contrary, the most loving matches generally turn out the most unhappy marriages; and, in my opinion, people would be much better matched, if unions were formed at random, instead of such pains being taken to make two beings, unlike in every respect, and consequently perfectly discordant, unhappy for life.

Sir James. One object of marriage is to remedy contrarieties and to supply defects.

Lady Frances. How so, Sir James? Explain yourself.

Sir James. People very often say, "Such and such a young gentleman and lady will make a happy pair, because their tempers are so

alike:" now it strikes me, that that is the very reason why they should be kept asunder.

Lovemore. This is certainly a new doctrine.

Sir James. Suppose, for instance, two young people of a very calm, equal temperament were to come together, what would be more insipid and wearisome than the life they must lead? Existence to them would belike a stagnant lake, growing corrupt and offensive merely from inaction. On the other hand, match two persons of a hot fiery disposition, and they would consume and destroy each other: yet unite a tranquil, easy-tempered female with a passionate man, and between them they make out a very comfortable sort of life, neither so calm as to be tedious, nor so stormy as to be dangerous.

Lovemore. This it is true would be remedying contrarieties, but how is marriage to supply defects?

Sir James. Why, the perfections of the wife ought to supply the defects of the husband, and the acquirements of the husband to make up for the comparative ignorance of the wife. This is keeping up the balance or level of human nature.

Lovemore. In the same way you would have a tall man marry a short woman, and *vice versa*?

Sir James. The world might otherwise be again over-run by a race of giants and giantesses. The Titans would be restored, and a new attempt would be made upon the throne of Jupiter.

Lovemore. The fact certainly seems to support your position; for how often we see a very large man with a very small wife, and not unfrequently a Huncamunca of a wife with a Tom Thumb of a husband!

Lady Frances. Well, gentlemen, your conversation is certainly very edifying, and it seems a thousand pities (as the old ladies say) to break in upon it; but if you continue it much longer, we shall lose our ride to Rottingdean and Newhaven. Perhaps, uncle, Mr. Lovemore will accompany us, and then you can renew your discussion on the road.—[*Aside.*] You cannot say, Louisa, that I am always ill-natured.

[Mr. Lovemore willingly accepted the invitation when repeated by Sir James, and all the parties hastened home to make ready for their excursion along the coast.]

ASMODEUS.

SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XXI.

AS soon as I found myself alone with the canon and my two pious female neighbours, had solicited the honour of their presence at my farewell dinner, and impressed upon Bastian the necessity of making suitable provision for such distinguished guests, I proceeded as the victorious party, without farther ceremony, to a business which is

often attended with great difficulties—I mean the settling of costs and damages. Though I yesterday offered spontaneously to take these upon myself, yet so much had circumstances since changed, that I now felt sufficient assurance to retract my word. I found it quite repugnant to my moral sentiments to replace the victims which

I had taken from the impure herd of casuists, for the purpose of sacrificing them to the memory of Rousseau, and it seemed much more meritorious to devote the sum thus saved to some good action. Turning therefore to the canon, "I am aware," said I, "what pain it would give to all true believers here, if I were to think of carrying the document of the Trinity from the country where Providence produced it—"—"No, by my conscience," cried the alarmed canon, interrupting me, "that must not be done!"—"Especially," I resumed, "as nobody knows whether the loss of it may not excite a commotion among the people, to whom I have partly promised the public exhibition of this miraculous paper—"—"Yes, indeed," exclaimed the canon, "all would be uproar and confusion!"—"And yet," I continued in a tone of increased assurance, "your wisdom cannot deny that this treasure is my property, if I am to replace a heap of casuists, which are to be considered only as the vehicle of this precious document, just as the gold belongs to the chemist who purchases the ore that contained it."—"My dear friend," cried the canon, again interrupting me, "is there no way of compromising this matter? By all that is sacred, I entreat you to devise one."—"That I have already done," replied I, crossing my arms, without much respect for his purple. "Were it in my nature to drive a hard bargain with sacred things—were not the payment of costs in general a kind of inculpatory proof against the party paying them, and did I not feel an inward satisfaction in

punishing by generosity those who would have persecuted me, I should, between ourselves be it said, my dear friend, act rather more selfishly—I should replace the books that I had burned, by paying the paltry price charged for them, and enrich my country with a document, which to a well-constituted heart must be more precious than all the libraries in the world. But I cheerfully renounce all claim to this treasure—"—"How noble! how generous!" exclaimed Clara.—"Ah! what a weight is removed from my heart!" screamed her old aunt, who with her niece had hitherto listened in anxious suspense.—"On the other hand," I proceeded, in a high tone, "I require a release from all costs, and also a promise, that in your future researches into that great mystery, you will kindly think of the man who has perhaps thrown greater light upon the obscure doctrine of the Trinity than all the divines who have yet laboured at its explanation."

The canon, in the joy of his heart, not only confirmed, in the most flattering manner, the compliments which I paid myself, but thanked me, in the name of all the congregations of the Christian church, though not one of them was under his cure, for my generous offer. He said he had no doubt that the legate would do the same, and in the name of his holiness approve, with gratitude and joy, of such reasonable conditions. He added, that he would hasten to him immediately to arrange all the matters connected with this affair; that he hoped to complete the business in a few hours, and then to

exchange my written release from my arrest, and from all damages and charges, be they what they might, for a glass of good wine at my table.

He departed, and Bertilia, after whispering her niece, also retired, saying she was going to her own room to pray. Clara, who now found herself all at once alone with me, blushed deeply; and as, in seeking to extricate ourselves from a small embarrassment, we often plunge into a much greater, she begged me to conduct her out of the solitary apartment to the library, which is certainly the most private and retired corner of the whole house. She wished, she said, once more to inspect, in my company, the remarkable place where the legend of her sainted namesake had stood previously to its late removal. Without pausing long to admire her speedy forgetfulness of the situation, I gave her my arm. Scarcely had we entered the closet, when she surprised me more than I am able to express.

Instead of taking the least notice of the shelf upon which the legend of St. Clara had lately stood, no sooner were we before the book-case, than she turned to me with a grace not to be described, and with child-like familiarity put both her hands into mine. "I have enticed you," said she, "to this sequestered closet, for no other purpose than to pour out my heart, which is too full, undisturbed before you. Forgive my little artifice, my dear sir! What obligations," continued she, with profound emotion, "what obligations have you laid upon me under during the past hour! I was born many benevolent

persons have interested themselves in my welfare; they have guided my steps, imparted counsel and consolation, and enlarged my understanding; but never till this day was I thoroughly acquainted with myself. For you it was reserved to communicate this knowledge. You, sir, were the first that taught me my intrinsic value, and elevated me in my own eyes to a dignity under which I scarcely know how to conduct myself. The delightful consciousness of possessing those sacred treasures which have hitherto escaped all human researches—would to God that it may not make me arrogant and vain, and unworthy of the inheritance of my blessed sister!"—"What, Clara!" said I, sarcastically, "had you never any suspicion of the fact till it was mentioned by me?"—"Not the least," replied she, with a *naïveté* that was quite fascinating.—"Did then," said I, with a significant look, while she blushed like scarlet—"did M. Ducliquet never furnish you with any clue to it?"—"Oh!" replied she, without the slightest discomposure, "some years ago indeed that kind and worthy gentleman took the trouble to relate to me the history of my sainted namesake, for my edification and imitation. It was indeed the subject of his first conversation with me; but then I was only a child—I paid no attention to it, and fell asleep during his instruction."—"So!" said I, "but how was that?"—"Because," replied she, "it was very late. You must know, it was midnight."—"But, for Heaven's sake, Clara, how came you to be so late in the company of the canon?"—"Why," replied she,



"my father's sister at Cavaillon, who keeps the inn called the Prophet, had paid us a visit here, and took me back with her when she returned. When we arrived at the inn we found it as full of company as it could be. It was very late, and I was so fatigued that I was unable to keep my eyes open. My aunt made every necessary preparation for me to retire to rest as speedily as possible; she led me into a large room, and shewed me a bed. Before I had time to undress myself, my uncle brought a traveller into the same apartment. It was Monsieur Ducliquet. He inquired what girl I was. My uncle told him my name, and wished us a good night. The reverend, pious gentleman availed himself of the occasion to tell me many edifying things about my name and my patroness. But as children cannot help being children, I scarcely heard what he had to say, and fell asleep. Soon afterwards—but that is a story which has nothing to do with the present subject—"—"Never mind, Clara," said I, "go on: I could listen to you the whole day."—"Well then, sir," rejoined she, "it is your own fault, if I tire you. I fell asleep, as you know—but it was not long before a strange noise awoke me. I raised myself to see what was the matter, and you may imagine how a child like myself must have been terrified to see the devil at my bedside."—"Heaven defend us!" exclaimed I, interrupting her narration—"Don't be frightened," replied she hastily; "it was not the devil himself, but only a player who had been acting the character, and was seeking his bed—and, sir,

you will not be a little surprised to learn, that it was one of those very soldiers who have been guarding you."—"Impossible!" cried I.—"Oh! you may depend upon it," rejoined she; "you can ask him yourself. To be sure," continued she, "I was dreadfully frightened, but it was a lucky accident for me. I lay the whole night in a fever, and such was my terror, that the following morning, nothing could have kept me at Cavaillon. I cried, and was so miserable that at length my relations ventured to beg M. Ducliquet, who was travelling to Avignon, to allow me a place in his carriage. He complied in the most condescending manner—and this accident, sir, this fright, and this journey made my fortune. The worthy man examined me by the way, made me sing a morning hymn, and was pleased with my voice. When we arrived here, he delivered me to my father—for my mother was dead—and endeavoured to persuade him to have me taught music and singing. My father would gladly have followed this advice, but he was too poor to spare any money for my instruction. The good canon then offered not only to have me taught at his own expense, but also to have me instructed in all other useful things. I should, no doubt, have been at this moment in the house of that kind-hearted gentleman but for my own fault."—"How so?" said I smiling, and supposing that I had now to a certainty caught the girl in an untruth, of which I was determined to convict her; but it was impossible. "Why, look you," said she, "the dangerous fellows who had frightened me to such a de-

gree, had, on the application of M. Ducliquet, been forbidden, on account of the consequences, to perform any more with living persons. They then substituted puppets. One evening, when I was sent for some biscuits, I passed by their place just when they were exhibiting a religious piece. I thought it no harm to go in to see it. I was shewn to a place on the farthest bench from the stage, where I could neither see nor hear. I would gladly have gone out again, but could not stir for the crowd. I chanced to sit by an officer, who had the kindness to lend me his arm and help me through the concourse when the play was over. But the time had slipped away, so that it was quite dark when I got home, and in my hurry I had forgotten the biscuits. How dearly did I pay for this childish trick! All my excuses were of no avail: the canon and his housekeeper were neither of them friends to the theatre: they discarded me, and the very same night I was obliged to leave the house. What was now to become of me? By this time I had lost my father. I had but one relation left; with her I sought an asylum, and she took me in with the permission of the dean. Here, it is true, I am well enough off, but my lessons are all over."

This simple story, which placed the matter in such a different light from that in which it had been represented to me, furnished abundant matter for consideration. I threw myself into the nearest chair, and drew her upon my knee as on a former occasion when we exchanged garters. My imagination warmed, and led me back to the

most enchanting region that I had ever yet beheld; and when she ceased speaking, the dangerous silence that surrounded us was but the more perceptible. I sprang from my seat, and was going to turn the key in the door, when Bastian half opened it, with the silly question—what kind of wine he should provide for dinner. At the moment I would rather have given him his discharge; for his confounded resemblance to his sister dispelled all the bold thoughts with which Clara had inspired me. I raised my eyes for some moments towards Heaven, and then looked wistfully at Clara. Here, said I to myself, is a thousand, nay a million times more than Margot; and scarcely knowing what I did, I led her back into the room, where the cloth was already laid. With my hands clasped behind me, I pensively made two revolutions round it before I could heave a sigh which oppressed my heart, but which gave it more ease than any that has yet occurred in my journal. Bastian was all this time waiting for an answer to his unseasonable question. "There will be four of us," said I; "let there be a bottle of Burgundy, and another of champaign, for each. But, d'ye hear, let them be the best of their kind, for the canon dines here to-day." Whilst I am seated at another table, committing my confessions to this paper, the poor girl watches every stroke of my pen, and in vain strives to read in my eyes what is passing in my mind. Whenever I look at her my softened heart repents of all the wrongs I have done her, and silently commends this innocent creature to the protection of all the

saints. With such unexampled simplicity, and in so depraved a world as ours, never did any stand in more need of their protection.

I am glad that I have yet time before the return of the canon to arrange, in some measure, for you the clashing thoughts that pour in upon me from every side. The vacillating way of thinking—let me first refer to that—with which I formerly reproached myself, and not wholly without reason, I am now disposed to treat with more indulgence. A really impartial person must change with the change of colours in the object under his consideration; and I cannot, for my life, endure those wiseacres who boast of their inflexibility, when inflexibility is manifestly a fault. Most fortunate is it for practical philosophy, that my arrest has detained me here long enough for me to retract in time certain prejudices which had already begun to strike deep root, and might have proved as prejudicial to it as to the reputation of this excellent girl. Still more fortunate is it that I am exempt from the obstinacy of speculative minds, otherwise I should not have discarded those inferences which I once fancied that I had demonstrated to myself. The truth would have escaped me when I was nearest to it, and you, my dear Edward, would, as well as myself, have been cheated of the result of my arduous experiments, which I can now submit to you in its full developement, as the most important discovery made by me during my travels. The assertion of those who pretend to the most intimate acquaintance with human nature, that every female will, in what re-

gards herself, deceive the most penetrating of our sex, has no more foundation than many other such like adages. Let them first learn to unfold a female heart without any intermixture of their own, and none will easily deceive them in respect to its excellence or worthlessness. This is, in truth, rather a ticklish matter; this I cannot deny, for my own example proves it but too clearly. How often have I been ready to condemn the most innocent creature that is perhaps to be found in our quarter of the globe! and yet in so doing, who could accuse me of precipitation? Was there not sufficient evidence against her to justify me in the opinion of every one? And yet I was in error, and but for the last accidental conversation with her, I might for ever have remained so. No doubt this is often the case with our systematic vagaries. When we have been at great pains to plaister up our eyes, the prattle of a child unexpectedly opens them for us. Is the shamelessness with which, according to the usual acceptance of the term, I charged this interesting creature—is it in her any other than the highest degree of paradisaical innocence? The rarity of the circumstance may serve as some excuse for me. Among the savages, indeed, as we are told, traces of it may be found, but in a civilized country it is surely the most astonishing phenomenon that can be conceived. Had I from the first considered Clara's conduct in this point of view, how much trouble might I have spared myself to debase so lovely a creature, against all the feelings of my heart, so very low in my estimation: But our in-

veterate, favourite, European way of thinking, which is itself in fact nothing but deviation from nature, incessantly stands in the way of our philosophical inquiries.

I cannot tell you how dear the charming girl is become to me within these few minutes. When I turn from my paper, and my looks meet her large brilliant eyes, from which all the purity and energy of her soul beam forth—I cannot—no, indeed, I cannot suppress an idea, which my good genius has not suggested for nothing. Little Margot indeed inspired me with a similar sentiment, but you know how fugitive and inconsiderate it then was. In this case I find infinitely more reason for cherishing it. In reality, Edward, I begin to be sensible, that sooner or later, as people say, I must marry. Here then I have found an object such as could not fail to gratify every desire of the most fastidious philosopher, and such as, I am well assured, I shall never meet with again. Does she not possess every qualification which my imagination has ever represented as desirable in a wife? And then in what a degree does she possess them!—sincerity of heart—admirable simplicity, coupled with an excellent understanding—and a person such as Nature frames only in her happiest moods. She may indeed not be able to boast of high birth, but that is the last consideration with a man who understands his true interest. Her superstitious and fanatical religion has rendered her good service during her virgin state, and after our union I dare say I shall not have much difficulty to drive it by degrees out of her head. Far from

your prejudice, your etiquette and your sarcasms, in a less sandy and barren region than yours, I will pass my life in the arms of this angel, and patiently wait to hear what you will say to the plan, when you come, as I hope you will, to see me in my retreat.

As the pen knows not when to stop when it is guided by the heart, I will communicate to you a project, which accords too well with my intentions for me not to set about executing it as speedily as possible—perhaps to-morrow. When I returned the other day from Vaucluse, I met, not far from Lille, a man with his hat pulled down low over his forehead, and his arms folded, walking sullenly and slowly along. A Danish dog, that had not the spirit to expatiate on either side, crept mournfully after him. I never think well of a family where I find the friendship between the master and his dog interrupted. I made inquiry concerning this stranger, first of a beggar into whose hat he disdainfully tossed something, and afterwards of some peasants, whose salutations he had not the condescension to return. I soon learned his history. He was a count from Copenhagen, who having rendered a service to the Danish court, had been rewarded by it with a large sum of money. It is frequently the case, that such rewards, while they fill the purse, burden the heart. He found his residence in the capital disagreeable, the atmosphere was too close for him, and he retired to this delightful country, where he sought about till he found a village as beautifully situated as you ever saw one in the finest landscape. But change of place was of no

avail. He still feels the same oppression and uneasiness. If Clara herself were to meet him, he would not see her. Absorbed in thought, silent and sullen, he gazes on the most enchanting scenes of nature without feeling and without pleasure: and yet, as I have already told you, the man is rich; he is his own master, and when young rendered important service to the state, for he betrayed Struensee, who was his friend! As soon as he had erected himself a house, and laid out his grounds in the English style, he determined to dispose of the whole; and it is at this moment on sale. I might certainly have a good bargain if I were to take it off his hands, and no doubt he would relinquish to me his poor melancholy

dog. I have always observed, that what a bad conscience builds is generally magnificent; nothing is spared to gratify the eye and to flatter the senses; and if this object fails, another may have it for half the money. The second possessor needs nothing but a contented heart to realize those hopes in which the first was disappointed.

Bastian shall go and countermand the post-horses. The passport which the canon is to bring with him may wait a few days, till I have arranged matters with the Danish count and Clara. After dinner I will speak with the angel, and without farther delay secure her dear little timid hand. I must now go to meet the canon, whom I hear coming up stairs.

ON NAMING STREETS, BRIDGES, &c. AFTER OUR NATIONAL VICTORIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

As the object of all good men must be, and of all statesmen ought to be, to secure lasting tranquillity between the subjects of various countries, I cannot help thinking that the system, not perhaps recently adopted, but certainly recently enlarged in this country, of naming streets, squares, bridges, or even dwellings, after some place where our enemies sustained a signal discomfiture, is very impolitic and quite unnecessary. A practice somewhat similar was, it is true, adopted by the Greeks and Romans: but are we to go back to a comparatively barbarous time, and to pagan nations, for an example to a much more civilized state and a Christian country? Among

them it might be necessary to keep up the warlike spirit, by continually being reminded of the acts of their ancestors: among the nations of Europe a feeling directly the contrary ought now to be produced; or supposing it ought not, have we not better and more lasting modes of commemorating our triumphs, than by crumbling monuments of brick or stone? The Greeks and Romans knew nothing of the perpetuating art of printing, which has now been brought to such perfection, and which, with the rapid extension of education, will hand down to posterity the minutest details of these great events.

But independently of this consideration, it is surely paying a bad compliment to our victories, to

imply that they require to be so commemorated. Milton has a line,

"The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke
loud the doer,"

which he puts, if I recollect rightly, into the mouth of the slaughterer of the Philistines, whose great acts, without the aid of human fabrics, have been handed down in the divine writings. Surely this quotation will apply to such events as the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar, if to any conquest that was ever achieved by human courage; and why should we, by inference, lessen the fame of these glorious victories, by supposing that they wanted a Waterloo-place, or a Nelson-square, to keep alive the memory of them?

In this, as in too many other points, we are but paltry imitators of our neighbours in the worst parts of their character. The French are notoriously the vainest people in the world—their own writers admit it—and to gratify that vanity, Buonaparte named the Rue Rivoli, the bridges of Jena and Austerlitz, and other places, after his victories, that the inhabitants of Paris might have his deeds perpetually before their eyes. But, let me ask, is this necessary in England? Cannot we recollect the battle of Waterloo without a Waterloo-place or a Waterloo-bridge, however noble or magnificent the structures may be, or however worthy of the event they celebrate? All vain people are people of no reflection or reading; and the reason why the French are vain, is because they so seldom read and reflect: but is this the case in England? Assuredly not: the happy consequences

of the final victory over Buonaparte, which are daily witnessed by us in one way or another, to thinking men are a sufficient commemoration, and our posterity will not need bridges or streets to acquaint them with the event, which has been to them the source of happiness and prosperity. They will read the details in our histories for centuries beyond the date when the triumphs were achieved.

If we must copy our neighbours, and cannot find any thing good in them worthy our imitation (which it would be ridiculous to suppose was the case), at least let us confine ourselves to what is comparatively harmless. Let our ladies dress like the French females; let them hide their fresh, smiling, benevolent countenances in huge bonnets, if they will; let them disfigure their elegant and healthy proportions by loads of flounces and plaits; and let our men wear mustachios and Cossack trowsers, I shall be contented. Those are matters I care little about; but, in future at least, let us avoid an imitation which is not only injurious but contemptible. Yours, &c.

FELIX.

LONDON, Sept. 6, 1818.

To shew the feeling of hostility such a practice as is above referred to produces, I might have mentioned, that when the German troops first entered Paris on the expulsion of Buonaparte, they defaced as much as possible all that had been built or carved to perpetuate their defeats. This is an instance in point; but the thing speaks for itself.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

"WELL, my dear uncle, I have determined at last upon something which I think will please you," said Sir Harry Singleton to Mr. Davers, his maternal uncle, a worthy man, who had acted towards him the part of a father.

"And pray, nephew, what is it?"

"I mean to marry."

"That is right, Harry, you are now just of the proper age: but nevertheless you must not be too precipitate—you must *look before you leap*."

"I flatter myself that caution in this present case is quite unnecessary."

"And wherefore?"

"Because the lady to whom I mean to offer myself is every way unexceptionable."

"Who is she?"

"The eldest daughter of Mr. Stanley."

"It is true she is elegant, sensible, and has been well brought up; but you must see more of her before you offer her your hand."

"But, my dear uncle, I have visited for some time at Mrs. Mor-daunt's, where she is at present staying, and I have attentively observed her behaviour, and made the strictest inquiries about her education, her temper, and her disposition; all that I have seen or heard has been favourable: what more then can I desire?"

"Nothing, but to be convinced that all you have seen or heard is true."

"And how am I to obtain such conviction?"

"From your own observation."

"Nay, if I may trust to that, I am already convinced."

"Softly, softly, my dear boy: it is not in the course of a few formal visits that you can learn a woman's real disposition; but if you will pledge your honour to me to abstain from making any declaration of love for three months to come, I think I can put you in the way of ascertaining whether your mistress's perfections are real or imaginary, by procuring for you an invitation to accompany me in a visit I am about to make to her father."

This condition seemed rather hard to Singleton, who was much struck with the graces of Charlotte Stanley, but at last he promised; and Mr. Davers took immediate measures to have him included in an invitation which he had just received to pass some weeks at the country-seat of Mr. Stanley.

That gentleman, who was a widower, had three children, all daughters, and unmarried. Charlotte, the eldest, was about twenty; she was a very fine woman, though not a regular beauty, and possessed a degree of wit and vivacity which had gained her many admirers. Fanny, the second daughter, was about nineteen; her figure was well formed and graceful; her features were rather pretty, but her countenance was remarkable for nothing but an expression of intelligence and good-nature. She appeared reserved, and spoke very little: so that while the talents of Charlotte and the beauty of Selina, the youngest, made them universally admired, Fanny was either unnoticed, or spoken of merely as a good sort of person.

Selina was just eighteen; her

form though small was exquisitely proportioned, and the most fastidious criticism could not spy a defect in her countenance. Her disposition appeared all softness, but she wanted the animation which distinguished her eldest sister, who now appeared to Sir Harry even more amiable than he had yet thought her. He found that she joined to the accomplishments of her sex and station, erudition not often met with in women; and he was delighted to perceive that she shewed no consciousness of her superior talents, nor ever sought to bring them into notice, though her lively spirits and never-failing fund of repartee rendered her the life of her domestic circle. Sir Harry found his uncle's restriction a very hard one, and he began to think of petitioning for an abridgment of it, when a circumstance occurred which exhibited her disposition in a new and unamiable light.

Mr. Stanley's family was engaged to a ball, to be given by a young nobleman in the neighbourhood, to celebrate his birth-day. The Misses Stanley, escorted by Sir Harry, drove to the town of N——, which was at a short distance from Mr. Stanley's house, to order their dresses for this occasion. The baronet, who was perfectly new to the important business of shopping, saw with surprise and indignation the whimsical behaviour of Charlotte, who found fault with every thing the milliner shewed her; and finally declared, that she must send to London for a dress, and that she was sorry she had not done so before, instead of giving herself the trouble of coming to N——.

"Can this haughty, peevish being be the sprightly sensible Charlotte?" thought Sir Harry. "Can she, whose heart I supposed was as good as her understanding is excellent, be really capable of behaving with such folly and malignity? Heaven and my prudent uncle be praised, that I have not committed myself by a hasty declaration—that I have looked before I leaped!"

In giving up all thoughts of Charlotte, Sir Harry did not resign the idea of marrying; even when he was most partial to Miss Stanley, he had admired the beauty and softness of her sister Selina, and to her he now resolved to turn his attention, though with a design to scrutinize her disposition very narrowly. However, in a few days afterwards she behaved in a manner which raised her very much in his estimation, and induced him to think that she really possessed those qualities which he deemed most essential in a wife.

Mrs. Martha Stanley, a maiden sister of Mr. Stanley's who superintended his family, one morning proposed a subscription for the relief of a poor family who had lost their all by fire. Mr. Stanley and his guests readily came forward; but Miss Stanley said that she had heard some reports prejudicial to the man's character, and she thought it would be right to inquire into the truth of them before any thing was done for him.

"For shame, sister!" said Selina eagerly, taking out her purse; "is this a time to investigate the character of a man who, with his family, is reduced to the utmost wretchedness?" Miss Stanley was beginning an angry reply, but she

was interrupted by Fanny. "My dear sisters," cried she, "you are both in some respects in the right: this poor man's immediate distresses ought to be relieved, and when that is done, it will be proper to ascertain how far he may be worthy of our future support:" and taking half-a-guinea from her purse, she gave it to her aunt.

This was the first time Fanny had ever excited the attention of Sir Harry; he was much pleased with the propriety and good sense of her behaviour, but he was charmed with the warm benevolence of Selina, who had never looked so lovely in his eyes as while she was expressing her commiseration for the poor family. He readily forgave her want of caution, for caution he thought was a virtue rarely met with in people of her age; while the humanity and generosity which she had displayed, affected him the more, because they were qualities which he himself possessed in an eminent degree. His attentions to her became from that day so particular, that his uncle was obliged to remind him of his promise.

Sir Harry, who was a very early riser, had strolled one morning to some distance from the house; in passing a cottage he heard a female voice singing in a low but exquisitely sweet tone. He stopped a moment to listen, for he fancied that the voice bore some resemblance to that of Selina, who sang and played in a very superior style: as he listened he perceived, through the casement of the cottage, a lady seated with her back to him, holding an infant on her knee, which she appeared to be lulling to sleep.

Her figure strongly resembled that of Selina, and Sir Harry, who had not a doubt that it was she, was enchanted at a discovery which placed her in so amiable a point of view. He softly opened the door of the cottage, and was at her side before she perceived him.

"Will Miss Selina forgive me," said he in a soft tone, "for this intrusion?" The lady looked up, and Sir Harry drew back with surprise and disappointment, for it was Fanny, who, blushing even to a painful degree, inquired to what accident his presence there was owing.

He replied, that as he was passing the cottage he had been attracted by the voice, which, as he never knew that she sang, made him, from the resemblance that her figure bore to her sister's, conclude that he beheld Selina; and supposing that she was there for a benevolent purpose, he had entered to try whether he also could be useful.

"You have already been so, Sir Harry," replied she; "these poor people are the family for whom my aunt the other day proposed a subscription: the money raised by it has been sufficient to relieve their wants, and the man having obtained work, they are now likely to do very well."

Sir Harry, who had forgotten the poor people, now felt some degree of shame for his own thoughtlessness, mingled with admiration of Fanny's judicious benevolence, and disappointment at finding that her conduct was not imitated by Selina. "Yet how," thought he, "can I be certain that this is the case? Selina may have visited these poor people, may have ascertained how far they merited and wanted re-

lief." At that moment the woman of the cottage entered; she was beginning an acknowledgment for Fanny's goodness in taking care of her baby while she took her husband his breakfast, but Fanny, interrupting her, placed the baby in her arms, and hastened away, followed by Sir Harry.

As they walked towards home, he inquired how it happened, that with so fine a voice she never joined her sister in playing or singing. She replied, that she did not play; and as she was not a scientific singer, she sang only for her own amusement, or sometimes that of her father and aunt.

Anxious to change the subject, she diverted his attention to the surrounding scenery; her remarks upon it proved that she possessed a just taste for the beauties of nature, of which Singleton was also a warm admirer; their conversation insensibly grew interesting, and they reached the house before the baronet thought that their walk was half over.

They found the family assembled at the breakfast-table. It was the morning of the ball, and Charlotte and Selina talked of nothing else; they wondered who would be present, with whom the young nobleman who gave it would dance, and what ladies would be most elegantly dressed. Sir Harry, who observed that Fanny was silent, said to her, "So, then, this famous ball does not interest you?"

"Indeed," replied she, "you are mistaken, for I am very fond of dancing."

"And not at all difficult respecting a partner," cried Mrs. Martha Stanley; "let him be ever

so awkward or disagreeable, she will be sure to caper away as lightly, and with a face of as much cheerfulness, as if she had got the best dancer in the room."

The blushing Fanny replied with a smile, "That she did not dance well enough to be fastidious."

Evening came, and to Sir Harry's surprise, Charlotte and Selina were dressed and ready to go before Fanny: she made her appearance, however, in a few minutes after them, and Mrs. Martha, who was punctuality itself, began to reproach her for being late; Fanny made an apology, and the party proceeded to the house of Lord S—.

Though Sir Harry had scarcely eyes for any one but Selina, he could not help thinking that Fanny looked very lovely.

Sir Harry had secured the hand of Selina for the first two sets; she danced extremely well, and she smiled on him so sweetly, that his uncle's adage was almost forgotten.

While she was resting at the end of the first set, he observed her suddenly look with an air of vexation towards another part of the room; following the direction of her eyes, he perceived them fixed upon a very lovely young woman whom he had never seen before. Struck with her beauty, he asked Selina if she knew who that beautiful girl was. "Bless me!" said she, "surely you cannot mean Miss Manners? why, she has hardly a good feature in her face."

It is impossible to describe the effect which this envious speech had upon Sir Harry; the Cupids, which a moment before had hovered in the sweet smiles of Selina, took an instant flight, and he re-

coiled from her with something like disgust. She was, however, unconscious of the change in his manner, for her attention was wholly occupied in endeavouring to attract the notice of Lord S——, with whom Miss Manners danced: she succeeded; he solicited her hand for the third set, and Sir Harry beheld the sweet smiles which had a few minutes before nearly captivated him, now lavished even more unsparingly on his lordship.

While he was absorbed in reflection on what had passed, he perceived Fanny seated close to a very old lady, to whom she was talking with great attention. He had not thought of her from the moment he entered the room till then, but as he saw that he had caught her eye, he changed his seat for one next to her, and inquired why she sat still. She evaded a reply, but the lady with whom she was conversing said, "'Tis I who have kept Miss Fanny from dancing, sir. Just as she was going to join the set, I was taken with a giddiness in my head, and was about to send for my daughter, who was then dancing, that we might return home; but Miss Fanny persuaded me not to alarm her, but to stay a little to try whether it would not go off, and she has sat with me herself since.—Nay, don't blush, my dear," continued the querulous old lady, "I am sure there is nothing to be ashamed of in an act of kindness; if there were, mercy upon you!"

At that moment the young lady approached, saying she was come to sit a little with her mother. Sir Harry immediately offered himself

to Fanny for the next set, and they took their places directly. Fanny danced well, and the pleasure which she took in the exercise insensibly diverted Sir Harry's chagrin.

Sir Harry retired after the ball to his apartment, thinking only of his fair partner and his uncle's adage, and deliberating whether, after what he had seen, there would be any necessity to observe it before he made proposals for Fanny. "'Tis true," said he to himself, "I may as well take a little time to consider of the matter, for though this girl's amiable qualities challenge my admiration, yet I am not in love with her." In spite, however, of his belief that he was not in love, he could not think with patience of the possibility of her rejecting him; he mustered up every rational ground of hope that she would accept his hand, and he was so long in doing it, that before he obtained any sleep, he found the morning so much advanced that he resolved to rise.

His bedchamber looked into the garden. He had a glimpse of a female figure through the trees. "Ah!" cried his valet, "there is that good Miss Fanny refreshing herself after her fatigue."

"She has risen early," said the baronet.

"Bless you, sir, she has not been in bed at all."

"No! why not?"

"Why, Sir Harry, Miss Fanny's nurse, who still lives in the family, was taken ill last night with spasms; and Miss Fanny finding upon her return from the ball, that the poor woman was very bad, sat up with her all night."

F F

"Good girl!" said Sir Harry involuntarily.

"Good! ah, sir, if you knew all you would call her good indeed! I verily believe that she thinks of nothing in the world but how she may make other people happy. Would you believe it, sir, it was only yesterday that Miss Charlotte's maid told me, that Miss Fanny, instead of thinking about her own dress, stayed almost till the last moment in Miss Charlotte's chamber, assisting to put on her things in the most becoming manner."

"Go this moment, Jenkins," cried Sir Harry, "and see whether my uncle is stirring."

Jenkins returned with an answer in the affirmative, and Singleton hastened to acquaint Mr. Davers with the revolution which had taken place in his sentiments, and to entreat that he would sanction his immediate addresses to Miss Fanny Stanley.

"Heaven be praised!" cried the good old gentleman, "all has happened as I wished. I have long known this girl's worth, but it was too unobtrusive to be properly estimated by a superficial observer. She is the last person of whom she thinks, or for whose accommodation she is solicitous. I might have told you all this before we came here, but I wished her make an interest for herself."

That very morning Sir Harry's proposals were made. Mr. Stanley readily gave his consent. Fanny asked for a little time to study the temper and disposition of her lover, who yielded with as good a grace as he could to his mistress's practice of his uncle's favourite adage. The result of her deliberation was in his favour; they have now been some years married, and still continue to enjoy the exquisite felicity which springs from a well-assorted union.

EXTRACTS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY ROBERT BURNS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

MR. WORDSWORTH, in a pamphlet he published I think something more than a year ago, endeavoured to separate the poetical from the personal character of Robert Burns: his argument was ingenious, and it had a benevolent object in view; viz. as far as possible to hide from sight the defective parts of the conduct of our Scottish bard: he contended that the one was quite distinct from the other, and that while it was of the utmost consequence to estimate rightly and esteem highly his poetical character, it was of little importance to scru-

tinize closely the objectional parts of his demeanour—that we should rather look at the man through his writings, than at his writings through the man. I confess that I was not, and am not by any means satisfied upon this point; and although it may be true that to form a fair opinion of the merit of his poems, it may not be necessary to take the private history and demeanour of the writer into account, yet it is necessary to do so in order to arrive at a correct judgment of his merits as a poet: we cannot ascertain fairly what credit he deserves

for his productions, without knowing in some degree the circumstances under which they were composed. At the same time I am not for prying too closely into secret history, or for calling any man, especially one that is dead, to too strict an account for the errors into which he might be led by youthful heat and inexperience; but I still insist, that some insight into general temperament and deportment must aid considerably in fulfilling the duty of judicious criticism.

It is for this purpose chiefly that I inclose for publication the following extracts from certain private letters written by Burns while he was resident at Edinburgh toward the latter part of his short life (which ended in 1796), but before his frame had been much impaired by irregularities, and when his mind retained all its fulness and force of passion. These letters were printed in Edinburgh shortly after his death; but as the greater part of them related to some amour with a lady, not much redounding to his credit, they were fitly suppressed as a whole collection. At the same time I see no reason why such parts of them should not be published, as display forcibly and truly the nature and peculiarities of the poet's mind, with

“ So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.”

Of their authenticity I believe no doubt need be entertained: the copy from which the annexed extracts are made, was lent me by a friend, who highly valued it, and who I believe had it from the printer, who saved it from among a great number of copies which were burnt. I may add, that in the life

of Burns by Dr. Currie, I do not find any mention of the particulars noticed in this correspondence. It will be seen that the writer was sufficiently passionate in his declarations, but I have not included sentences even of greater warmth and feeling.

ANDREW C.

EDINBURGH, Aug. 18.

The extracts are given as the letters followed each other in the small 12mo. pamphlet from which they are taken, and I have not thought it worth while to subjoin the particular dates, where any are given in the originals.

“ I do *love* you, if possible, still better for having so fine a taste and turn for poesy. I have again gone wrong in my usual unguarded way, but you may erase the word, and put esteem, respect, or any other tame Dutch expression you please in its place. I believe there is no holding converse, or carrying on correspondence, with an amiable woman, much less a *gloriously amiable, fine woman*, without some mixture of that delicious passion, whose most devoted slave I have more than once had the honour of being. But why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman, but he must run his head against an intrigue? Take a little of the tender witchcraft of Jove, and add to it the generous, the honourable sentiments of manly friendship, and I know but *one* more delightful morsel, which few, few in any rank ever taste. Such a composition is like adding cream to strawberries—it not only gives the fruit a more elegant richness, but has a peculiar deliciousness of its own.”

"I like to have quotations for every occasion. They give one's ideas so pat, and save one the trouble of finding expression adequate to one's feelings. I think it is one of the greatest pleasures attending a poetic genius, that we can give our woes, cares, joys, loves, &c. an embodied form in verse: which to me is ever immediate ease."

"What a strange mysterious faculty is that thing called *imagination*! We have no ideas almost at all of another world; but I have often amused myself with visionary schemes of what happiness might be enjoyed by small alterations, alterations that we can fully enter into in this present state of existence. For instance, suppose you and I just as we are at present; the same reasoning powers, sentiments, and even desires; the same fond curiosity for knowledge and remarking observation in our minds; and imagine our bodies free from pain, and the necessary supplies for the wants of nature at all times and easily within our reach: imagine further, that we were set free from the laws of gravitation which bind us to this globe, and could at pleasure fly without inconvenience through all the yet un conjectured bounds of creation—what a life of bliss would we lead in our mutual pursuit of virtue and knowledge, and our mutual enjoyment of friendship and love."

"Have you ever met a perfect character? Do we not sometimes rather exchange faults than get rid of them? For instance, I am perhaps tired with and shocked at a life too much the prey of giddy

inconsistencies and thoughtless follies; by degrees I grow sober, prudent, and stately pious—I say stately, because the most unaffected devotion is not at all inconsistent with my first character—I join the world in congratulating myself on the happy change. But let me pry more narrowly into this affair: have I, at bottom, any thing of a secret pride in these endowments and emendations? Have I nothing of a Presbyterian sourness, or hypocritical severity, when I survey my less regular neighbours? In a word, have I missed all those nameless and numberless modifications of indistinct selfishness, which are so near our own eyes that we can scarce bring them within our sphere of vision, and which the known spotless cambric of our character hides from the ordinary observer?"

"Coarse minds are not aware how much they injure the keenly feeling tie of bosom-friendship, when, in their foolish officiousness, they mention what nobody cares for recollecting. People of nice sensibility and generous minds have a certain intrinsic dignity, that fires at being trifled with, or lowered, or even too nearly approached."

"My favourite feature in Milton's Satan is his manly fortitude in supporting what cannot be remedied—in short, the wild broken fragments of a noble exalted mind in ruins. I meant no more by saying he was a favourite hero of mine."

"I mentioned to you my letter to Dr. Moore, giving an account of my life: it is truth, every word of it; and will give you the just

idea of a man whom you have honoured with your friendship. I am afraid you will hardly be able to make sense of so torn a piece."

"How wretched is the condition of one who is haunted with conscious guilt, and trembling under the idea of a dreaded vengeance! And what a placid calm, what a charming secret enjoyment it gives, to bosom the kind feelings of friendship and the fond throes of love!

Out upon the tempest of anger, the acrimonious gall of fretful impatience, the sullen frost of lowering resentment, or the corroding poison of withered envy! They eat up the immortal part of man! If they spent their fury only on the unfortunate objects of them, it would be something in their favour; but these miserable passions, like traitor Iscariot, betray their lord and master."

(To be continued.)

PLATE 20.—RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF HOMBURG.

THE palace of the Prince of Homburg, of which we this month present our readers with a plate, is one of the most pleasantly, not to say picturesquely, situated residences in that part of Germany: it stands upon an eminence, which is well covered with trees of various ages and kinds, and commands an extensive and rich view. It lies on the German side of the Rhine, 12 leagues from that beautiful river, 14 from Mayence, 12 from Wisbaden, and 3 from Frankfort; and when we have said that it is situated so near to this last famed city, we have said every thing; for all who have travelled, or who have read any travels in that part of the Continent, must be aware that there nature has left little or nothing to be wished: the mansion is surrounded by a rich country, diversified with deep forests, lofty mountains, and cultivated fields; and the structure itself, which we understand has recently undergone considerable repair, is fitted up with all the conveniences and luxuries that art, supported by liberality, could supply. The principal part of the present fabric was erect-

ed about the reign of Louis XIV. but others bear the marks of great antiquity, perhaps beyond any certain calculation. The roof testifies that it is of about the same date as the palace of Versailles, and other buildings in the same style in and near Paris.

Before the recent apportionments of territory and subjects upon the Continent, and more particularly in Germany, the possessions of the princes of Homburg were comparatively small, and the revenues by no means considerable; but of late it has received an important and valuable addition on the opposite side of the Rhine, which is particularly fertile, and has greatly added to the finances of the reigning sovereign, father to the Prince of Homburg, consort to the Princess Elizabeth of England: the court is now kept with more than wonted splendour, and throughout not only the palace and the adjacent town, but the principality, all things bespeak comfort and opulence. The concession of frontier was made by the Emperor of Austria, in consideration of the eminent services of the princes of Homburg in the late

war. The reigning sovereign is old, but much beloved by his subjects and by his family: he is said to be more particularly attached to the hereditary prince. He has se-

veral daughters; one was married to the late Duke of Anhalt-Dessau, and another is married to H. R. H. Prince William of Prussia.

ON THE LETTER OF AN ANTIMONOGAMIST, AND A PLURALITY OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

MR. EDITOR,

OBSERVING in the *Repository* a letter signed "An Antimonogamist," giving the particulars of a curious story told in the Epistles of St. Jerome, of a wife in Rome who had, I think, twenty-three husbands, and of a husband who had about as many wives (I do not remember the precise number stated), and who were finally united in wedlock, that it might be ascertained which should gain the victory; I cannot forbear inclosing for your perusal an extract or two from a curious old pamphlet, printed in London in the year 1622, which bears the following singular title: "A Discourse of News from Prague in Bohemia, of a husband who by witchcraft had murdered eighteen wives, and of a wife who had likewise murdered nineteen husbands; with the intercourse of one infernal spirit betwixt them, under two several names and under two several shapes: and, in conclusion, how this devil did kill the man, and for what causes he spared the woman."

How authentic this relation is I do not pretend to say, but certain it is that it was greedily swallowed by our ancestors, who were not at all chargeable with incredulity, particularly in matters of witchcraft, at the date when this pamphlet was published; for your readers will recollect, that King James I.

then reigning, wrote a treatise expressly to prove, that there were such things as old men and women who had intercourse with familiar spirits and demons in the shapes of cats and various other animals*. I find also by the titlepage, that this "Discourse" was translated from and compared with the French and German copies, so that the inhabitants of those two countries had had the benefit of reading it.

Whether the Roman widow and widower, who had so often been married, and to whom your correspondent an Antimonogamist refers, resorted to the same expedient for getting rid of their incumbrances, I do not know; but if they had done so, probably the pious St. Jerome, who is recom-

* In 1747, twenty-five years after the date of this pamphlet, James Howell, a most intelligent and learned man (whose name and works I have been happy to see mentioned in the two last numbers of the *Repository*), writes thus regarding witches: "I say, that he who denies there are such busy spirits, and such poor passive creatures upon whom they work, who commonly are called *witches*, I say again, that he who denies there are such spirits, shews that he himself hath a spirit of contradiction in him opposing the concurrent and consentient opinion of all antiquity."—*Familiar Letters*, &c. p. 425. Dr. Brown, the author of a work on *Vulgar Errors*, was himself a well-known dupe to this most vulgar of all prejudices.

mending matrimony, would not have cited them as examples.

The ensuing extracts only shew, what indeed did not need much more proof, to what an extravagant extent our ancestors carried their easy belief. The writer begins by saying, that Katherine, the wife who had killed by her evil practices so many husbands, and Hulderrick, who had made away with so many wives, were the daughter and son of two old physicians, who had had dealings with the devil, and who assigned over their familiar spirits to their children: that of the female was called Chitty, and appeared to her always in the shape of a rat. She disposed of her first husband in the following manner:

"The young gentleman had occasion to ride to Prague, being some two or three miles from his house: passing by a little wood, the devil, in the shape of a bear, leapt over a pale and rushed into the highway. The gentleman rode upon a young horse, which seeing the bear, as all horses will by nature, he snorted, kicked, he winced, he flung this way and that way, till at the last the horse flung the gentleman in that manner that his neck was lamentably broken, and he found dead. The spirit Chitty was quickly with Katherine to tell her the news, which made her heart glad. Now she had time to make herself ready for mourning when news should be brought her by others, of her husband's misfortune. It was not long before some of her friends and neighbours came to her, as well by degrees to tell her of her husband's death, as to comfort her upon those extremities which they

expected she would fall into. After some compliments, at last they told her of her husband's mischance, upon the hearing (by a recipe which she had taken for that purpose) she fell into a swoon, in which she continued almost an hour: at last, with much ado, as they thought, they brought her to herself; then she tore her hair, she rent her clothes, she pulled out a knife, making as if she would have stabbed herself, if her hands had not been held; she did counterfeit grief and dolour exceeding cunningly. Oh! what dissembling creatures women are when they provide themselves to act the part of dissimulation! I have seen many women make great shew of grief when their husbands were dead, but I have observed very few who have surfeited upon too much grief."

In this manner, by various practices of the same kind, and by the agency of her familiar, she made away with eighteen husbands.—In the mean time Hulderrick was not idle, but availed himself of the aid of his familiar Dobby, in the shape of a cat, to kill his wives whom he took in succession: he seems to have been a perfect Blue Beard among the women. What became of his first wife we are thus told:

"He married also a rich citizen's daughter of Prague, and had 2000*l.* portion with her: this maid was very virtuously brought up, and very religiously. He agreed with his young wife in like manner as Katherine did with her husband, for nothing was more odious and grievous to him than to see the virtuous and religious exercises of his wife. After he had been married

to her some four months, he practised with Dobby his spirit to make away his wife, as Chitty had done to make away Katherine's husband. Dobby counselled Hulderick to take a journey, and to be absent a fortnight or three weeks, 'and then let me alone with your wife,' quoth the spirit. Hulderick had not been on his journey above a week but this devil found means to break her neck down a pair of stairs. Hulderick, upon his return home, finding his wife dead and buried by her friends, he made the greatest shew of sorrow that any man living might do: within two months all lamentation was digested, and good satisfaction was given to the blind world."

In the end, about seven years having past, Hulderick, who had been intimate with Katherine, and knew her machinations, took an apprentice, to whom he unguardedly disclosed the secrets of both: this youth was converted by a godly preacher, and confessed all he

knew. Hulderick and Katherine were put to all kinds of savage tortures, but confessed nothing, and at last, as the most cruel expedient of all, it was decreed by the state that they should be married to each other: they were so, and they immediately began to plot with their mutual familiar for each other's destruction. The devil favoured Katherine, who soon put an end to Hulderick, and spared the woman, in order that she might again be tortured as the most wicked of the two, and finally burnt as a witch.

Such is the recital which the writer gives with the most ludicrous gravity, and he follows it up with most sage reflections well worthy of the subject. What instruction the ladies and gentlemen of the present day may derive from it, I do not know; if they derive any at all, I shall be glad of it, and shall not think my analysing pains thrown away. I am, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

Sept. 12, 1818.

THE PORTRAIT: A TALE.

(Continued from p. 156.)

THESE words, and a conversation which he had with Julia herself, determined him to be silent. The count questioned her concerning the state of her heart. "I have never been in love," answered Manon laughing; "but I feel that if I did love, it would be with my whole heart, like all the rest of my country-women. I will be true even to the grave; but woe to my lover if he even looks at another: I must possess the entire affections of my husband, and I must know that I possess them."

"What proof will you have of that, lovely Manon?" asked the count.

"What proof? Oh! believe me, we maidens know a thousand ways of proving it: you, for example——"

"I! What do you mean to say?—Go on."

"You tell me you love me," continued she, "but do I believe you? and if I did, and I were once to read in your eyes that you were jesting with me, then there would be an end of it. You know the

song which you are so fond of hearing; there it is clearly explained what love is. If I had once the slightest suspicion that my lover did not value me above every thing in the world besides, it would be all over with my love for him."

Was it possible for him here to say, "I know you, Julia; you are the daughter of the rich Martenay?" Could he do this?

What he could do, however, he did. With glittering eyes, he cried, "I love you, Manon—yes, I love you: all that your song describes I feel."—He threw his arms around her.—"Look in my eyes, Manon—what do you find there but the purest love? Do you not see truth, confidence, tenderness till death? Speak, Manon!"

Manon looked for a moment in his eyes, and then slowly withdrew her own; and when she again raised them, he perceived that they were wet: she held up her finger at him menacing, but answered nothing.

Thus passed week after week. The count loved with an eternal passion, and Manon—she often sat beside him by the brook, pensive, melancholy, and unhappy. She shook her head when he spoke of his love; she endeavoured to avoid him, but it was impossible—the sound of his voice acted as a charm, which drew her insensibly towards him.

The count saw the struggles of the innocent girl with the highest triumph. He went one morning early to visit her, and found that she had left the cottage, and was seated by the side of the brook, which flowed clear as crystal over its bed of pebbles, bathing her arms

and neck in the fresh stream. "No," sang she, as with her beautiful hand she threw the water over her heaving breast—

No! water ne'er can quench love's flame;
Within my faithful breast that burns.

The count knew the air well, but he had never heard her sing it thus before. The tears stood in her beautiful eyes. In an instant he stood before her, and caught her in his arms: she leaned her head softly on his breast; he kissed the tears from her eyes; he wept himself, and vowed eternal constancy. Manon raised her tearful eyes; her look of tenderness pierced his very soul. "If you love me," said she sobbing, "why—" She stopped.

"What," asked the count, "what would you say, my love? Why—"

"Why do you not speak to my father?" said she, blushing, hesitating, and hiding her treacherous lips on his full heart.

"To your father?" said he smiling: "Ju—" He had almost said Julia, but he drowned the syllable in a sigh.—"Manon, may I speak to him? Dare I? Do you love me? Oh! do you indeed love me?"

She breathed a kiss on his lips instead of an answer, and in an instant flew from his arms into the cottage. In two minutes the father came forth. "You wish to speak with me?" said he, with surprise.

The count stood still by the brook. "I? I?"

"Yes, you; so my daughter told me."

"Well," said the count smiling, "since Julia will carry it so far," and approached him. "I love Manon, she loves me; will you give her to me?"

The old man joyfully seized the

count's hand. "You will marry Manon? Good! I give her to you.—Manon!" cried he, and Manon came slowly forth from the cottage. She threw herself into the count's arms; she hung on his breast; her pure heart opened to the sweetest sensations of love and tenderness: he was indescribably happy.

The count hoped now every minute for the confession that she was indeed Julia, but he hoped in vain. She talked of the festival which her marriage would occasion, of her bridal clothes; and in the midst of these trifles, the tenderest affection towards him always broke forth. What more could the count desire? He forgot Julia; he wished for no change; he was happy beyond the power of increase in the love of his peasant-maid.

He smiled then when she spoke of her approaching marriage in this cottage; when she told him, that if he truly loved her, he must allow her to undertake a pilgrimage to a blessed image, a day's journey from thence, which she had vowed to make: she begged him also not to come for two whole days. He promised it smiling. Manon went with him as far as Villoison; scarcely could she tear herself from his arms.

"Good heavens, what an enthusiast!" said he, when he was alone. Late in the evening he received a letter from Monsieur Martenay, inviting him to come to him the next day. The count now perceived plainly that on the morrow he was to see his Manon as the daughter of Martenay, and he prepared himself against all surprises. He walked to a distant hill, and schooled himself diligently, dreading lest he should destroy the *denouement*

of a comedy which had cost his beloved so much pains, and would afford her so much pleasure.

He now threw aside the part of the steward, and dressed himself as the Count de la Claude. In the morning he set out with all imaginable pomp for the estate of Monsieur Martenay. Martenay came to meet him in his carriage. "The devil!" said he, "you make people wait for you! It would seem as if you were in no hurry to be my son."

"My father," cried the young count, warmly embracing Martenay, "I am for ever happy." He flew before the old man up the stairs.

"It happens rather unfortunately for my daughter," said Martenay, "that all her plans respecting you have been frustrated. But who would think of looking for you under the disguise of a steward? and we should have been seeking you still if your father had not written and told us who you were, my son."

The count smiled. "O Heaven!" he cried, "how happy I am!"

"I never saw a man so much in love," said Martenay. "This is my daughter," continued he, leading forward a young lady whom the count had never seen before. He started at first very naturally, but recovered himself in a moment. He saw that they wished to carry the jest still further, and he himself found so much amusement in it, that he determined to let it go as far as possible.

He paid a very cold compliment to the young lady immediately, and returned to his discourse with Martenay. By degrees a little family circle had assembled. Martenay's brow became clouded: "What are

you about?" whispered he to the count. The latter laughed aloud. At length the old man came forward: "My friends," said he, "I will no longer delay the declaration I am going to make: my daughter had a little stratagem in her head against this young man whom you see, but we must put off every thing of that kind till afterwards. Affairs in Paris wear so fearful an aspect, and we know so little what may happen to us tomorrow, that I am in haste to give my daughter a protector in the son of my old friend the Count de la Claude. Now it is your turn, count."

The count smiled. "Your daughter, Monsieur Martenay, will make me the happiest being on earth." He flew into Martenay's arms.

"And you, my love," continued Martenay, leading the count towards his daughter, "give him your hand, though he has not yet spoken a word to you."

The count drew back laughing, but coloured a little with vexation at their proceeding so far. "I must," said he, "put an end to all this: I love another; my hand is engaged."

Martenay stared at him. "How!" cried he, "you refuse my daughter?"

"I refuse her, I accept her, as it happens, and a peasant-maid has my plighted faith." He laughed aloud.

"Hark ye, monsieur le compte," said the stern old soldier angrily, approaching the count, "your laugh is the laugh of a fool."

"Yes, dear father Martenay," answered the count, laughing still more, "but of a happy fool."

"Does the man rave?" asked Martenay, laying his hand on his sword.

"Your daughter might doubt my courage, Monsieur Martenay," said the count coldly, "but you shall not. Do you indeed believe, sir, even if I did not love your daughter, that your present conduct would constrain me to be faithless to her?"

Martenay looked at him, more and more astonished. "What is he talking about?" asked he; "does any one of you understand?"

Every body looked wonderingly at the count. "Villain!" cried Martenay, seized at once with the strongest indignation, and drawing his sword. At this moment the father of the count, who was that instant arrived, entered the room: he sprang directly between his son and his friend. "Your son is a scoundrel," cried Martenay, "whom I will teach better manners. He comes to marry my daughter——"

"Yes," interrupted the young count, "for that purpose I am here: this is indeed carrying a jest too far." He drew his father aside, and explained to him in two words, that Martenay's daughter was in the disguise of a peasant-girl: he shewed him the portrait.

"Ay, ay! so, so!" exclaimed the old count, laughing aloud, "that is another thing." Then looking at Martenay's unfortunate daughter, and laughing still more, "He will have your daughter, and he will not have her; in short, he is engaged to a peasant-maid."

"But by all the devils in hell——" cried Martenay.

"Brother," interrupted the old count, "you are turned comedian: we see through your joke, ha! ha!"

"I entreat you, Monsieur Martenay," said the young count, "to put an end to all this: I love the country-maid, give me your daughter."

Martenay stood confounded.—
"Not a word more," cried he: "explain yourself, old man; explain yourself, brother. I shall go distracted."

The old count snatched the portrait from his son, and held it towards Martenay: "See, is there any resemblance?"

"That is Manon," said Martenay: "how came your son by that picture?"

"The devil! you sent it to me yourself. Recollect yourself."

Martenay burst into a loud laugh. "Yes," he cried, "now I see it all. The devil! I have played a stupid trick; in my haste I have changed the portraits.—But your son," continued he, "is not such a fool; when he knows that this is a peasant-girl, he now knows all——"

"Yes, Monsieur Martenay," said the young count instantly, "yes, I know all: I love this maid such as you see her in her portrait; I have promised myself to her; in a week we shall be married, and I entreat your blessing."

"My blessing! the devil! he does not understand yet. The portraits, simpleton, have been changed. I knew where my daughter's picture lay; I was obliged to steal it, because the young lady had made up her mind that you should not know her, and in my hurry I seized on the portrait of a young country girl, which I had had taken on account of her beauty. My letter was ready to send; I had only time to seal up the portrait, without

examining it. No, my dear count, this is my daughter."

"But how?" interrupted the father of the count: "what did you say, my son? promised? in a week? how! your marriage?"

The young count turned pale; he looked round the circle. "I am bewildered," said he at length: "Monsieur Martenay," he cried indignantly, "where is your daughter? which is she?"

"I," said the young lady herself, stepping forward, "I am the daughter of Monsieur Martenay. We were destined for each other, count, but——"

"You are so still," cried both the fathers: "give your hands."

"Never! never!" exclaimed both their children, each retreating a step. The count added in a melancholy but firm tone, "I have given my faith to a peasant-girl; but I do not regret the error into which I have fallen. I thank you, Monsieur Martenay." He would have retired, but his father detained him. "Will you explain to us," said he gravely, "how you can have been so far misled, my son?"

"Willingly," answered the count; and with calm satisfaction in his countenance, he related every circumstance. "Do you not see that the portrait, and your letter, Monsieur Martenay, in which you led me to believe that your daughter would appear to me under some disguise, all together must have removed every doubt, that in Manon I loved your daughter."

"Ay! there he is quite right," said every one laughing, except the old count; he alone was serious. He pressed his son's hand, and said to him, "My son, here stands Mon-

sieur Martenay's daughter; she will forgive an involuntary error; then——" | led his son out of the room. They entered their carriage, and proceeded in silence to Villoison.

"Never!" cried both the young people. The old count bowed, and | (To be continued.)

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXXIV.

He wildly errs who thinks I yield
Precedence in the well-cloth'd field,
Though mix'd with wheat I grow;
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,
And to adorn the teeming earth,
She bade the poppy blow.

Nor vainly gay the sight to please,
But blest with power mankind to ease,
The goddess saw me rise:
"Thrive with the life-supporting grain,"
She cried, "the solace of the swain,
The cordial of his eyes.

"Seize, happy mortal, seize the good;
My hand supplies thy sleep and food,
And makes thee truly blest:
With plenteous meals enjoy the day,
In slumbers pass the night away,
And leave to fate the rest."

COWLEY.

"A THOUSAND blessings wait on the man who invented sleep," says Sancho Panza, in the delightful simplicity of his heart, "for it wraps a man all round like a cloak." A person of a quite different rank and disposition checked his inflated ambition by thinking on it. From a humble squire to a crazy knight-errant, I turn to the greatest knight-errant whom the world ever beheld; and this was Alexander the Great, who is related to have declared, that nothing could convince him of his possessing a mortal nature but his not being able to live without sleep.

To exist without sleep, if it were possible in such a state as that in which we are involved (though I have read of a lady in some French romance who was anxious to possess such a qualification), must be the wish only of those whose time

is passed in a waking dream. To every reasonable being, a state of perpetual vigil must be a state of misery, not unlike those whom Swift, with his fine satirical powers, has described in his travels as supremely cursed with immortality.

Sleep is necessary to the happy, as it has been well observed, to prevent their being satiated even with rational pleasures, or to endear life by that absence of its activities which sleep affords; while it is essential to the miserable, by giving them intervals of quiet, and becoming, in the beautiful language of our immortal poet, "the balm of each day's care." Homer has, therefore, considered it an office suited to the goddess of wisdom, when she employs her power in laying Ulysses asleep as soon as he landed on Phæacia:

When Pallas pour'd sweet slumbers on his
soul,
And balmy dreams, the gift of soft repose,
Calm'd all his pains, and banish'd all his woes.

It is rather surprising, at least it has ever appeared so to me, that night, though to many the longest, and certainly the most innocent part of life, should be treated with so much negligence, as is generally the case, except by those who pervert her gifts.

Astronomers indeed may expect her with impatience, and felicitate themselves upon her arrival; they may, in the ardour of their pursuit, be sometimes displeased with the appearance of the sun, for removing from their view, by the splendour of his beams, those numerous worlds which they suppose to be contained in the various constellations. The star-gazers indeed may, rather as an exception than a general rule, be expected to pay their homage to night for the increase of knowledge which they derive from her: but the far greater part of her more avowed votaries are the sons of luxury and the children of dissipation, who appropriate to festivity the hours designed for rest; who consider the reign of pleasure as commencing when day begins to withdraw her busy multitudes, and ceases to dissipate attention by intrusive and unwelcome variety; who begin to awake to joy when the rest of the world sinks into insensibility.

The more refined and penetrating part of mankind, who take wide surveys of the wilds of life, who see the innumerable terrors and distresses that are perpetually preying on the heart of man, and discern with painful perspicuity

calamities that are yet to arrive, are glad to close their eyes upon the gloomy prospect, and lose, though in a transient oblivion, the view of others' miseries and a sense of their own.

Sleep, therefore, when considered as one of the blessings allotted to our existence, is justly appropriated to industry and temperance. The refreshing rest and the peaceful night are the portion only of him, who lies down weary with honest labour or rational activity, and free from the fumes of indigested luxury; while it is the just doom of laziness and gluttony, to be inactive without ease, and drowsy without tranquillity.

It is sufficient, one would think, to repress some of our troublesome dispositions, when we reflect, that there is no situation among those which are considered the most happy, from which we do not descend with pleasure to an unconscious state of repose. The state I believe cannot be attained, whatever may be its delights, which we can contemplate in pleasing succession for a day and a night, and to whose enjoyments we should consent to be confined in perpetual watchfulness.

We may reasonably suspect, that the destinations of life have more shew than value, when experience convinces us, that all are alike weary of pleasures as well as cares; while every class of mortals, the little and the great, the ignorant and the learned, the famous and the obscure, alike apply to nature for the balm of forgetfulness.

Such is the frequent disposition to stray as it were from ourselves, that artificial means are too often

employed to procure the requisite oblivion. Alexander, whom I shall again introduce as an example, added intemperance to sleep, and applied to inebriety to make him forget that he was the conqueror of the world: and what numbers are there who lull their senses by luxurious habits or dissipating pleasures!

Even Dr. Johnson acknowledges, in the unrivalled preface to the immortal work of his dictionary, that much of his life had been trifled away: and who is there, that, with infinitely greater reason, must not make the same complaint? If any of my readers should ask themselves, what portion of every day is suffered to pass without leaving any traces behind it, must be wise or fortunate indeed, if the answer does not terminate in a self-condemning acknowledgment.

The happiest hours of many are those which are abandoned to that solitude in which they can resign themselves to the dreams of imagination; when scenes of pleasure answer to their call, and every wished-for variety of situation or enjoyment obeys their summons.

It is easy, as an eminent writer expresses it, to collect in these semi-slumbers all the possibilities of life, to bring back the past, to anticipate the future, to unite the beauties of the seasons, to receive and bestow felicity, and to call those phantoms which are most efficacious in enabling us to forget ourselves. Some are afraid to be alone, and amuse themselves by a perpetual succession of companions: but the difference is not great, in solitude we have our dreams alone, and in company we dream

with others; but the end sought by both is a forgetfulness of ourselves.

But these are the works of fancy, are by no means necessary, and may, by an habitual indulgence, betray the mind into frivolous and irrational satisfactions. The philosopher disdains them, the man of science rejects them, and the man of business trembles at them; nay, we all can do without them. But sleep is essential to all; and nature does not delay to prove it. The most diligent inquirer is not long able to keep his eyes open. Once in twenty-four hours, the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the silent, the busy and the idle, all submit to the equalizing power of sleep.

I was thus far engaged in my thoughts on this interesting subject when I was interrupted by a visitor, who, after our conversation had occupied the common topics of the hour, requested to be informed respecting the subject of my next lucubration. As my acquaintance happens to be a person whose character is distinguished by certain singularities, I might have been engaged on a topic that, by applying to some of these, would have proved offensive to his feelings, when I should, with all necessary politeness, have declined affording him the requisite gratification.

But the subject which occupied both my thoughts and my pen, when he was announced to me, was of a nature, as I conceived, that could not be misinterpreted, and at which no offence could possibly be taken by him: I therefore did not hesitate to read what I had written, informing him, at the same time, that I had not yet brought

my paper to a conclusion; and, by way of saying something civil to him, but without any expectation of receiving any other than a general answer, I added, that he might probably suggest some enlivening thoughts, from his fancy or experience, which would relieve the sobriety of my subject.

The gentleman seemed to acknowledge the compliment; but when I had finished reading the manuscript, though I did not look for brilliancy of remark or depth of observation, I very candidly acknowledged that I was perfectly astonished by a loud horse-laugh on his part. This was followed by an assurance that he could supply me with an observation, that might furnish me with an idea respecting the utility of sleep, which had probably never occurred to me. He then proceeded as follows:

"I, madam, as you know, am a married man, and as you sometimes do my wife the favour to pay her a visit, you cannot be mistaken as to a certain quality she has, that renders her rather intelligible to all her acquaintance; which is nothing more or less than a continual love of talking, and a voice like a cracked hautbois. Now, my good ma-

dam, as I hear more of this than any one else, and feel its inconvenience in a proportionate degree, I am equally sensible of any occasional remedy that is applied to the evil. The different occurrences of the day make no other alteration, but in the tones she employs, as they are equally loud, and, abstracted from circumstances, are equally unpleasant to me at least, as a married life of ten years has not rendered them habitual to me. When she is pleased, she screams with delight, and when she is angry, she clamours with displeasure; and she is never quiet, nor ever still, but when she is asleep. As for sleeping myself, that I never can do when she is awake. And thus I have informed you of a blessing belonging to sleep, which never, perhaps, would have suggested itself to the Female Tattler, as a partial remedy indeed, but the only one I know of for a talkative and a scolding wife."

I could not suppose that I should bring my paper to such a conclusion, but I did not refuse what chance offered me, and I leave it to the contemplation of my readers.

F — T —.

HUMOROUS EXTRACTS FROM JAMES HOWEL'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.

Mr. EDITOR,

I SEND you a few more quotations from Howel's *Letters*, of a different character to those which have preceded, and to which I perceive you have given insertion. I am aware that what I have below selected are not perhaps the best specimens I could have found of

the author's talent for humorous anecdote; indeed I do not think that that was at all his forte. His chief talent consisted in the power of shrewdly observing upon the actions of men of various classes and various countries, of which he saw many in the course of his travels. As, however, I have before said

what was necessary upon this point, I do not intend to detain you further at present, than by subscribing myself,

D. W——r.

Sept. 8.

A VINTNER'S AND SHOEMAKER'S DISPUTE.

I'll tell your lordship of a passage which happened lately in my lodging, which is a tavern. I had sent for a shoemaker to make me a pair of boots, and my landlord, who is a pert, smart man, brought up a *choppin* of white wine (and for this particular there are better French wines here than in England, and cheaper, for they are but at a groat a quart, and it is a crime of a high nature to mingle or sophisticate any wine here). Over this *choppin* of white wine, my vintner and shoemaker fell into a hot dispute about bishops. The shoemaker grew furious, and called them *the firebrands of hell, and the instruments of the devil, and that they were of his institution, not of God's*. My vintner took him up smartly, and said, "Hold, neighbour, there: do you not know, as well as I, that Titus and Timothy were bishops? that our Saviour is entitled, the bishop of our souls? that the word *bishop* is as frequently mentioned in Scripture as the name *pastor, elder, or deacon*? Then why do you inveigh so bitterly against them?"—The shoemaker answered: "I know the name and office to be good, but they have abused it."—My vintner replies: "Well, then, you are a shoemaker by your profession: imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your trade, should play the knave, and sell calf's-skin boots for neat's lea-

ther, or do other cheats, must we therefore go barefoot? Must the gentle craft of the shoemakers fall, therefore, to the ground? It is the fault of the men, not of the calling." The shoemaker was so gravelled at this, that he was put to his *last*; for he had not a word more to say.

CONSOLATIONS OF IMPRISONMENT.

There is a people in Spain called *Los Patuecos*, who some three score and odd years since were discovered by the flight of a hawk of the Duke of Alva's. This people, then all savage (though they dwelt in the centre of Spain, not far from Toledo, and are yet held to be a part of those aborigines that Tubal Cain brought in), being hemmed in and imprisoned as it were by a multitude of craggy huge mountains, thought that behind those mountains there was no more earth. I am so habituated to this prison, (the Fleet,) and accustomed to the walls thereof, that I might well be brought to think that there is no other world behind them; and in my extravagant imaginations I often compare this Fleet to Noah's ark, surrounded by a vast sea, and huge deluge of calamities, which hath overwhelmed this poor island. Nor, although I have been so long aboard here, was I yet under hatch-
es, for I have a cabin upon the upper deck, whence I breathe the best air the place affords; add hereunto, that the society of Master Hopkins, the warden, is an advantage to me, who is one of the knowingest and most civil gentlemen that I have conversed withal. Moreover, there are some choice gentlemen that are my *co-martyrs*; for a prisoner and a martyr are the

same thing, save that the one is buried before his death, and the other after.

TURKS AND WINE.

The last Grand Turk died of excess of wine, for he had at one time swallowed three and thirty okes, which is a measure near upon the bigness of our quart; and that which brought him to this was the company of a Persian lord, that had given him his daughter for a present, and came with him from Bagdat: besides, one accident that happened to him was, that he had an eunuch who was used to be drunk, and whom he had commanded twice upon pain of life to refrain, swearing by Mahomet that he would cause him to be strangled if he found him the third time so: yet the eunuch still continued in his drunkenness. Here-upon the Turk, conceiving with himself that there must needs be some extraordinary delight in drunkenness, because this man preferred it before his life, fell to it himself, and so drank himself to death.

A CURIOUS STORY OF SUDDEN GREYNES.

When the Duke of Alva was in Brussels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before Hulst in Flanders; and there was a provost-marshal in his army, who was a favourite of his, and this provost had put some to death by secret commission from the duke. There was one Captain Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost; and one evening late he went to the said captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as was his custom.

He told the captain that he was come to execute his excellency's commission of martial law upon him: the captain started up suddenly, his hair standing at an end, and being struck with amazement, asked him wherein he had offended the duke. The provost answered: "Sir, I come not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission: therefore, I pray, prepare yourself, for there's your ghostly father and here your executioner." So he fell on his knees before the priest, and having done, the hangman going to put the halter about his neck, the provost threw it away, and breaking out into a laughter, told him there was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage how he would bear the terror of death. The captain looked ghastly upon him, and said, "Then, sir, get you out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning the said Captain Bolea, though a young man of about thirty, had his hair all turned grey, to the admiration of all the world, and of the Duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it, but he would confess nothing.

The next year the duke was revoked, and in his journey to the court of Spain, he was to pass by Saragossa, and this Captain Bolea told him that there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a *casa de locos*, a bedlam-house, for there was not the like in christendom. "Well," said the duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there tomorrow in the afternoon, and wish him to be in the way." The captain having obtained this, went to

the warden, and told him that the duke would come to visit the house the next day; and the chiefest occasion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to fits of frenzy; and because he wished him well, he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in bedlam for some days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a ruffling train of captains after him, amongst whom was the said provost, very shining brave; being entered into the house, about the duke's person, Captain Bolea told the warden, pointing at the provost, "That's the man:" so he took him aside into a dark lobby, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, seized upon his gilt sword, with his hat and feather, and so hurried him down into a dungeon. My provost had lain there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happened that a gentleman, coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped in at a small grate where the provost was; the provost conjured him, as he was a good Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva his provost was there clapped up, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did the errand; whereat the duke being astonished, sent for the

warden with his prisoner: so he brought my provost *en cuerpo*, madman-like, full of straws and feathers, before the duke, who, at the first sight of him breaking out into laughter, asked the warden why he had made him his prisoner. "Sir," said the warden, "it was by virtue of your excellency's commission, brought me by Captain Bolea."—Bolea stepped forth and told the duke: "Sir, you have asked me oft how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly grey. I have not revealed it yet to any soul breathing, but now I'll tell your excellency:" and so fell relating the passage in Flanders. "And, sir, I have been ever since beating my brains how to get an equal revenge of him, and I thought no revenge to be more equal or corresponding, now that you see he hath made me old before my time, than to make him mad if I could; and had he staid some days longer close prisoner in the bedlam-house, it might haply have wrought some impressions upon his pericranium." The duke was so well pleased with the story, and the wittiness of the revenge, that he made them both friends; and the gentleman that told me this passage said, that the said Captain Bolea was yet alive, so that he could not be less than ninety years of age.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

TWELVE VOCAL PIECES, most of them with original Poetry, written expressly for this Work; composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. William Frere, by John Clarke;

Mus. Doc. Cam. Vol. II. Pr. to non-subscribers, 1/. 5s.

In the thirtieth number of the *Repository* we commented at some length on the first part of this work.

The second volume, now before us, quite equal to the former in bulk and typographical splendour, and nearly so in intrinsic value, contains the following pieces :

- I. *The Parting*, Lord Byron.—
- II. "*Bird soaring high*," Joanna Baillie.—
- III. "*There's naething to fear ye*," James Hogg.—
- IV. "*Oh! they may jest*," W. Smyth, Esq.—
- V. "*Oh! I will yield my heart to thee*," John Stewart, Esq.—
- VI. *Trovadore's Song*, John Stewart, Esq.—
- VII. *Fair Agnes*, John Stewart, Esq.—
- VIII. *Zuleika (Bride of Abydos)*, Lord Byron.—
- IX. "*Simple Notes together blending*," W. Smyth, Esq.—
- X. "*Lady, see the rosy Billow*," John Stewart, Esq.—
- XI. "*On the Willow that weeps*," John Stewart, Esq.—
- XII. "*It was Dunoi*," Walter Scott, Esq.

The first of these songs, "*The Parting*," is a valuable composition. Not only is the opening subject devised with great taste and feeling, but in the progress of the air a marked degree of attention has been paid to the apt expression of the text; and this advantage is frequently blended with conspicuous harmonic skill. In this respect, we may quote the two first lines of p. 19. With the exception of the unisonos, "*Sank chill on my brow*" (too mournfully appalling to our taste), the whole passage is most impressively set and ably conducted; and equal praise falls to the remainder of the page. Some fine ideas present themselves p. 21; and the conclusion, "*How should I greet thee?—With silence and tears*," is replete with melancholy pathos.

Nos. II. III. and IV. although of less weight, would offer various topics for favourable comment, did

our limits permit a *catalogue raisonné* of the whole collection.

No. v. "*Oh! I will yield my heart to thee*," forms the only exception from the prevailing $\frac{3}{4}$ time in which the six or seven first songs in this volume are set. The melody, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, is chaste and tender; the first and second lines of p. 39 are highly select and interesting; and the concluding symphony, p. 39, equally claims our approbation.

We pass over Nos. VI. and VII. as productions of comparatively a lighter cast, and proceed to No. VIII. "*Zuleika*," the extent and elaborate nature of which more particularly rivets our attention. It consists of a recitativo, an aria in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, a short adagio ($\frac{4}{8}$), and a kind of vocal coda in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. The introduction to the recitativo, especially towards the end, calls for our warmest commendation; it contains some masterly touches. The recitativo itself, although somewhat long, is of classic stamp. Every note speaks with the poet; the changes of key, the modulations and transitions, and the accompaniments, as well as the instrumental solos, are planned and conducted with skill, and in the best style. The symphony, which precedes the aria, is impressive and well wrought. The aria rather bears the character of a *bravura*; it opens with determined energy; a fine instrumental passage intervenes, p. 58, and is followed by a page full of animated expression, frequently exhibiting original and bold turns of harmony. This latter appears to us altogether a masterly page. The slow movement, p. 61, in $\frac{5}{8}$ time, short as it is, possesses, in an eminent degree,

melodious softness enhanced by delicate instrumental support.

Nos. IX. and X. are duets, No. XI. a glee for four voices, and No. XII. a tétzett. Of these, Nos. IX. and XIth. offer no striking peculiarities to employ our critical pen. The latter, however, interests our sympathies by the circumstance of its being a literal translation of a French romance from a manuscript collection of poetry found on the field of Waterloo, in a state which could leave no doubt as to the fate of its unfortunate owner. No. X. a dialogue and duet, demands our notice: the subject, in G major, ingratiates itself by its simplicity and the engaging sweetness of its melody. It is quite to our taste; and the minore portion (p. 68) is likewise happily conceived. The *à-due* part appears to us of a more common complexion.

The tempi of all the pieces are marked by the length of a pendulum divided into inches. Independently of the unpleasant circular bobbing of a short pendulum of this kind, its scale is unintelligible in foreign countries, whither Dr. Clarke's musical works have found their way. Why not avail ourselves of the universal standard measure, by horary time, afforded by *Maelzel's metronome*?

"*There is a calm for those who weep,*"
a Ballad, with an Accompaniment
for the Piano-forte; the Poetry by
Montgomery, the Music composed,
and inscribed to Mr. Ch. Haden,
by Wm. Horsley, Mus. Bac.
Oxford. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Part of the subject seems to be borrowed from Mozart's *Porgi Amore* (Figaro). The loan, however, is of small amount and has borne fair interest. This composi-

tion breathes throughout deep feeling, expressed in thoughts of noble simplicity and decided selectness. It does honour to Mr. H. and is worthy of the text, the sombre import of which, as well as of the air, scarcely warrants the name of ballad on the title-page.

"*Batti, Batti,*" the favourite Air in Mozart's Opera of *Il Don Giovanni*, arranged for the Harp, and dedicated to Miss Calcraft; by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 3s.

A charming introduction precedes. It is a *largo* in G minor, of elevated musical sentiment, and original in conception. The subject (with which we never fail to associate the pleasing recollection of Madame Fodor's and Mr. Linley's performance at the King's Theatre,) is followed by a delicate variation (p. 4). In the 5th page (one of peculiar excellence) we have the theme successively in G minor, D minor, F major, C minor; it then shews itself in E b (p. 6.), always under different fanciful forms. Some good modulations serve as a *point de repos*. An elegant variation in demisemiquavers follows, p. 7; and in the 8th page the air is beautifully treated in C upon a pedal bass of G's, until (p. 9) it appears in the shape of a waltz, which leads to an effective conclusion.

"*Là ci darem' la mano,*" Mozart's favourite Duet in the Opera of "*Il Don Giovanni*," with Variations and an Introduction for the Harp, composed by R. C. Bochsa.—Pr. 3s.

In the introduction, partly a lento and partly an allegro moderato, we recognize, as in the preceding publication, all that tends to constitute a composer of the superior

order. The manner in which the theme of the air has been made to lurk, as it were, in its whole texture, to emerge, like the moon through the sky, at times faintly, and once or twice in full radiance, now in treble, and again in bass, proclaims both thought and refined musical sentiment. *O! si sic omnes!* The original theme has judiciously been curtailed to fit it for the purpose of variation; and the quick movement, "Andiam', andiam', mio bene," has, with equal good sense, been reserved to form the coda at the conclusion. The variations are in the best style. No. 2, which exhibits the subject in the bass, while the treble flies through elegant ranges of demisemiquavered passages, demands distinct mention. The march, No. 3, is also wrought with ingenuity and tasteful energy.

An Introduction and Polonoise for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Mademoiselle Cecilia Gallo, by H. J. Bertini. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In introducing this author for the first time to the readers of the *Repository*, we stand in no need to exercise that indulgence with which a courteous and good-natured critic ought to treat a *débüt*. Of Mr. Bertini's abilities as a performer on the piano-forte, we have heard a satisfactory account; and of his qualifications as a composer we are enabled to form our own judgment, much to his advantage, by the publication before us. Good taste forms a predominant feature in it, and harmonic skill appears likewise amply conspicuous. The introductory adagio is impressive, alludes ingeniously to the motivo of the succeeding slow movement, and, in the two last lines, exhibits

chromatic passages, in four parts, wrought in a fine contrapuntal style. These latter alone would have sufficed to establish Mr. B. in our favour. The next and principal movement is a polacca in E♭. These tunes, more than any others, are generally (and perhaps necessarily) so similarly constructed, that decided novelty is more than we can fairly look for. Mr. B.'s subject, however, although not original in all its parts, is far from being commonplace; it possesses a placid melodiousness, which cannot fail to please the ear of cultivated taste. In the progress of the piece we observe a good minor strain; and further on, the subject is very elegantly parodied in A♭ major, F minor, A♭ minor, &c. (p. 7), where the modulations through the flat keys bespeak Mr. B.'s compositorial knowledge. The pretty coda (p. 8) also demands our meed of approbation.

"*My Love is returned*," written by William Hall, Esq.; adapted to the favourite waltz in the Melodrame of "*The Broken Sword*," sung by Miss M^{rs} Alpine at Brighton, &c. with the greatest applause. Pr. 1s. 6d.

To a well-known graceful German waltz-tune three stanzas of light poetry have been successively adapted. The thing sings prettily, and has gained favour with some of our friends, especially of the tender age. The accompaniment is easy and proper, except perhaps a transient *concello* (p. 2, b. 18,) where "the bells' merry peal" proved to the harmonizer an irresistible temptation to chime in unison with the poet—not much to our liking! It does much better p. 3, b. 9.

"*The Sisters of Prague*," a *Bohémien Air*, arranged with *Variations for the Piano-forte*, and dedicated to Mrs. Belcombe, by Philip Knapton. Pr. 8s.

Innocent simplicity characterizes the Bohemian air which forms the theme. The variations are good. No. 1. flows agréably through ranges of *legato* semiquavers. No. 2. shaped upon the model of the Copenhagen waltz, bears a somewhat singular appearance: when executed with precision, however, the effect is neat enough, especially in the second strain, which is cleverly contrived. In No. 3. the continued octaves of the right hand play their part well; and in No. 4. the melody in the left falls in properly with the triplets assigned to the right. No. 5. is of a superior stamp; the responsive imitations between treble and bass are very skilfully devised, and afford desirable occupation for the left hand. No. 6. is rather common. The harpeggios in No. 7. are respectable; and in No. 8. the theme is exhibited in the form of a *cantabile*, with much taste and propriety of expression. This is a good variation. No. 9. and the classic coda appended to it, have our unqualified approval.—We are glad to find Mr. K. to be among the sensible class of composers that mark their pieces by Maelzel's metronome. But he ought, at the beginning at least, to indicate this more intelligibly, than by a mere note and a number after it.

Ross's *Airs*, arranged with *Variations and a characteristic Prelude for the Piano-forte*. Nos. III. and IV. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.

In the two numbers above-men-

tioned, Mr. Ross has strictly adhered to the plan adopted in their precursors, Nos. I. and II., of which we gave an account in last month's Critique. A *prélude* precedes the theme; four or five variations are deduced from the latter, and one of these, less faithful to the subject, bears the name of "Digression."—"The blue-eyed Maid of Beaumaris" forms the ground-work of No. III.; and No. IV. is employed on the Scotch air, "The lily that droops in Dumbarton." The variations are imagined in an easy familiar style; no harmonic or digital intricacies obstruct the path, and moderate proficient may travel over it with safety, pleasure, and profit. The 3d variation and "Digression" in No. 3. and the 5th and 6th variations in No. 4. may be quoted as favourable specimens of Mr. R.'s pleasing and unaffected workmanship.

"*The pleasant Vision*," a *Divertimento for the Piano-forte*, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Ann Carlisle, by L. C. Nielson. Pr. 2s.

An *andante* and *rondo* in A major. The subject of the former reminds us of a song of Mr. Hook's, and the superstructure is respectable and pleasing enough. The same may be said of the *rondo*, the motivo of which is in correspondence with that of the slow movement. The digressive matter is not very original, and in one or two instances, not of strict grammatical purity; but the *tout-ensemble* has a fair claim to favourable notice, and is adapted to moderate proficiency.

The Duke of Devonshire's favourite Waltz, with *Variations for the*

Piano-forte, by Aug. Voight.—
Pr. 1s. 6d.

A pleasant theme, with four variations of considerable merit, but very different in point of executive ease. No. 1. for instance, is quite plain sailing. Supposing it to require a learner of six months, No. 2. would not be equally well mastered by a pupil of three times the quantum of tuition. But we must at the same time add, that this No. 2. does Mr. V. great credit; the three parts of which it consists are well contrived, and the trio is particularly interesting. The variation is worth the application entailed upon both hands, and especially upon the right, which has to execute both melody and a running accompaniment simultaneously. No. 3. with theme in bass, and demisemiquaver evolutions in treble, also has our approbation; and in No. 4. we have to notice with favour another neat contrivance, by which the first and second parts alternately act in imitative responses. Traits like these shew that the head has worked in concert with the hand that wielded the keys or the pen.

A Sonata for the Piano-forte, in which is (are?) introduced several favourite Airs; composed, and respectfully dedicated to Highmore Skeats, Organist of the Cathedral, Canterbury, by Samuel Harde-man, Organist, Deal. Pr. 4s.

In the case of this sonata, candour and our own credit oblige us to limit within certain bounds the indulgence with which we are ever ready to judge of a first appearance in our columns. Mr. H.'s labour is not above mediocrity, and ought not to have gone before the public. To begin with the allegro: the sub-

ject is of the most common order, and its hammering bass poor and antiquated, besides being disfigured by an ugly error (b. 4), which we find, by the sequel, to be the engraver's mistake. After the first eight bars, a series of digressions follows, without either plan or taste—a labyrinth of confusion. In the third page, the first of the airs promised in the title makes its appearance, and its regularity would afford some relief, were it not for the ill-favoured conclusion of the fifth line, and the unintelligible cadence in the last line of this page. After some commonplace passages (p. 4), a second air is introduced, and the dulcet strains of Mozart serve to put us a little to rights; but we soon find ourselves in *statu quo* by means of the eighth and ninth bars in the fifth page, the unmeaning vulgarity of which we should not pardon in a boarding-school aspirant at composition. Much similar matter is brought subsequently into play, until the allegro, instead of terminating with spirit, evaporates in a *cadenza*, the crudity of which might serve as a model of the *bathos* in composition. Among other incongruities that are here strung together, we regret we cannot give a graphic specimen of one particular passage (p. 6, l. 5), which we take to have been a favourite, as it is repeated three times, along the whole key-board as far as the right hand could travel, so as to leave yet a nook for the left to give the powerful harmonic support of octaves. The slow movement, which gives another air, is much better than its predecessor; a tolerable minore is deduced from the subject, and a

decent variation of the major strain appended. The rondo again borrows its theme from an Irish tune; after which a kind of bravura out-set promises largely, but falls short of the expectation excited. The digressive matter here, too, is put together apparently without any plan or proportion of parts, except that much of what is propounded in the key reappears in the subdominant. Upon the whole, however, the rondo is preferable to the allegro.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 21.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE FOUR OF DIAMONDS. This beautiful device, in which simplicity and elegance are exquisitely united, represents a scene in the German drama of *Zielke*, the interest of which is produced by the filial virtues of the young widowed countess of that name. Her father having squandered away the whole of his own property, appropriates to himself that of his daughter; and having immured her in her own castle, reports her death, and accompanies it by a splendid funeral. She escapes, and unwilling to expose her father's conduct, seeks refuge in a distant convent, resolved to abandon her property and the world for the consolations of religion. On the festival of the patron saint, she is selected, on account of her beauty, to lead the procession from the convent to the great church, adorned for the last time in the rich habiliments of temporal life, which she is about to reject for the coarse and simple costume of the sisterhood. The attendant knight, who is also about to assume the habit of a cloister, in despair for the supposed loss of the mistress of his affections, joins the procession at the porch, and in

wonder recognises the countess whom he had lately followed in affliction to the tomb. Her fortitude and self-command, however, still continue the delusion; for as she displays no symptom of remembrance, he is unwillingly impelled to doubt the identity of her person. At this moment the design of the card is taken, but the drama proceeds with the interesting embarrassments, and the consequent perils of the countess, until liberated by the violent death of her father, which restores her to fortune and herself. The *denouement* may be readily imagined; yet this simple story affords deep interest in its progress, great splendour in its representation, and teaches the spectator to venerate the sacrifices of filial affection, and to depend upon the protection of an over-ruling Providence.

THE ACE OF SPADES is represented by a pouch suspended to the dress of an emperor of Persia; in his right hand he grasps the imperial sceptre, and seems, between each whiff of the *hookah*, to deliver an indisputable mandate.

THE FIVE OF CLUBS is a bacchanalian subject; certainly designed

with elegance, but from the solitariness of the figure, it rather disgusts than pleases, from the selfishness of the gratification.

The SEVEN OF HEARTS is the statue of a knight in the costume of the fourteenth century: his helmet, sword, and shield are depo-

sited on pedestals, and the urns and heraldic devices are formed by the hearts. The statue is new in its arrangement, and may afford to sculptors a hint towards the accompaniments of modern statues, which are too often insufficiently supported.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

(From *Memoirs of JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH*, by WILLIAM COXE, M. A. F. R. S. F. S. A.)

THIS affront towards a faithful servant rankled in the mind of the princess (Anne), and a gloomy reserve prevailed in the royal family, which portended a new commotion. At this moment also the enemies whom Marlborough had provoked by his remonstrances and sarcasms, omitted no effort to widen the breach. A powerful cabal was formed by the Earl of Portland and the family of Villiers, whose intrigues were rendered more dangerous by their intimate access to the king. To this cabal belonged Lady Fitzharding, a sister of the Countess of Portland, who availed herself of her situation in the household of the princess, and the confidence of Lady Marlborough, to act as a spy on the conduct of the princess and her favourite, and to report in aggravated terms the indecorous and insulting language which they habitually used in speaking of the king.

As early as January 29th, an anonymous letter was conveyed to the princess, indicating this cabal, and

announcing that the disgrace of Marlborough would not terminate with his dismissal; but that, on the prorogation of parliament, he would be imprisoned. This correspondent also stated, that the tears which she had been seen to shed since the disgrace of Marlborough had provoked the king and queen, and that the meeting which he held with Godolphin and Russel on the evening of his dismissal, had excited great jealousy at court. It concluded with apprising the princess, that she would be compelled to dismiss Lady Marlborough.

This informant was not widely mistaken. The countess, who had absented herself from court since the disgrace of her lord, was at length persuaded by her friends to attend the princess at the levee of the queen on the 4th of February. Such an imprudent step, which was far from being prompted by motives of respect, was considered as a premeditated insult. On the ensuing morning a harsh letter was conveyed from the queen, com-

manding the princess to dismiss Lady Marlborough without delay. Instead, however, of complying, she still further provoked the queen by a justification of her favourite; and an order was transmitted by the lord chamberlain, enjoining the countess to remove from the palace of Whitehall. The order was the prelude to an utter breach. Anne, disdaining to remain in a place from whence her friend and confidant was excluded, quitted her own apartments, and after a temporary stay at Sion Hill, the seat of the Duke of Somerset, established her residence at Berkeley-House.

Common resentment and common mortification gave new strength to the romantic affection which subsisted between the princess and her favourite. To an offer made by the countess of withdrawing from her service, Anne replied with the most tender expostulations, asseverating that she was not the cause of the rupture which had occurred. In one of her notes she observes: "I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman got home: and now I have this opportunity of writing, she must give me leave to tell her, if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley, she will rob her of the joy of her life; for if that day should come, I should never enjoy another happy minute; and I swear to you, I would shut myself up, and never see a creature."

Before the surprise occasioned by the preceding incidents had subsided, Marlborough was suddenly arrested, on the 5th of May, on a charge of high treason. Warrants were likewise issued against the Earls of Huntingdon and Scars-

dale, and Dr. Spratt, Bishop of Rochester. Several other persons were likewise taken into custody, particularly Lord Middleton, the Lords Griffin and Dunmore, Sir John Fenwick, and Colonels Slingsby and Sackville, all of whom were known partisans of the Stuart family.

The moment of these arrests was a moment of peculiar danger and alarm; for a French fleet was on the point of sailing to convoy the dethroned monarch, with a large body of troops, to the British shores. The avowed Jacobites were consequently seized by way of precaution, and not on any specific charge. With regard to the Earls of Marlborough and Scarsdale and the Bishop of Rochester, the case was different, though the time and mode of their detention seemed to involve them in the designs which popular opinion ascribed to the rest. In fact, they were arrested in consequence of an atrocious scheme formed by one Robert Young, then imprisoned in Newgate for the non-payment of a fine. This wretch, who was expert in counterfeiting hands, drew up an association in favour of James II. to which he annexed the signatures of the Earls of Marlborough and Scarsdale, the Bishop of Rochester, Lord Cornbury, and Sir Basil Firebrace. To give additional colour to his scheme, he also forged several letters from Marlborough. By the agency of Stephen Blackhead, a confederate equally infamous, he found means to secrete the fictitious association in the palace belonging to the Bishop of Rochester at Bromley in Kent. On the information of Young, the pa-

lace was searched, and the paper being found, measures were immediately adopted to secure the supposed delinquents.

As peers could not be arrested except on an affidavit, Young made the customary deposition for drawing up the several warrants. When that against Marlborough was submitted to the cabinet council for approbation, three of the members, the Earls of Devonshire and Bradford, and Lord Montagu, appear to have been struck by the infamous character of the accuser; and instead of affixing their signatures, contemptuously handed it to those sitting next. It was, however, sanctioned by the majority, and carried into execution.

In the language of conscious innocence, Marlborough made an immediate appeal to those members of the administration in whose integrity he confided. To the Earl of Devonshire, lord high steward, he wrote:

"I am so confident of my innocence, and so convinced, if there be any such letter, that it must appear to be forged, and made use of only to keep me in prison, that I cannot doubt that your lordship will be so kind as to let me find your protection against such a proceeding, which will be a reproach to the government, as well as an injury to

"Your's, &c."

He made a similar appeal to the Marquis of Caermarthen, president of the council, whose judgment he was convinced would not be biassed by the remembrance of their former contentions:

"Having been informed that it is now publicly discoursed in West-

minster Hall to-day, that a letter under my hand was to be produced to the grand jury, to induce them to find a bill against me, I beg leave to assure your lordship, upon my honour and credit, that if any such letter be pretended, it must and will upon examination appear so plainly to have been forged, that as it can be of no credit or advantage to the government, so I doubt not but your lordship's justice will be ready to protect me from so injurious a proceeding,

"Who am, &c."

The arrest of Marlborough, though not unforeseen, struck a panic into the court of Berkeley-House. We find a letter of condolence written by the princess to her favourite as soon as the news had transpired:

"I hear Lord Marlborough is sent to the Tower; and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told of it; for methinks it is a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place. —I have a thousand melancholy thoughts, and cannot help fearing they should hinder you from coming to me; though how they can do that without making you a prisoner, I cannot imagine.

"I am just told by pretty good hands, that as soon as the wind turns westerly, there will be a guard set upon the prince and me. If you hear there is any such thing designed, and that 'tis easy to you, pray let me see you before the wind changes; for afterwards one does not know whether they will let one have opportunities of speaking to one another. But let them do what

they please, nothing shall ever vex me, so I can have the satisfaction of seeing dear Mrs. Freeman: for I swear I would live on bread and water, between four walls, with her, without repining; for as long as you continue kind, nothing can ever be a real mortification to your faithful Mrs. Morley, who wishes she may never enjoy a moment's happiness in this world or the next, if ever she prove false to you."

Whether the hint which the princess conveys of a design to place her and her consort under restraint, was an effect of mere rumour, or whether William was unwilling to hazard so decisive a measure, we cannot ascertain. But the princess suffered no other mortification than the imprisonment of her zealous adherent, and the loss of the honours attached to her high station.

In endeavouring to trace the causes of this mysterious transaction, we must distinguish between the disgrace and arrest, and the subsequent detention of Marlborough.

Some who were well acquainted with his early history, especially the duchess, ascribe his disgrace and imprisonment to the zeal he displayed in promoting the grant of a permanent revenue to the Princess of Denmark. Others have imputed these mortifications to the jealousy which his popularity and military talents raised in the mind of William; to an accusation that he attempted to sow divisions in the army; and to his disclosure of a design formed for the surprise of Dunkirk. Finally, the cause has been sought in the bickerings between the two courts, and the im-

prudent remonstrances which Marlborough presumed to make against the partiality of the king towards his Dutch adherents, and his reserve towards the English.

Of all these different conjectures the last alone is sufficient to account for the dismissal of Marlborough: for the magnanimous character of William exempts him from the slightest imputation of personal jealousy; the charge of endeavouring to sow divisions in the army was a mere vague rumour of the day; the design against Dunkirk did not take place till the ensuing August; and the earl was confidentially employed by the king more than two years after the discussion relative to the revenue of the princess.

For Marlborough's subsequent detention, we must seek another cause; namely, his clandestine intercourse with the exiled family. We have already adverted to the commencement of that intercourse; and whether the motives which induced him to listen to the overtures of the Stuart agents arose from disgust with William, or the fear of a counter-revolution, we cannot doubt that it must have operated with double force during the course of the preceding winter, when he was personally implicated in the dispute between the princess and the king, and when a powerful expedition was preparing in the French ports to restore the exiled monarch. So general was the panic felt on this occasion, that even the Princess of Denmark herself made overtures to her father towards the close of 1691. Such a correspondence could not have entirely escaped the vigilance of

William; and he might naturally have ascribed the overture of the princess to the advice of Marlborough and his countess, who possessed her full confidence. But whatever were his suspicions, the evidence on which they were founded was too slender to justify severe measures; for otherwise the powerful cabal whom Marlborough had so grievously offended, would scarcely have failed to push their vengeance further than mere detention.

THE PLAGUE IN 1665.

(From *Mrs. OPIE's New Tales.*)

As I drove through some of the streets on my way, London seemed scarcely to resemble its former self. All the houses were shut up; red crosses were on the doors, with the inscription of "Lord have mercy upon us!" The streets were deserted; and grass growing amongst the stones, proved how long a period had elapsed since the foot of busy man had habitually trodden there; while men in office passed slowly and singly along, bearing a red wand in their hands, to mark that it might be dangerous to approach them; and the cries from the windows of "Pray for us!" and the dismal call of "Bring out your dead!" mingled dreadfully and appallingly with the rumbling sound of the death-carts, and the deep tolling of the bell for that last mournful ceremony, which now was bereft, by haste and fear, of all its impressive and sadly soothing solemnity.

Oh! how I shuddered as the first pest-cart passed, as night was now rapidly spreading around me! How do I know, thought I, whom that cart of varied victims may not contain! The thought was too terrible, and I conjured my driver to quicken the pace of his horse.

He did so; and as St. Giles's church struck nine, we reached the

street in which stood the house of my father. That house was the last in the row; and to avoid observation, I desired the man to wait with his cart in a little alley by the gable end of the house, while I, with trembling feet, walked to the door, on which I beheld the portentous red cross, and its accompanying prayer.

As I expected, a watchman guarded the door; and I knew that he would refuse to admit me, as he was bound to do, on pain of the severest penalty. Still I hoped to succeed in my application if my father yet lived: but I resolved not to offer him a bribe of money till I found all other applications hopeless; for I thought, if he were one of the wicked watchmen of whom I had heard, he might murder me as well as my father, for the sake of the money that I had about me.

We had a lighted dark lantern with us in the cart, and with this in my hand I went up to my father's door. My dress was the deepest mourning, and I wore a sort of long white veil resembling the veil of a novice. I did this in hopes that I might thus be able to conceal myself from my father's knowledge, if he was quite sensible, as I feared the sight of me

might overcome him too much; and I also hoped that he might fancy me some member of a religious order, who had undertaken to nurse the sick.

But as this dress was singular, and as my figure was tall and thin, I was not surprised that the watchman started and crossed himself as I approached. However this was, the momentary fear I caused was the means of my obtaining one useful piece of information. I found this watchman was a Catholic; and I hoped he would be the more likely to oblige me, when he heard I was of his own faith.

Is it wonderful that now that I was at my poor father's door, and able by one question to remove my anxiety, I could not utter a word, and stood silent and motionless as if I had really been the unearthly thing he took me for at first? At length, however, in a faint voice, I said, "Is not this Mr. Falkland's house?"

"It is."

"Does he yet live?" I asked in a trembling tone; and as I did so, I turned the lantern towards me, and the light fell upon my agitated countenance.

The watchman instantly answered, "I cannot tell; but I hope, nay I think he does." * * * * *

The door opened, and with difficulty, for something opposed the opening; and I felt very sick when I discovered that it was the body of the poor maid servant. But I struggled with this feeling; and while the watchman went out to call the dead-cart, whose awful rumbling was heard at a distance in the street, I tottered up to the chamber of my father.

With a trembling hand I opened the door of the dark and suffocating room, and anxiously listened to hear whether he breathed or not. He did breathe audibly; he also moved audibly in his bed. Life therefore was not extinct, and with renewed thankfulness and hope I returned on the light step of gladness to the door, and told the watchman where to find my coach, and to bring me instantly a large basket which it contained. He did so, before the death-cart was at all near the door; but till it had driven off again with its load, he begged me to take care that I was not seen. * * * * *

The poor invalid made no resistance, so my task was easy; and I got down quite as much as my instructor would I thought have recommended. I ventured next to open the window; and as there was a thorough light, I was able to make a thorough air; and soon by that means, and the burning of herbs and of some gums which I had with me, the smell of disease and the feeling of suffocating heat disappeared considerably; and when I had changed the pillow-case, I fancied that my father lay his head down on the cool and clean linen with a feeling of relief. But his apparent quiet did not last long. He again became restless, and delirium succeeded; and with uncontrollable emotion, I heard him pronounce my own name.

It was now I thought time to administer the medicine recommended to me; and I did so, for anything of liquid, poor soul! seemed to be welcome to his parched lips; and even sooner than I expected,

the restlessness of fever subsided, and he fell asleep. * * * * *

A little before six my friend the watchman, who was then going off his watch, knocked at the door to know how my patient was; and he roused me from a most painful contemplation, for as the yellow beams of morning light shone through the white curtains on my poor father's face, which was now no longer flushed with the crimson of fever, I was again so shocked and terrified by his wan and deathlike appearance, that I hung over him with suspended breath, expecting every instant to see him breathe his last before me. I could hardly therefore speak when I opened the door to my kind inquirer; who, alarmed

at my look, went up to the bed, regardless of the danger, and gazed closely and earnestly on the unconscious invalid.

"He is not dying, or likely to die, dear young lady," said he, "if that is what you fear, for there is a gentle dew on the skin, which I have heard say is favourable; and those who die of the plague usually die in agony and raving."

I now began to perceive that my father's sight was rapidly returning—a proof of returning strength, and therefore welcome to me. * * *

My attention was recalled to my nearly fainting father, who fixing his eyes on me, faltered out, "It must be so!—It is she!—It is my child!"

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN has in the press a *Treatise on the Patent Movable Axes*, elucidating the great advantages obtained by them; accompanied by numerous documents of approbation from gentlemen at home and abroad.

R. A. also has imported a most learned and interesting work on the Origin of Carriages and Vehicles, by J. C. Ginzrot of Munich; with 104 engravings, representing the various vehicles as used by the Greeks and Romans; in two volumes 4to.

We are happy to announce the speedy publication of a second edition of Miss L. Aikin's *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*.

The *Life* of the celebrated Las Casas is about to appear, the MS. having reached England some time ago, and been already put to press: we learn that it is written by him-

self, and includes his biography up to the date when he quitted St. Helena. It will contain authentic particulars respecting the treatment of Buonaparte, and the mode in which he employs himself. Some private letters which the British government refused to forward to their destination, are also to be inserted.

Part I. vol. V. of Mr. Britton's *Architectural Antiquities*, will appear in the ensuing month. The object of the work our readers are perhaps aware is, to illustrate the architecture of this country; and in the part about to be published are given many engravings relative to the circular style of erecting Gothic buildings: of course they will include some of the earliest specimens in Great Britain, as the pointed arches are conjectured by some not to have been employed

until the reign of Henry III. The plates will be the following: 1. Ground plan, &c. of Iffley church, Oxfordshire; 2. Elevation of the west front of the same; 3. Western door of the same; 4. Door-way to the south porch of Malmesbury abbey-church; 5. Elevation of the east end of St. Cross church; 6. Tower of Earl's Barton church, Northamptonshire; 7. Door-way, &c. of the same; 8. View of the crypt of St. Peter's, Oxford.

Mr. Dawson Turner will shortly complete his elegant work of figures and descriptions of the plants belonging to the *fucus* genus.

Mr. Thomas Bewick is about to give another specimen of his skill in wood-engraving, by the publication of a new edition of the *Fables of Æsop*; with a selection of others from various authors. It will appear in about a month.

Dr. Bateman, physician to the Public Dispensary, &c. has in the press a succinct account of the *Contagious Fevers* of this country, exemplified by the epidemic now prevailing in London; with the appropriate method of treatment as practised in the House of Recovery. It will be accompanied by general remarks upon contagion, pointing out the best means by which it may be prevented.

Lady Morgan is superintending the printing of another national tale, to be called *Florence McArthy*.

Sir C. Morgan's *Sketches of the Philosophy of Human Life*, which we have before announced, is nearly ready for publication.

The industrious and learned Mr. H. J. Todd, the editor of the new edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, Vol. VI. No. XXXIV.

ary, is engaged upon a controversial work relative to the doctrines of Original Sin, Freewill, Grace, Regeneration, Justification, Faith, Good Works, and Universal Redemption, as maintained in certain declarations of the Reformers.

Sentimental Scenes, taken from a series of celebrated and popular plays, are publishing under the care of Mr. J. Wilson.

Dr. Brewster's *Treatise on the Kaleidoscope*, including an account of the various forms of that curious and entertaining instrument, will appear very shortly.

The Literary Society of Bombay have made rapid advances in their laudable pursuits, and a volume of their *Transactions*, in 4to. will be given to the world before long: it contains much useful and curious matter.

Campbell, or the Scottish Probationer, a novel, as is reported of much merit, will be published early in the season.

A General View of the Structure and Classification of Animals, illustrated by engravings, is prepared for the press by Dr. John Fleming.

A small volume of *Poems*, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, by the late Richard Gall, is in the press. It may be necessary to add, that the author, who died at an early age, was intimate with Burns, and his turn for poetry was not a little encouraged by that circumstance.

Judah Paddock, master of the ship Oswego, which was wrecked on the savage coast of South Barbary, is about to publish an account of the disaster, and of the grievous sufferings of himself and his crew while in slavery among the Arabs.

K K

The account of the Russian Embassy to Persia will be published by Mr. Kotzebue very soon: it will be printed at the same time at Weimar and in the British metropolis.

A very elegant work is about to be given to the public, consisting of Picturesque Scenery and Antiquities of Scotland: the drawings have been made by Turner, Calcot, and other eminent artists, and the engravings will be worthy of the originals.

Swiss Scenery will likewise be illustrated early in the ensuing month, by a work from the pen and pencil of Major Cockburn.

A useful work will be published in a few days, called *The Child's Introduction to Thorough-Bass*, in conversations between a mother and a daughter of ten years old.

Also, *A short History of France*, after the manner of the late Mrs. Trimmer's Histories for Children, by a daughter of that lady.

A School Astronomy, accompanied with plates, is now in the press, by Mr. Guy, in a small volume, the size of the popular School Geography published by him. The work will comprise all that can be interesting to youth, and within their comprehension. It is designed as a general class-book in schools, enabling teachers to make the elements of astronomy a regular branch of school education.

A Year and a Day, a novel, in two volumes, by Madame Panache, author of *Manuvers*, and *Castles in the Air*, or the Whims of my Aunt, is in the hands of the printer.

Night, a descriptive poem, by M. B. Elliot, jun. is about to appear: it is an attempt to paint the

scenery of night as connected with great and interesting events.

Charenton, or the Follies of the Age, a philosophical romance, has been translated from the French of M. Loidoueix, and will be produced very shortly. Charenton is well known to be the public establishment near Paris for insane persons: the author has chosen it for the scene of adventures, and some supposed inhabitants of it are his *dramatis personæ*. This work gives a view of the political state of France, of its parties, of the natural tendency of the age to the general interests of mankind, and of the ultimate object of civilization in its silent progress towards universal good.

Miss Hutton is about to publish *The Tour of Africa*, containing a concise account of all the countries in that quarter of the Globe hitherto visited by Europeans; with the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

Lieutenant Elmhirst has nearly completed his work relating to Occurrences during a six months' Residence in the Province of Calabria Ulteriore, in the kingdom of Naples.

A Fortnight's Visit, containing original, moral, and instructive tales for young gentlemen, will be published in a few days.

Prince Chilly, a satirical history of all the nations of the world, in imitation of the style of Dean Swift, by Tom Brown, is likely to be an entertaining production.

A dramatic poem, entitled *Revenge defeated and self-punished*, is nearly ready for delivery.

Hydrophobia.—The following article has appeared in the *Hamburg Correspondent*:



ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY

BY J. W. B. JONES, F.R.S.E., F.R.S.D., F.R.S.M., F.R.S.N., F.R.S.P., F.R.S.S., F.R.S.S.I., F.R.S.S.II., F.R.S.S.III., F.R.S.S.IV., F.R.S.S.V., F.R.S.S.VI., F.R.S.S.VII., F.R.S.S.VIII., F.R.S.S.IX., F.R.S.S.X., F.R.S.S.XI., F.R.S.S.XII., F.R.S.S.XIII., F.R.S.S.XIV., F.R.S.S.XV., F.R.S.S.XVI., F.R.S.S.XVII., F.R.S.S.XVIII., F.R.S.S.XIX., F.R.S.S.XX., F.R.S.S.XXI., F.R.S.S.XXII., F.R.S.S.XXIII., F.R.S.S.XXIV., F.R.S.S.XXV., F.R.S.S.XXVI., F.R.S.S.XXVII., F.R.S.S.XXVIII., F.R.S.S.XXIX., F.R.S.S.XXX., F.R.S.S.XXXI., F.R.S.S.XXXII., F.R.S.S.XXXIII., F.R.S.S.XXXIV., F.R.S.S.XXXV., F.R.S.S.XXXVI., F.R.S.S.XXXVII., F.R.S.S.XXXVIII., F.R.S.S.XXXIX., F.R.S.S.XXXX., F.R.S.S.XXXXI., F.R.S.S.XXXXII., F.R.S.S.XXXXIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXIV., F.R.S.S.XXXXV., F.R.S.S.XXXXVI., F.R.S.S.XXXXVII., F.R.S.S.XXXXVIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXIX., F.R.S.S.XXXXX., F.R.S.S.XXXXXI., F.R.S.S.XXXXXII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXIV., F.R.S.S.XXXXXV., F.R.S.S.XXXXXVI., F.R.S.S.XXXXXVII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXVIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXIX., F.R.S.S.XXXXXX., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXI., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXIV., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXV., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXVI., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXVII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXVIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXIX., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXX., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXI., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXIV., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXV., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXVI., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXVII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXVIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXIX., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXX., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXI., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXIV., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXV., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXVI., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXVII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXVIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXIX., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXX., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXXI., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXXII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXXIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXXIV., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXXV., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXXVI., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXXVII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXXVIII., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXXXXIX., F.R.S.S.XXXXXXX.

The plant (*Asium plantago*, Linnaeus), which is successfully employed as a cure for Hydrophobia, grows in water, either in marshes, lakes, or ponds. It has a capillary root resembling that of an onion. The plant continues under water until the month of June, at the commencement of which, or even during the month of May, in a warm temperature, from five to seven detached sprouts, of a long convex form, shoot from beneath the water. These sprouts have a reddish bark, and are each provided with a pointed, smooth, and deep-coloured leaf. In the month of June a stalk appears, with a round green root resembling that of asparagus. This stalk shoots from beneath the water, sometimes with, and sometimes without leaves. It is divided into several sprigs without leaves, at the extremity of each of which is a small trefoil flower, of a pale red colour, which afterwards contains the seed. This plant is in blossom during the whole of the summer season. The latter end of August is the fittest time to gather it. It is made use of in the

following manner: One large root, or two or three small ones, are well washed and dried in the shade. They are then reduced to powder, and strained upon bread and butter, and in this way administered to the patient. On the second, or at most the third trial, this remedy will destroy the virus of the mad dog, however violent it may be, even when the symptoms of Hydrophobia have already appeared. This root operates with equal efficacy on dogs which have been bitten, as well as on mad dogs. During an interval of twenty-five years, this specific has constantly been found an infallible preservative against madness. It has cured individuals in whom this disease had acquired so decided a character, that they attacked and bit all who came near them; and no symptoms of relapse were ever observable. Numerous cures have been effected, particularly in the government of Tals."

We are indebted for this notice to Mr. F. V. Turgeneff, who has lately sent from Moscow, for gratuitous distribution, 600 copies of a description of this plant.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 92.—EVENING DRESS.

A white lace dress over a white satin slip: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a drapery of white lace, ornamented with pearls, and ornamented with full-blown roses without leaves, which are placed at regular distances: a row of white satin is placed above and another below this trimming. Skirt of

pale rose-coloured satin, made tight to the shape, and cut so as to display the bust very much: a row of blond lace is set on plain, so as to fall over the corage. Skirt full of rose satin, shaded with white lace, and finished at the bottom by a fall of blond set on plain. Head-dress, a white satin bonnet made rather high, and orna-

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

mented with a bunch of flowers placed at the left side. White satin slippers. White kid gloves. Necklace and ear-rings pearl. Hair arranged in a few light ringlets on each temple. Small ivory fan.

PLATE 23.—WALKING DRESS.

A round dress of jaconot muslin; the body is made high, without a collar; the back is plain; the front is formed of alternate strips of rich work and welted muslin; the welts are very small, and there are three in number between every strip of work. A frill of rich work stands up round the throat, and goes down the fronts. Plain long sleeve, rather loose except at the wrist, where the fulness is drawn in in welts. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a flounce of work disposed in large plaits; this is surmounted by a row of embroidery and a second flounce of work, over which are three or four welts. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of dark blue *gros de Naples*; it is made tight to the shape, without seam, and richly ornamented with white satin. The collar, which stands up round the throat, is composed of white satin: it is very full, but the fulness is confined by narrow bands of *gros de Naples*; there are four or five, and a small white tassel, which depends from each, falls into the neck. The waist is finished by very small tabs edged with white satin. Long loose sleeve, ornamented with ribbon at the wrist, and with a puffing of white satin on the shoulder. Head-dress, a *cornette* of white lace, ornamented by bias bands of white satin. The top of the crown is full and rather high; the fulness is confined by a wreath of moss-roses,

which go round the top of the head. Bonnet of a French shape, composed of white satin, the edge of the brim finished by rouleaus of blue and white plaid silk; a large bow of the same material, and a plume of ostrich feathers, are placed on one side the crown. White gloves, and half-boots, the lower part blue leather, the upper jane. A lemon-coloured shawl, very richly embroidered, is thrown loosely over the shoulders.

We are indebted to Miss Macdonald for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade costume has suffered little change since the publication of our last number. Muslin is still generally worn in gowns. Silk pelisses and large silk shawls are universally adopted in the early morning walk. For the dress promenade or carriage attire, spencers, coloured silk scarfs, and China crape shawls, are most fashionable. Some ladies have silk scarfs of the same colour as their spencers, which they fold carelessly round the figure, so as to form a drapery on the left side.

Transparent bonnets have entirely disappeared. Leghorn are worn in dishabille, and satin or *gros de Naples* for the carriage or dress promenade. Bonnets have diminished in size very much since last month; they are certainly still worn large, but by no means unbecomingly so. There is no alteration in their ornaments since our last number.

Morning dress is still composed of muslin: we have seen some invented by a fashionable *marchande des modes* for a lady going to India,

which were made in a new, and, we think, becoming style. One is an open robe composed of jaconot muslin, and worn over a petticoat of the same material; the bottom of the petticoat is ornamented with mull muslin fluted and laid on in vandykes; these are about half a quarter in breadth; between each is a bunch of leaves richly embroidered, which resembles lace. The robe is open in front, but rounded at the corners; it is beautifully worked all round in an embroidery of bunches of leaves tied together; at each edge of this embroidery is a very slight fluting of mull muslin. The body is quite plain in the middle of the back, but has a fulness at each side, which is confined by small white buttons and braiding. It is made up to the throat, and has a collar which falls quite over, so as to form a small pelerine, which is pointed in the middle and at each corner, and worked to correspond. The long sleeve is richly finished with work at the wrist, and a single row of broad pointed work forms a pretty epaulette.

Half-dress caps, composed of fine worked muslin richly trimmed with lace, are in much estimation: but we do not perceive any thing particularly novel in their form; they are mostly made round; the cauls are higher than we have seen them for some time, and the fulness of the caul is generally brought to the crown of the head. Flowers are the usual ornaments of these caps.

Dinner and evening dress afford nothing novel: in the former muslin still predominates, but silks are worn, though partially. In evening dress, that which we have given in our print is the only one worthy of our readers' attention.

The hair is now dressed very low: the forehead is not so much exposed as last month; it is partially shaded by a few light curls; the hind hair is partly braided and brought round the head, and partly disposed in bows, which are fancifully arranged on the crown of the head, but are made very small.

Dress caps seem much in favour: we have seen some of transparent gauze trimmed with British blond, which looked remarkably well. We cannot help observing, that as our own gauze and blond are brought to so high a degree of perfection as to equal if not rival the productions of foreign looms, it is much to be wished that our fair fashionables would exert themselves for the support of these manufactures. Our silks, muslins, ribbons, &c. have been honoured with the most illustrious patronage: but for what reason we know not, French gauze and blond sell much better than our own; though they are so far from being superior, that, in more than one instance, ours, particularly the transparent gauze, is more beautiful.

There is no alteration in the fashionable colours since the publication of our last number.

Poetry.

ROWENA.

(From "Samor, Lord of the Bright City," by
the Rev. H. H. MILMAN.)

EXHAUSTED she sank down upon her
knees,
Her knees that fainted under her.—"Ye
can,
Ye will not shew unto a woman's eyes
That bloody consummation, not to mine.
Oh! thou that speakest in that brazen
tone
Implacable, the last time thou and I
Discours'd, thy voice was broken, tender,
soft—
Remember'st thou? 'Twas then as it had
caught
The trembling of the moonlight, that lay
round
With rapturous disquiet bathing us.
Remember'st thou?—Almost the judg-
ment sword
Fell from the avenger's failing hand; but
firm
He grasp'd it, and with eyes to heaven
upturn'd,
Oh! duty, duty, why art thou so stern?
Then, Lady, lo, the headsman with his
steel!
To that dark priest 'tis given to sacrifice
The victim of to-day—Depart! depart!
Colours may flow too deep for woman's
sight,
And sounds may burst too drear for wo-
man's ear."
Stately as lily on a sunshine bank,
Shaken from its curl'd leaves the o'er-
charging dew,
Freshens and strengthens its bow'd stem:
so white,
So brightening to a pale cold pride, a
faint
And trembling majes'y, Rowena sat.
On Hengist's dropping lip and knitted
brow
Was mockery at her fate-opposing
prayer;

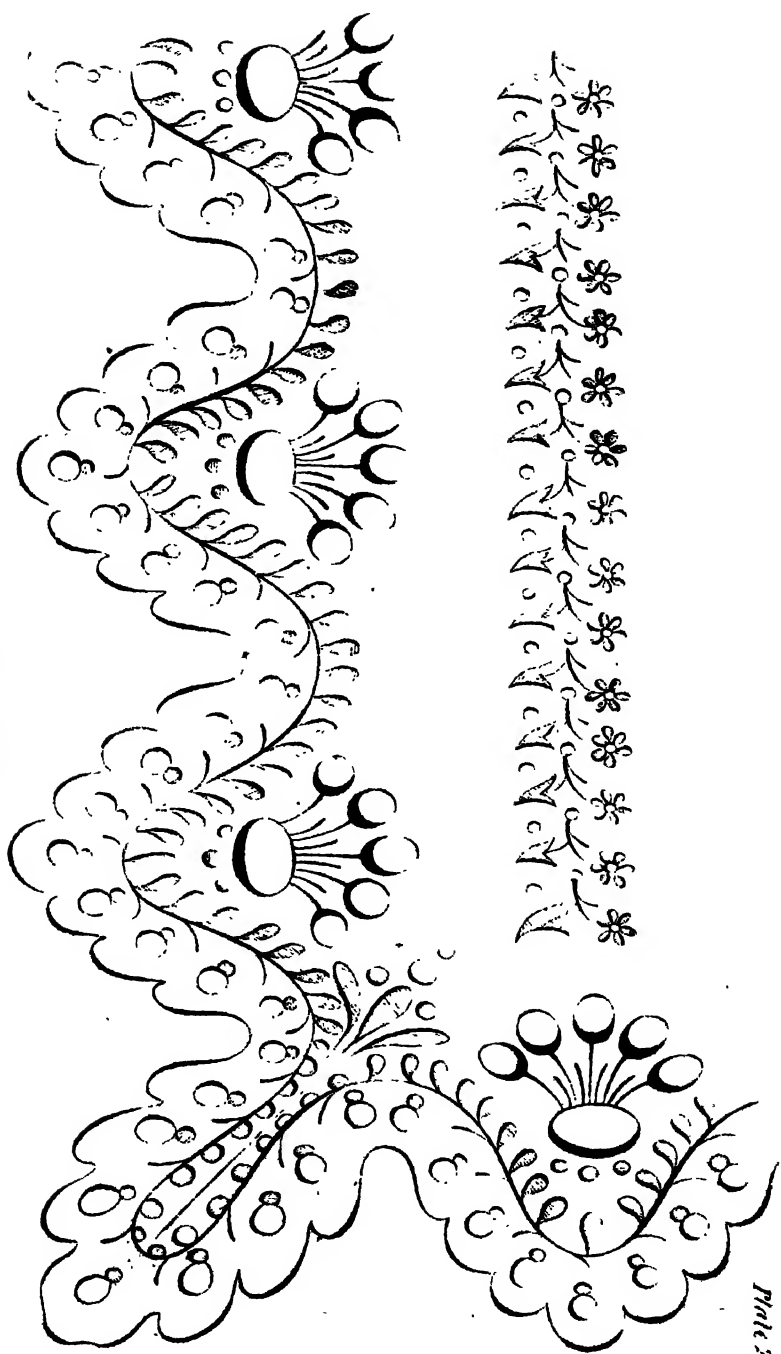
And that was all. But she: "Proud-
hearted men,
Ye vainly deem your privilege your right,
Prerogative of your high-minded race,
The glory of endurance, and the state
Of strong-resolving fortitude! Here I,
A woman born to melt and faint and fail,
A frail, a delicate, a dying woman, sit
Toshame ye." She endured the flashing
stroke
Of th'axe athwart her eyesight, and the
blood
That sprang around her she endured: still
kept
The lily its unbroken stateliness,
And its pellucid beauty sparkled still;
But all its odours were exhal'd—the
breath
Of life, the tremulous motion was at rest:
A flower of marble on a temple wall,
'Twas fair but lived not, glitter'd but was
cold;
While from the headless corpse t'its great
account
Went fiercely forth the pagan's haughty
soul.

SONNET.

(By C. LAMB.)

Methinks how dainty sweet it were, re-
clin'd
Beneath the vast out-stretching branches
high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-
eyed maid!
Beloved! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,
Losing the time beneath the greenwood
shade:
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail,
In gentle sort, on those who practise not
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

MISCELLANEOUS PATTERNS



THE
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 OF
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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER 1, 1818.

N^o. XXXV.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

A Cambrian is informed, that the series of Pictorial Playing-Cards will be concluded in January next, when the pack will be complete: the object of his letter shall then be attended to.

R. W. S. B. must have a very mistaken notion of his own poetical talent, or of our Miscellany, if he can for a moment imagine that his Sonnet is admissible.

We are sorry that the previous appearance of the Regent's Song, by D. G. in the Morning Post, prevents us from giving it insertion, without taking into consideration either its merits or defects.

The gentleman who has inclosed Mr. Campbell's song of the Exile of Erin, which some years ago was chanted about our streets, has probably been so long upon his travels, as not to know what is new or what is old in this country.

The lines signed Edward Howard we suspect to be an attempt to pass off an advertisement in the shape of a copy of verses.

Alphonso and Matilda is received. We request some shorter articles from the same source.

The communications of Antiquarius are always acceptable. We reserve his account of the imprisonment and sufferings of Q. Elizabeth until our next number. We agree with him, that Miss L. Aikin might with much advantage have consulted the authority to which he refers, and from which he derives his information. The intelligence afforded by contemporaries is always curious, and frequently most authentic.

D. W——r will see that we have availed ourselves of his favour, and we request a continuance.

T. L. and F. K. with the lines of Fernando, came too late for insertion. Several other poetical pieces are under consideration. The verses of S. S. S. are certainly not admissible.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadix, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VI. NOVEMBER 1, 1818. NO. XXXV.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 187.)

PLATE 25.—VIEW OF THE GALLERY OF THE GLACIERS.

AFTER quitting the gallery of Schalbet, the trees, yielding to the severity of the climate, only languish, and almost entirely disappear: a beautiful plain and tufts of *rhododendron* supply their place, and cover the small number of rocks which are not occupied by the ice. The glaciers which are observed on the road are called Tavernetto, and comprise a great extent of ice, one part of which corresponds with those of the Ganther, and the other stretches towards Italy. The waters which flow from these glaciers form an infinite number of cascades, which embellish the road, above which a passage has been formed for them. This spot, which in the fine summer days presents a grand and picturesque effect, becomes extremely dangerous all the rest of the year, on account of the violent gusts of wind, and the snow which accumulates during winter.

On the side of the glaciers the Schonhorn majestically raises its blue summit in the air. At the foot

of this mountain, and of a hill covered with Alpine roses, the traveller passes the Gallery of the Glaciers. The rocks over which it is constructed have a number of fissures, through which the water perpetually filters and bathes the sides of the gallery: on the slightest variation of temperature these waters congeal, and produce a number of columns formed of icicles suspended from the arch. This *coup-d'œil* is very beautiful, and would tempt one to linger in the gallery to enjoy it, if the cold and the perpetually rushing air did not render the situation equally dangerous and unpleasant. After quitting it, the traveller regains the old road, which is carried along the Saltine as far as Tavernetto, from whence rising suddenly by a very steep ascent to the height of 215 toises, it reaches the new road at the most elevated point of the passage, which is 1033 toises above the level of the sea. Here the traveller stops to contemplate the

country he has just passed; he casts a last glance on the Rhone, on the Valais, on Switzerland, and winding round the base of the Schonhorn, he reaches the plain of the mountain.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

My readers will perceive from the letters of my numerous correspondents which have appeared in the *Repository*, that my office of Adviser General of the United Kingdom is by no means a sinecure. I have indeed so much business upon my hands, that it will be some time before I can answer all the applications which are made for my advice: as, however, I must own that some of the applicants have reason to think their letters neglected, I do hereby give notice, that I shall despatch some of the most pressing cases very soon.

I have this day received a letter from my correspondent Mrs. Dubious, or rather I should say Mrs. Allworth, informing me, that three days since she entered the holy state of matrimony a third time. She thanks me very warmly for my advice, to which she says her present change of state is owing. I must own, however, that, from some expressions in her letter, I believe that she unintentionally deceives both me and herself in this respect; and that the resolution, of which she gives me the credit, has been brought about by my ingenious correspondent who signs himself an *Antimonogumist*. The judicious and timely extract which this gentleman has made from the Epistles of St. Jerome has, I am persuaded, conquered the lady's fear of being

laughed at. He has my best thanks for the story, which I think he relates remarkably well, and if their union should turn out a happy one, both the husband and wife may think themselves obliged to him.

Some days ago I received the following letter:

MR. ADVISER,

As I don't at all doubt that you are a very good-natured and sensible old gentleman, I hope you will comply with my request, of advising my aunt to make me some amends for her barbarous treatment. I am now, sir, within eight months of seventeen, and as every body says I am very pretty, I am sure I might make many conquests, if it were not for the manner in which I am compelled to dress.

My mamma has been dead for some years, and I am just come home from a boarding-school, to the house of an aunt whom papa has fixed upon to introduce me into the world. We were invited a few days ago to a ball, for which I ordered the most stylish dress, Mr. Adviser, that you ever saw in your whole life. I exulted all the time my maid was dressing me, in thought of outshining every lady in the ball-room, and I assure you I never looked so well in my life. But would you believe it? the moment my aunt saw me, she protested I should not disgrace her by ap-

pearing in such a dress; and she was so barbarous as to make me take off my beautiful *canezou à la Russe* and my *toque de Minerve*, and put on a white net dress, with a few flowers in my hair. It was in vain that I begged and prayed, nay even wept for vexation; she protested that my sweet dress was indecent, and she would not suffer me to expose myself. But you must not believe a word of this, Mr. Adviser; it is only my aunt's prudery; for lady Diana Display, who has daughters older than myself, was the first to introduce it.

I had a great mind to stay at home, and not speak a word for a whole week; but my love of dancing overcoming this resolution, I went, and had the mortification to see myself eclipsed by ladies not so handsome, because they were stylishly dressed. My aunt will not allow this; she says it was my sullen looks, and not my dress, which prevented me from getting an agreeable partner: but I am sure she is mistaken. Do talk to her a little, dear Mr. Adviser; she piques herself upon being a good Christian, but I am certain that, in spoiling my fortune, she is not doing as she would be done by. Pray, good sir, represent this matter properly to her, and you will for ever oblige your great admirer and humble servant,

DELLA DIMPLE.

As it was not possible for me to form a correct judgment in this case, without knowing whether the dress which my fair correspondent mentioned, was really deserving of her aunt's reprehension, I called immediately upon my cousin, Miss

Bridget Bloomless, a lady who is very well versed in all the mysteries of the toilet, to inquire whether she had ever seen any made in that fashion.

"Bless me!" cried she, "why this *toque* and *canezou* must be very new indeed, for I never even heard of them."

"Will you be so good then, cousin," said I, "as to ask your mantua-maker——"

"Mantua-maker!" said she, interrupting me, with a toss of her head; "really, Mr. Sagephiz, you have the most obsolete ideas! Why the word mantua-maker is entirely exploded: indeed it has never been in use among polite people in my memory."

"What, cousin," cried I, "have you forgotten then that I found you crying very bitterly on the morning of the day when you were going to your first ball? You told me that your tears proceeded from the vile mantua-maker having spoiled your gown; and you detained me so long with your complaints against her, that I was too late for an appointment which I had made with my godfather, Mr. Peter Punctual, for which reason he scratched my name out of his will; and when he died soon afterwards, as you must remember, in the beginning of the year eighty-one——"

"Eighty-one!" screamed Miss Bridget, interrupting me with a face like scarlet; "why you dream, Mr. Sagephiz! or else the report which has been whispered, ever since you set up the nonsensical paper which you call the *Adviser*, is true, that your faculties are impaired; for how else could you sup-

pose I was old enough to go to a ball when I must have been in my nurse's arms?"

I was so astonished at the boldness of this assertion, for Biddy is in her fifty-seventh year, that I remained for a moment incapable of replying; and a visitor being announced, my cousin hastily said, that as she could be of no use to me, she must wish me good morning. At the same time she maliciously told John the footman aside, but quite loud enough for me to hear, to be sure and give his arm to poor Mr. Sagephiz in going down stairs, as she saw that the old gentleman had forgotten his cane, and she knew that he could hardly walk without it.

Being thus fairly turned out, and having no other female friend in town to whom I could apply, I went home to reflect on what I should do. The case was pressing, and I was anxious to relieve the mind of my pretty correspondent; so I determined to go at once to the fountain-head, and I boldly presented myself at the door of Madame de Bongout, whose celebrity as a *marchande des modes* is well known.

Upon my desiring to see a *canezou à la Russe* and a *toque de Minerve*, the young person who came to take my orders, observed that they had just one of each left, which they were going to send home to Miss Dashwell. They were accordingly produced, and to my astonishment, I found that the *canezou à la Russe*, which from the name I had supposed to be a garment of substantial fabric, was a body composed of satin and lace, which at first sight I thought had been made for a doll. The young person con-

vinced me of my mistake by slipping it on over her dress, at the same time observing, I could not judge of its form from seeing it worn over a gown.

"It is worn then," said I, "with a tucker or a handkerchief, I suppose, for I observe it is cut down before and behind so as to display more of the bust than decency will warrant?"

"It is not a bit too low for the fashion, sir; and as to tuckers and handkerchiefs, they are quite exploded among people of *ton* in evening dress. I assure you, sir, that this *canezou* is cut in quite a new style, and one of its recommendations is, that it displays the figure to the utmost advantage."

At these words I could scarcely refrain from a groan; and my opinion of the *canezou* being decided, I turned towards the *toque de Minerve*, which the little milliner very obligingly put on, that I might judge of its effect. I found that, in utter contradiction to its name, it seemed to possess the property of bestowing on the countenance of the wearer a certain archness, I had almost said impudence, which rendered it a most improper head-dress for a young lady, or indeed in my mind for any lady who wished to be thought a modest woman.

As I considered it necessary to make some compensation for the trouble I had given, I bought a French walking bonnet, which certainly does not offend against the strictest modesty, as its enormous brim will completely envelope the face of the wearer. I could have wished to purchase something more tasteful, but I observe that in the present style of head-dress there

no medium; a hat must either have no brim at all, or one as large as an umbrella: and as the lady for whom I design it is very fashionable, I dare say its *outré* appearance will be no defect in her eyes.

I have related my adventure, at my fair correspondent may see that it is entirely out of my power to interfere between her and her aunt, whose zeal in the cause of decency, as long as it is governed by mildness and discretion, I cannot but highly approve. As, however, I am very much interested for Miss Dimple, I can put her in a way, if she will follow my advice, to dress in such a manner as always to be admired. My mode is very simple: let modesty and neatness preside at her toilet; let her clothes be al-

ways made in the fashion, but not in the extremity of the mode; and let her never adopt any article of dress, or any colour, that is unbecoming to her features, her figure, or her complexion.

By observing these rules she will always be well dressed: but this is not all; she must come into company with a desire to please and be pleased; she must dismiss all anxiety for her own appearance, all envy at that of others, and I will venture to assert, that when once she has done this, she will, neither in a ball-room nor any where else, have reason to complain of the neglect of the men, at least not of that part of the sex who are worthy of the regard of an amiable woman.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XXII.

MY farewell entertainment is almost over. I have stolen away from the jovial company, still seated round the table, to relate to you, fresh from memory, all that has distinguished this treat: and first to clear away all subordinate matters before I resume the thread of the history of my heart.

The canon of course brought me a passport and a release from all charges, together with a receipt for the incombustible legend. These he delivered to me in the name of the legate, with reiterated assurances of his gratitude and respect; while Bastian prepared the table, and placed upon it a dinner that would have done honour to the celebration of any miracle whatever. You will scarcely expect me to enumerate every dish, from the

soup to the dessert: suffice it then to observe, that the *restaurateur* had exerted himself to the utmost to provide in a suitable manner for a person of my consequence, and for an occasion so truly extraordinary!

In regard to the wine, Bastian had completely fulfilled my wishes, and as I afterwards found, had exactly suited the taste of my guests. Besides a strong Burgundy to begin with, he had arranged upon the side-board a like number of bottles of *vin de Sillery* for the remove. This generous wine, before it came upon the table, recommended itself like an old acquaintance to my remembrance. It reminded me of the effect which it produced upon me in that evening when I ventured to make the first assault upon Clara, in which I was so provo-

kingly foiled by her pious aunt. At the same time, however, it reminded me also of the demonstration which this very circumstance afforded, of the rigid vigilance exercised over Clara's virtue—which thoroughly satisfied me respecting the past, and opened the most cheering prospect for the future, and for which Heaven alone can reward the good old creature. How many lovers may this virtuous guardian have repulsed, as she did me, from the door of that angel! During this soliloquy, facing the bottles, I lifted one of them to read the printed label upon it, and was not a little struck to find here the name of a female, who, not less virtuous than our Bertilia, educates her nieces with equal care—a name that is prefixed to many ingenious works, as in this instance to the most generous of wines—in a word, the name of Genlis, to whom, though you may perhaps not know it, the best vineyards of Sillery belong. When I afterwards at table devoted the first glass of it to my lovely neighbour, it really seemed as though I had drawn it from the sacred spring of Vesta, to refresh one of the most beauteous of her handmaids. But if I proceed in this manner, my narrative will betray but too plainly the confusion that still prevails in my ideas—though I can conscientiously assert, that it is now owing to the wine which I am praising: for you must know, Edward, that whenever I have company on whom I wish to make observations, I scarcely taste the wine myself, while I keep plying them with bumpers, because I have always found the beverage much for a duller expert than myself in unlock-

ing the recesses of the human heart, in the scrutiny of which a mind like mine takes infinitely more delight than in a temporary exhilaration. The fond scheme of futurity with which I had sat down to table, moreover, heated my blood sufficiently without any further stimulants. To this scheme all that said, saw, and heard, and all that I deduced from my observations, had a secret reference.

My first care was to provide for the private theatre which I had projected, and for the service of which I had destined my two dramatic sentinels. "A festival like this," said I, turning to the canon, who sat next to me, and at the same time pouring him out a glass of *vi de St. George*, "ought to terminate all enmities, and to set at liberty all captives. To borrow the expression of one of our national poets, Schiller—Let all sinners be forgiven, and hell cease to exist!"

"I join you in that sentiment with all my heart," replied the canon, emptying his glass, which I instantly replenished.—"You see," continued I, after this introduction, "behind your chair"—he looked round and recognised the unfortunate actors—"a couple of poor fellows, who, I will not say how discreetly, represented hell with living persons, and paradise with puppets; and by both, as might easily be foreseen, incurred the displeasure of your reverence. How long, Clara, have these unlucky players been on your account languishing in misery! Join me in imploring your worthy neighbour to put a period to their punishment. How well it becomes the pur which invests him, to exercise mer-

first s
for a doll

cy instead of justice——” Here the prelate proudly glancing at his mantle, slowly sipped his third glass, while, in a still more familiar tone, I thus proceeded: “Yes, my dear friend, you must do this to oblige me; you must obtain the discharge of the two brothers, were it only because they were posted at my door at the time of the wonderful occurrence of this day. Men so employed at the time of a sacred and supernatural phenomenon, ought not afterwards to be degraded to common duty, though ever so necessary to the state. The canon laws themselves say as much; nay, my dear sir, it would be in some measure an infringement of the prerogatives of the clergy. For the rest *we*—[the plural here escaped me in secret allusion to my pretty neighbour]—we will provide them with the means of gaining an honest livelihood.” But quickly correcting myself, I resumed: “I would say, I will take care that they shall not frighten any young girls again in a hurry.” The canon assumed an official look, and replied with great deliberation: “But we must first consider the matter in the proper point of view. That is my way. These men are in the service of the Pope. Their punishment indeed belonged to my province, but their pardon does not.”—“Neither the military of his holiness,” said I, “nor the captain who purchased them of the poor’s fund, shall suffer in the least. So much of the money which he advanced as he has not recovered by their service, I will pay; and if he be wise, he will eagerly embrace this offer, for they are evidently so far gone in a consumption, that he

cannot get much more by them.”—“If that is the case,” answered his reverence, “I am far too desirous to see none but happy faces in our circle this day, not to use my influence in a matter which in reality is quite indifferent to me: though I cannot comprehend how these good-for-nothing fellows——” Here the two brothers threw themselves at the canon’s feet with such humility, that he paused and had not the heart to finish their portraits; but when they began to express their warm acknowledgments, he referred them to me. Convinced, on my part, of the sincerity of their feelings, I requested them to spare all needless effusions of their gratitude; and while I sent Prologue for a fresh bottle and Epilogue for clean glasses, I tenderly pressed the hand of my intended bride, delighted at the success of this first step towards the formation of our future establishment. Already did I behold in imagination our theatre lighted up. “O thou dear innocent creature!” thought I to myself, “with what pleasure shall I summon all the fine arts to contribute towards thy entertainment and the cultivation of thy mind! How wilt thou open thy large blue eyes in astonishment when, on many a delicious evening, I exhibit before thee, upon my little stage, the scenes of the great world and the follies of courts, of which—fortunately for thine amusement--thou hast yet no conception!” My heart would, I dare say, have continued to toy for an hour in this way with its idol, without being tired, had not the wine, which was by this time placed on the table, reminded me of my guests. With all the se-



cret energies which the spirit of nature has infused into this beverage, it made its friendly appearance in our circle, and—yes, indeed, if I were to study my own convenience, I need only inform you in two lines, what number of bottles were drunk, and you might be content with that. Many a one would believe, that he should incur the charge of prolixity were he to waste a single word upon the subject. So far as regards his journal, indeed, he may be right: but in mine, I think it the more necessary not to spare upon this occasion the pains of minuteness, which I have hitherto not shunned, and to accompany every single glass drunk by my guests with remarks, that I may make you most accurately acquainted with the succession of their feelings; especially as it is indubitable, that very different phenomena present themselves to the observer at the bottom of a bottle and in the vicinity of the cork, and it would be very wrong to mingle them together. The first glass, if I was not mistaken, diffused a natural cheerfulness, which in my opinion contained the most eloquent expression of gratitude for the blessings of Providence: it imparted to Clara a look of unusual loveliness. The second developed to my gratification, that vivacity which manifests itself in mirth and jocularity. The prelate was the first to indulge in an *équivoque*, which, to those who could understand it, was sufficiently *piquant*. The pious Bertilia herself was highly diverted: but the enigma was thrown away upon her innocent niece; and I began to be puzzled how to afford her a decent oppor-

tunity of giving vent to her mirthful feelings, when Epilogue fortunately spared me further trouble. It is true, he merely reached her a plate—but when the mind is disposed to gaiety, the merest trifle suffices to set it agog. She could not help thinking, as she afterwards told us, of the grotesque figure which he exhibited when standing before her bed at Cavaillon, and of the silly terrors with which he filled her. This was the first time, Edward, that I obtained a sight of her pearly teeth strung as it were in rows, and it was astonishing how, after the discovery of so many perfections, this could occasion such an agreeable surprise. “This charming sight,” said I mentally, “I shall often procure myself:” and that I might enjoy it a little longer, I filled the glasses as speedily as I could, and though my hopes were not realized, I gained if possible a still more lively sight. The sparkling eyes of my Clara met those of the canon. The ancient resentment of his reverence, who had hitherto conducted himself with much stateliness and reserve towards his fair neighbour, seemed quickly to subside into forgiveness. He sipped his wine, while his eye was fixed on the soft undulations of Clara’s bosom. He reached his hand to his once foster-daughter, who, in extreme emotion, withdrew from me hers which I still continued to hold, that, by the gift of both, she might express her gratitude for the return of his paternal affection.

It was, if you will keep count with me, the twelfth and last glass of one bottle—for here, you must know, we get better measure than in Berlin—that furnished occasion

for this moving scene. Heaven be praised that it was not the last bottle too! The second, which I called for, in order to prosecute my silent observations, produced very different phenomena. The loosened cork flew up to the ceiling with that kind of report which has alarmed many a female, and which is so gratifying to the ear of the connoisseur. The wine realized the promise held forth by its herald; for twice was I obliged to fill the glasses round, without having time in these precious moments to notice my guests. So much the more did they surprise me when I had set down my bottle, and turned my eyes to them again. Gracious Heaven! to what a height had their feelings meanwhile risen! I was thunderstruck at the amazing change which I perceived. "Is that my Clara," said I to myself, "who takes in such good part the innumerable kisses which the enraptured prelate impresses upon her hands? Are those the eyes of a girl begging forgiveness of her father? Are those the looks of an offended benefactor bestowing pardon on his foster-child? Quick!" thought I, again filling the glasses to the brim; and I now perceived still more clearly how far the business of their reconciliation had proceeded. They could no longer drink with pleasure till they had exchanged glasses, and these had been touched by each other's lips; and then they swallowed the contents with a laugh—aye, such a laugh as

dispelled at once all my dreams of domestic happiness. O Heavens! where shall I hide my burning blushes? Careless of the eyes that watched and of the attentive ears that listened to them, their conduct spoke so plainly, that Prologue and his brother smiled, and, with a significant look, seemed to ask me whether they were not in the right. "Yes indeed, my good fellows," thought I, "what you told me was but too true." When I saw the canon incessantly whispering in the ear of the giggling girl, and surveying her pearly teeth more and more closely, I began to have some fears, not—believe me—on my own account, but on that of the poor players. "If," said I to myself, "he drinks the glass that I am about to fill, I shall miss my object, and my actors will be disappointed of their discharge, as they are already of the intended theatre." I took courage, drew back the glass, and "Indeed, my dear friend," said I, "you must not drink it till you have brought my grenadiers their discharge: but then you shall have as many bottles as you can take of this excellent wine, which you will relish the more, when you have no other matters to arrange than your own." At this short and unexpected address, he rose: "Well, well," said he, "I will soon settle that business. Do you, my dear Clara, meanwhile take care of that glass for me." Then once more kissing her hand, he seized his hat and retired.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

No. V.

A journey to London—Pope and Blackmore—The question debated, whether ladies ought to employ their time upon needle-work?—Imposition by the poet Butler—Lady Blue's visit to the Universities—Announcement of her great work in vindication of female rights and independence—Statement of the arguments, and of the general arrangement of the subject—How far it will be beneficial.

Louisa. NOT at all, I assure you; on the contrary, I never was less fatigued in my life, and never had a pleasanter journey.

Lady Frances. I do not wonder you thought it so, considering who accompanied us on horseback, and was always near the coach-window, though not on the side on which I sat.

Louisa. You talk as if you were envious, my dear: but, upon my word, you had as much of Mr. Lovemore's conversation as I had.

Lady Frances. That is to say, you took especial notice of every syllable that was addressed by him to me; but you forget altogether what long confabulations you had upon I do not know how many different subjects.

Louisa. However that might be, my observant cousin, I am sure you and papa kept up the conversation quite as rapidly. If Sir Richard Blackmore, as is said by your favourite author, Pope, wrote "to the rumbling of his chariot wheels," and composed the faster in proportion to the speed of his vehicle, you observed the same rule with your tongue that he did with his pen.

Lady Frances. The chief difference, my dear, being, that what Sir Richard wrote was not worth reading, but what we said was well worth hearing.

Louisa. But who shall be judge of that?

Lady Frances. Certainly not yourself, for you were little improved by it. However, let me confess, that happen what will I cannot disapprove of your choice: Mr. Lovemore is very well as times go; he only wants person, beauty, wit, and fortune—but those are slight deficiencies.

Louisa. I wish, my dear, you would drop that subject, you run it absolutely threadbare. I could almost find in my heart to be angry with you, only I know that you mean to say nothing that is ill-natured. I should like to know, since you say it was so edifying, what passed between you and papa.

Lady Frances. But will you let me be reciprocal, for I have a much greater curiosity to know what passed between you and Mr. Lovemore?

Louisa. A truce, cousin, with your jeering! Well, I declare you have so puzzled me that I do not know what I am about: you have made me hem this handkerchief on the wrong side.

Lady Frances. I am glad of it, for I hate needle-work: I never had patience to hem a handkerchief in my life: I think it is the greatest waster of time of any of the numerous female employments.

Louisa. I do not see that female employments are so numerous as you state, nor are they generally so

important as to supersede needle-work.

Lady Frances. Needle-work was very proper no doubt some fifty or a hundred years ago, before reading was in fashion, when our grand and great-grand-mammas were taught to dance minuets, and to make pies and puddings: their employments were extremely consistent and agreeable. Heaven be praised, whatever old folks may say of degenerateness in other respects, in that we are improved! I only wish that needle-work were abolished, as a mechanical employment unfit for ladies, whose minds might be so much better employed.

Louisa. Well, my dear, I am not going to argue that question with you; though I cannot help thinking that no lady is or can be disgraced by occupying her time so usefully as in needle-work. Only let me ask you, if you abolish it, what would you substitute, or how would you have young ladies employ themselves?

Lady Frances. In the first place, you must make out the necessity of employing themselves at all.

Louisa. Do you seriously mean to call upon me to shew, that young ladies ought to do something or other? At least needle-work is an innocent employment, and if they did not occupy themselves in that—

Lady Frances. What then?

Louisa. They would be sure to get into mischief, that is all.—But here comes papa; let us refer the matter to him, and I will undertake to abide by his decision: if he says that it is unfit that I should do any needle-work, I promise never again to put a thimble on my finger.

Lady Frances. Aye, aye, you know which way he will give it—he is one of the old-fashioned school. I dare say, if he could have his own way, he would take care that his daughter, among her other accomplishments, should be able to make a pie or a pudding against any cook in town, and to bake bread against any farmer's wife in the country—[*Enter Sir James.*]—would you not, uncle?

Sir James. Not having had the benefit of hearing the beginning of your speech (for you seem quite in an haranguing mood), it is quite impossible for me to know to what your question refers.

Lady Frances. Why simply to this, uncle: My cousin and I have had a dispute, whether or not a lady can employ herself better than at her needle.

Sir James. I should think' that admitted of no dispute at all: she may employ her time better in a thousand ways.

Lady Frances. There, Louisa, what do you say now? Lay down your needle, and never put your thimble on your finger again, for it is given against you.

Louisa. You do not put the question fairly:—nay, it is my turn to be heard now. The point on which we differed was, not whether women could employ their time better, but whether they ought at any time to engage themselves in needle-work? You are to decide between us.

Lady Frances. I beg your pardon, I appeal to another tribunal: I do not own my uncle's jurisdiction; besides, I know that he is a partial judge.

Sir James. In fact, I agree with both; for needle-work is either good

or bad according to the time that it occupies, and the hour at which it is taken up. For instance, at this hour, in the very heart of the day, when the faculties are all fresh and the mind capable of improvement, it would be much better to—

Lady Frances. To go out shopping, or paying morning visits. Bravo, uncle, I knew you would be on my side of the question!

Sir James. Not quite so fast, my impetuous niece! Go out if you please, but not shopping nor paying morning visits, unless it is necessary; but take a walk in Hyde Park, or to Kensington Gardens: if walking be not necessary, improve your minds by reading.

Lady Frances. Reading! yes, yes—pore over some musty old history about people you never knew, and never wish to know or to hear of. I had hoped, uncle, that our trip to a gay watering-place might have changed you a little, and relaxed some of your gravity, but I perceive that you are just the same; you have not forgotten one of your wise speeches or sagacious remarks.

Louisa. Nor you one of your slighty and satirical ones, cousin.

Sir James. Nor ever will. But if you dislike reading, you may draw or play upon the harp or piano-forte. Yet, Lady Frances, you sometimes read, do you not?

Lady Frances. Yes, a newspaper or a novel. You recollect how I devoured *Rob Roy* while we were away, but nothing else upon my

Sir James. Stop! do not end your sentence. I advise you. I have great doubt whether you are not in some respects like our satirical poet Butler, who affected never to

read, or to have read a book, in order that people might think his wit and knowledge were instinctive: while, however, he spent the day in jesting and rioting in the luxurious court of Charles II. he spent the night in laying in a stock of information from books of all kinds.

Louisa. I think she is a great deal too fond of sleep to deprive herself of her night's rest in such a manner. Yet I am sure she loves reading, however she may pretend to laugh at that and all other useful occupations.—But I hear a knock at the door; I wonder who it can be!

Lady Frances. For Heaven's sake, my dear child, put away that most unfashionable work! If it were embroidery or any ornamental work, not designed to be of the slightest utility, I should not be so ashamed of it; but plain work! indeed it is too bad: I shall expect you next to put up a board, with the usual correctness of grammar and spelling: "Planework taking in heare."

Sir James. It is Lady Blue's carriage: she takes the very earliest opportunity of visiting you after your return from Brighton.

Louisa. Indeed! I wonder how her ladyship has employed herself during the summer.

Lady Frances. We shall hear, no doubt.

Enter Lady Blue.

Lady Blue (after mutual salutations and congratulations on fine weather, good health, &c.). I heard that you had gone to Brighton, Sir James, and was astonished at your want of taste in selecting that bustling watering-place, where, in truth, you are as much or more in London than if you had remained in Harley-street.

Sir James. That is very true,

Lady Blue. but it was not my choice: I left the matter entirely to my niece and daughter, and they pitched upon Brighton.

Lady Frances. If blame attach any where, it is to me, for it was my selection: but I dare say you have employed your time much better.

Lady Blue. You know I am no boaster, but I consider it the duty of all persons so to employ their time as to be useful to their fellow-creatures.

Louisa. Certainly.

Lady Frances. Very true indeed, (*aside*) too true; a most admirable truism; what a new and profound observation!

Lady Blue. And if in promoting the good of our fellow-creatures we can combine the advantage of posterity with that of the present generation, the benefit is much more than doubled.

Sir James. Undoubtedly: but perhaps in general (I do not mean in the particular case of your ladyship), it would be quite as well if people would confine their benevolence to the age in which they live. The advantage to posterity may depend merely upon a speculation, a project which may not succeed, and then all the pains employed, and all the industry bestowed, will be thrown away.

Lady Blue. What you say deserves consideration: in many cases it is so no doubt; but I flatter myself that the work in which I am engaged, and for the completion of which during the last two months I have been visiting the libraries of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, will accomplish both purposes.

Lady Frances. I was quite sure

that your ladyship's time had not been unprofitably occupied: but, for my part, I should be sorry to trust myself among the square-caps and gowns, among the principals, tutors, and fellows of colleges, whose heads are generally equally crammed with words and with wine.

Louisa. But you say nothing, cousin, about the young students; should you not be afraid of trusting yourself among them also?

Lady Frances. My dear, you interrupt Lady Blue, who was about to give us some particulars regarding the great work she has undertaken.

Lady Blue. I may say nearly completed: I have arrived almost at the end of my sixth volume.

Sir James. In what size?

Lady Blue. I intend to publish it in quarto; no work of eminence is now given to the world in octavo: even paltry poems—the effusions of a few idle hours, the *Lalla-Rookhs*, and the *Lords of the Isles*, are all printed in quarto, and it would be unpardonable not to pay my work equal respect, especially when I recollect the importance of the subject.

Sir James. May I take the liberty of inquiring what that subject is?

Lady Blue. Certainly: it is a systematic defence of women, maintaining their superiority over men, and their right to hold a much higher rank in society than they at present occupy.

Lady Frances. Your ladyship will deserve the thanks of the whole injured sex. I am only sorry to hear that your work is intended for the benefit of posterity, and not of those who are now living; for if so, I fear

that we shall reap none of the advantages.

Lady Blue. I beg your pardon: though I intend to dedicate the work to posterity, yet I see no reason why the present generation should not be improved by it, if they are open to conviction. The arguments I have urged and collected, I flatter myself, are irrefragable. My first volume will consist of my own memoirs, in which, of course, I take the opportunity of pointing out the station I have always occupied in the societies of the learned; from whence the inference arises, as a matter of course, that at least one woman is competent to any thing that men can perform, and if one, why not a thousand?—and if one thousand, why not twenty thousand?

Sir James. Certainly a very conclusive argument.

Lady Blue. This occupies nearly the whole of my first volume; and after giving my own life, I enter into particulars of the education, habits, and conduct of other women, who have been most remarkable for their virtues or their talents. I should have remarked, that this part of my subject is preceded by a dissertation, the object of which is to enter into the abstract reasoning of this much-debated question, which I apprehend will in future be set completely at rest.

Sir James. I hope the publication will not be long delayed.

Lady Frances. For the improve-

ment of the present generation; and that hereafter men may treat our sex with more respect and deference.

Lady Blue. The plan of my work is this: I first have three grand divisions, called after the three Graces; and these again are subdivided into chapters, bearing the names of the nine Muses. This you will perceive is in imitation of some of the poets of antiquity. All my friends assure me it must produce a revolution in our favour; and some passages that I read at the universities to select parties, drew down the most unqualified admiration.

Louisa. I am sure that women will be under an immense load of obligation, which they can never remove. How soon will they have an opportunity of commencing the display of their gratitude?

Lady Blue. I apprehend that I shall not be able to bring out my work until next year.

Lady Frances. And in the mean time, if you take care to announce your intention, females will be the better able to continue to bear their unjust burdens, in the certain expectation that the time is not far distant when they will be relieved.

[The conversation then took a different direction, and Lady Blue ordered her carriage and wished the party good morning. Sir James proceeded with his daughter and niece to Hyde Park, that they might enjoy the invigorating freshness of the air.]

TO THE EDITOR.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF *BUT**Sheweth,*

THAT your petitioner hath for many years past been exceedingly ill used by all classes of people, in various ways: some employing him to excuse themselves from the performance of generous actions, offices of friendship, and even in many cases from keeping their word; others, who have been thus disappointed, not considering that he was an innocent because involuntary accomplice, have vented upon him gross and scurrilous language, and even carried their resentment to such an inhuman height, as to wish for his entire destruction. As a proof of this, your petitioner need only instance the recent case of Mr. Lovemuch, who, on Miss Primlook's putting off the day intended for their nuptials with a *But*, vehemently declared, that he hated the very sound of the word, and that he would give half of what he was worth if he could strike it out of the language.

Now, sir, though your petitioner hath frequently had the mortification to hear himself spoken of in the following terms: "Hang *But*!—Confound *But*!—The devil take *But*!—Let me hear no more of *But*!"—and even in worse language, which delicacy forbids his repeating; yet being naturally patient and of a meek disposition, he bore it quietly: but the above inhuman speech of Mr. Lovemuch having thoroughly roused his indignation, he applies himself to you, sir, to do him the justice of setting forth, that whatever malevolent people may say, the harm which he sometimes occasions, is not greater than

the good he frequently brings about. When Sir Simon Squander was applied to the other day by a poor relation, for a small sum of money to keep him from starving, the man must have gone away without the relief he solicited, had not Lady Squander, who wished to serve him, seasonably brought in your petitioner to his assistance.

When Miss Giddy had agreed to elope with Ensign Epaulette, a *But*, delivered in a hesitating tone by the said ensign, roused her pride so much, that she refused to run away with him. And what more than any thing else will prove the injury done to your petitioner is, that old Lovegold was some time ago induced, solely through the influence of your said petitioner, not to make a will by which he would have disinherited his lawful heir: nevertheless, the young man only the very next morning was heard, on some trifling occasion or other, to use the words: "Go to the devil with you! *But*——"

Now, sir, from the estimation in which your work is held, your petitioner is fully conscious, that your espousing his cause is likely to be the means of essentially bettering his condition: he therefore most humbly prays, that you will take his case into your kind consideration, and that you will prevail upon all those who wish to be considered as well-bred people, to forbear in future from taking those rude liberties with your petitioner, of which he so justly complains; and your grateful petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c.

THE PIG-FACED LADY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I OBSERVE that in the address to correspondents in the *Repository*, about a month ago, you notice the receipt of a letter upon what you are pleased to term the "worn-out subject" of the *pig-faced Lady*. Give me leave to state, on my own personal and positive knowledge, that it is by no means a worn-out subject, or one in which people now take no interest, because they altogether disbelieve the report. If you, Mr. Editor, would take the trouble to walk or ride as far as Queen's Elm, beyond Brompton, you would find nearly the whole neighbourhood convinced that a personage so afflicted is not only living, but living in that vicinity, and that she is very nearly related to a wealthy baronet's lady, who has a large house not far distant. Whether the fact be or be not so, I do not pretend to decide; but some of the inhabitants positively aver, that they had seen the unhappy female at the window one day when the blinds were not (as they all usually are) drawn down; others assert that they have remarked the shadow of her singular profile upon the wall of the apartment; and a third party, that they have heard her grunt and squeak. Upon this point satisfaction is not within the reach of every body.

I address this communication to you not for the purpose of giving any particulars regarding the living but the dead—to shew that this story of a lady born with the face and head of a swine is not new, or at least that that specimen which it

should seem now exists, is not the only one known. I have before me a pamphlet published as early as the year 1640, bearing the following title: "A certain Relation of the *hog faced Gentlewoman*, called Mrs. Tannakin Skiuker, who was born at Wirkham, a neuter town between the Emperor and the Hollander, situate on the river Rhine; who was bewitched before she was born, in the year 1618, and has lived ever since unknown in this kind to any but her parents and a few other neighbours, and can never recover her true shape till she be married. Also relating the cause, as it is since conceived, how her mother became so bewitched." You will admit, Mr. Editor, that this is a very great wonder, but it is quite as astonishing that this pamphlet of sixteen pages sold by public auction only a short time since for between 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 15 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Holland, which it is said produced this prodigy, is somewhat remarkable for stories of the kind; and all can recollect the relation of the lady of Rotterdam (where her monument still stands in the great church), who produced 385 children at a birth. With this, however, the tract before me has no connection. For the amusement of your readers, and as it is really a literary curiosity, I subjoin a few extracts. After informing us of the fact of the wonderful birth of this child with the head and face of a hog, and after informing us that the father was a rich burger, he thus proceeds:

"This prodigious birth, though

it was known to some few, yet it was not made popular and spoken of by all, which the father and mother, for their own reputation and credit, were very careful to maintain; so that it was never seen by any (being an infant) barefaced, but veiled and covered, and so brought up in a private chamber, both fed and taught by the parents only; and her deformity scarce known to any of the servants: and as the daughter grew in stature, so the father also increased with wealth; so that he was accounted to be one of the richest men in all that country. Now how she came to be born with such deformity there be divers and sundry conjectures; but if we may judge the cause by the effect, and of the precedent by the subsequent, most probable it is that it came by witchcraft: and that there be such, we have manifest proof; for in Skiedam in Holland there is scarce a man or woman but they are either *magi* or *sage*; that is, men or women witches: but of the last we require no farther witness than that of the *Lancashire* witches, some few years since, of which I make no doubt but this whole city hath taken especial notice."

The cause of the calamity is thus stated: how far it is to be believed, I do not pretend to determine:

"It is credibly reported, that this burger's wife having conceived, an old woman, suspected for a witch, came to beg of her an alms, but she being at that time busied about some necessary affairs, gave her a short and neglectful answer; at which she went away muttering to herself the devil's pater-noster, and was heard to say, 'As the mother is hoggish, so swinish shall be the

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child:' which is a great probability that the infant's deformity came by the malicious spells and devilish murmurations of this wicked woman, who after, for the like or worse practices both upon men, women, and children, whom she had bewitched unto death, being brought within the compass of the law, and after to suffer at the stake, amongst many other things, confessed as much as I have before related; yet either out of her perverse obstinacy would not, or else (the devil forsaking her in extremity, as he doth all his other servants,) in her deficiency of power could not uncharm her: yet by this means that which was before kept so private, was now publicly discovered to the world; insomuch that much confluence of people came to see the prodigy, which wearied the father, and cast a blush upon the cheeks of the good woman the mother; some desirous to hear her speak, whose language was only the Dutch hoggish *houghs*, and the pig's French *oui, oui*; for other words she was not able to utter, which bred in some pity, in others laughter, according to their several dispositions.

"Others were importunate to see her feed: then milk and the like was brought to her in a silver trough, to which she stooped and ate, just as a swine does in his swilling-tub; which the more mirth it bred to the spectators, increased in the parents the more melancholy; insomuch that he bethought himself to find out some means (if it were possible) either to mend or end his sorrows."

This is like that part of the report of the modern pig-faced lady, who it was said ate out of a silver

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trough. The father and mother of Miss Tannakin Skinker consult wise people for the purpose of unwitching the young lady, and they are told that she must be married—that the object will be accomplished if they can find any body to lead the pig-faced lady to the altar: they accordingly give out that she shall have 40,000*l.* in money as her portion, and they dress her in as splendid apparel as they can procure. A Scotchman and a Jew are very much tempted to adventure, but the former gets a sight of her face, which was hid in a hood, and the latter is deterred from his hatred of pork and bacon. I should have stated, that on the title-page is a wood-cut of one of these interviews: the Scotchman is entering with a bow, and the words, “God save you, sweet mistress!” on a label from his mouth; to which the lady replies by a grunt, “*Ough.*” It does not appear that the afflicted lady was ever relieved, or that she could ever persuade any body to marry her. The concluding extract mentions her having been in, and residing in or near London:

“I should have spoken something of her residing in or about London, as of her being in Blackfriars, or Covent-Garden, but I can

say little: only abundance of people do resort to each place to inquire the truth: some have protested they have seen her, by the help of their acquaintance, and give this reason why she will not as yet be constantly in one place; because the multitude is so great that resorts thither, that they dare not be known of her abiding, lest by denying the sight of her, they that own the house should have it pulled down about their ears. Her portion is very large, it being 40,000*l.* She likewise goeth very gallant in apparel, and very courteous in her kind to all. And whosoever shall in pamphlet or ballad write or sing otherwise than is discoursed in this small tract, they err from truth; for what is here discovered is according to the best and most approved intelligence.”

Her object in coming to London seems to have been to endeavour to procure a husband among the Cocknies, but we are not told whether she succeeded. Upon the whole, I should not wonder if this old tale were the origin of the recent singular reports upon the same subject.

ANTIQUARIUS.

Sept. 1818.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES: *DRAWN FROM LIFE.*

MR. HUMPHREY MIDDLETON, or rather the Rev. Humphrey Middleton, was originally bred to the church; not because the bias of his mind in early life was towards the sacred character, but because it was the only profession in which his family had any interest. Emancipated from a college life, he had some idea of prosecuting the plan

laid down by his parents, when the death of his father contributed to make him independent: besides, he had a small impediment in his speech, which could not easily aid him in becoming a public orator: with this obstacle, and the fortune left him by rich relatives, he began to imagine that there were several stumbling-blocks among the thirty-

nine articles, to which he now wished he had not assented, but which probably, had he been poor, would never have been discovered. As it was, he was content to have his letters addressed to him with the addition of *Rev.*, and to receive all the respect due to the clerical character, without performing any of its public duties. But although his person was not sanctified by the surplice or the scarf, his conduct was regulated by the strict laws of morality, and his religion by the ordinances of the established church. Man is a contradictory animal; and the Rev. Humphrey followed regulations and obeyed tenets which he himself had refused to teach.

He passed his time in a picturesque cottage near the river Wye, in a sort of half-learned leisure, and in the society of a few friends, from whom he could derive little or nothing; his life passed as harmlessly and as purely as is compatible with the frailty of our nature. A disappointment in early life in an affair of the heart had contributed to foster a love of poetry, and had also engendered somewhat of romantic feeling in his disposition; he was a great consumer of pens, ink, and paper, for scarcely a day passed without producing some ode or elegy to the memory, or connected with the memory, of her whom his ardent imagination by turns painted as goddess, saint, or jilt. These overflowings of a wounded bosom were all inserted in a black leather book, lettered on the back, "Tributes to Adelaide:" but they were never shewn to any one, unless indeed he met, or fancied that he had met, with a kindred spirit to enter into his feel-

ings. Although at that time he affected to smile at or reject the recommendation of publishing them, he had secretly determined to print them at his own expense, perhaps at no very distant period, and had even sent to Westall several passages, which he thought that artist's pencil could illustrate to the best advantage. This delightful, this innocent amusement was the only foible (for a foible many will think it) in his character, which on the whole was friendly, humane, and self-corrected. After a residence of five years in the loveliest of Nature's domains, a stranger and his sister came and occupied the cottage called the Dell, so well known in that part of the country.

Captain Durrivan was of a commanding height, his nose was Grecian, his eyes were of the deepest black, inquiring and searching, and his address was that of a perfect gentleman. Middleton had frequently sketched him as he strode over the landscape, wrapping the drapery of a full-trimmed fur coat round his graceful person. Captain Durrivan was soon visited by Middleton, for as a stranger taking up his abode near him for the renovation of his health, he was entitled to such a civility. The consequence was, that he became a frequent visitor at the house of his non-clerical acquaintance, by whom he was considered as a prize of great value. Captain Durrivan blew the flute, Middleton played on the violincello; besides which, his new friend could write French verses, and lastly, play at chess, a game to which Mr. Middleton was particularly attached, and which he had been obliged to relinquish, because

no one dared to attack him. Before he had arrived at this distressing pre-eminence, he had beguiled by it many a melancholy hour with the apothecary of the village, who, thanks to the fine air of the place, had little else to do: at length, however, Mr. Lancet met with such repeated and signal defeats, that notwithstanding the nearly sacred character he was playing with, he one day declared that he would be d—ed (for he dared not utter the whole word) if he would play any more! Remonstrance was in vain, and Lancet gave up his once favourite game for that of bowls at the French Horn and Trumpet, not a hundred miles from the church, and in winter resorted to draughts with the widow O'Connor.

The clergyman of the parish was no chess-player nor bowler; he was one of those who, receiving the wages of the established church, seem only intent in sapping its foundation: he styled himself an Evangelical preacher, and passed his whole time in railing at those innocent enjoyments for which his sombre mind had no relish: in making the road to heaven as narrow as his own ideas; in painting the Deity as one who delights in punishment, and who placed all the charms of nature before us, to be ungratefully undervalued or rejected.

With this man Middleton could hold no intercourse, but his heart seemed to yearn towards the captain, whom the ladies of the place had raised into consequence, and who monopolized his company almost as soon as he came amongst them. If Durrivan's conduct when the ladies were present was *déguisée* and lively, it was not so to Mr.

Middleton; there was when with him an air of gloom and mystery, for which his worthy friend could not account, but which added even to his interest for his welfare. Durrivan had frequent fits of absence; when accompanying Middleton on the flute, he would frequently make a full stop in the middle of a bar, and at chess he often lost the game by some childish move or other when his adversary had given up all hope: besides this, Durrivan would now and then start from his chair and quickly pace the room; at other times he complained of violent spasms in his chest, and requested brandy, which he swallowed in large quantities; then on a sudden a dead calm would come over him, and he would quietly, and as if nothing had occurred, resume his occupation.

The delicacy of Middleton's feelings restrained him from speaking to the stranger of his aberrations, and in the many *tête-à-tête* dinners they had together, he scorned to take, much less to throw out, a hint of what the warmth of wine might have drawn from his guest; nor did he make any remarks upon his conduct: he suffered his new friend to pore over the fire, without hinting that the bottle stood with him; and when Durrivan seemed to awake, and proceeded to ask pardon for his reverie, Middleton affected to rouse himself from one also, and would put some question to interrupt the apology, the apparent consequence of a long cogitation: not but that he marvelled ever and anon to see a man's eyes suffused in tears, or checked sobs striving with manhood. "Alas!" sometimes exclaimed the worthy Middleton,

"he has perhaps, like me, been left single and unblessed on this forlorn earth, when the buds of hope were just blooming into happiness! His wound is perhaps yet green, and he has yet to pass weeks, months, and years in misery ere it heal!" Assured from his own feelings that love alone could be the cause of such strong emotions, he endeavoured, without betraying that he guessed the cause of his complaint, to exert his powers to amuse him.

The stranger, as we said, had brought with him to his residence a sister, who was a fashionable coquet of the first order. Middleton soon became so disgusted with her affectation, that he only noticed her as the sister of his friend, and she sought consolation in the admiration of a circle who filled up their time by cards and scandal. At length one day the stranger entered the room of his friend with a letter in his hand, which he insisted on Middleton's reading. The following part of it is sufficient for our purpose: "Yes, cruel Durri- van, it is you who have driven me to this fatal step—to become a self-devoted victim to misery! How often have your vows declared, that you would be mine only!—and now you have wedded another! To-morrow—not overcome by the entreaties of my friends, but by your unkindness and treachery—I shall be the wife of a man for whom I feel no love, no interest! You alone have driven me to this extremity. I ask you only to pity the unhappy—Elizabeth."

A horrid calm was sitting on the face of Durri- van, that completely terrified his friend, who was in-

formed, in a tale of cool despair, that long, very long they had loved each other; but that before he had left India, he had received letters, saying that his Elizabeth was married to another. "'Twas the art," exclaimed Durri- van, throwing aside his coolness, "'twas the devilish art of my sister; who, instigated by some supposed affront from Elizabeth, determined, as I afterwards found, to break off the match. For this purpose, I now discover," he continued in a whirl of passion, which shook the room, "she invented the base lie of my having been married to another. Elizabeth has ere this complied with the wishes of her friends, and we are both miserable for ever!" Durri- van, exhausted by the storm of his feelings excited by his disappointment, now returned to his calmness; he hid his face with his hands, and at length spoke as follows: "Overcome by the unexplained silence of Elizabeth, I entreated my sister to interest herself for me; when I was informed by her, that she whom I loved had proved false. My sister has just confessed, that it was also necessary to her plan to marry me by report. This has all been done in one little week, and this letter is the result of her machinations!"

There is, however, a constancy in woman which may shame our sex. The entreaties of ambitious friends had some weight with Elizabeth, forlorn and wretched as she felt herself; but the indelicacy, not to say wickedness, of marrying a man she could never love, made her pause ere she fled from one evil into another, and finally settled her fate. In the mean time Mid-

dleton, who never was happier than when making others so, posted into Worcestershire. When the whole soul is bent on accomplishing a project, obstacles vanish. He saw Elizabeth, and had the luxury of telling her, that she might yet be happy.

Middleton has now the gratification of beholding Durrivan and his wife--what he can never be--consoled by the smiles of reciprocal love for all the evils of humanity in this vale of tears, where joy and sorrow go hand in hand.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY ROBERT BURNS.

TO THE EDITOR.

OBSERVING that you have inserted in your last number my first letter, with some passages from unpublished correspondence of Burns, I willingly supply you, according to request, with some further extracts derived from the same source, and quite as much as the former in the style and spirit of the Scottish poet. They speak much in favour of their own genuineness; and upon this point I can say no more than I told you in my previous communication, viz. that they are taken from a small duodecimo pamphlet, printed, soon after the death of Burns, at Edinburgh, which was suppressed before it was circulated, only a few copies having got into the hands of the curious. The impression from which the former and the subsequent extracts are taken was lent to me by a friend a few years ago; and rather unluckily, when I employed a person to transcribe such parts as I wanted, I forgot to desire him to insert the title, containing the date and other particulars. The friend from whom I borrowed the pamphlet is now at a distance of many thousand miles, and it is impossible for me to remedy the omission by his assistance; but if any of your nume-

rous readers should have heard of such a production, and can direct me where to purchase a perfect copy, I shall be extremely happy, and shall, moreover, be glad to give any reasonable sum for it.

One unlucky circumstance has occurred since last month, which renders the absence of the original of still more consequence, and that is, that I have lost a whole leaf of my MS. transcript, so that my extracts must be so much the shorter: I do not think, however, that they are less interesting or characteristic than those which I before furnished you.

I confess that, since I wrote my last letter, some compunctions of conscience have come across me, when I reflected that I was in some degree defeating the object of those who procured the printed pamphlet to be suppressed: their motive was certainly the most laudable in the world--that nothing should appear which could be injurious to the reputation of Burns: his conduct had been sufficiently censured by the cynics of the day in which he lived: many of his errors had been industriously brought to light, and even maliciously canvassed; nay, calumny had been hard at work

to invent, and afterwards to propagate, scandalous reports regarding his manners and conversation: half-witted, cold-blooded moralists had carped at him and his works at all times and on all occasions, and it was not necessary to give their hatred and malignity new food. Notwithstanding, after I had written and despatched my letter to you, Mr. Editor, and after I saw it printed in your Miscellany, I consoled myself by reflecting, that many years have now elapsed since the death of Burns; that the spirit of hostility, which some sensible and well-meaning persons had felt, had subsided in the mean time; and that calumny, which refused peace even to the ashes of the dead, and which at first produced but little effect, must have died away, and its inventions have been forgotten. Besides, I considered, that though the publication from which I had made my selections might be objectionable as a whole, it did not follow that, if properly pruned and managed, it would not have produced some good fruit; and that pruning I flattered myself I had in some it, by not taking such portions as seemed to let the reader see the wrong side of the mind of the writer of the letters: in fact, they were not all of them intelligible, perhaps not even to the writer, with a knowledge of all the circumstances; and, at least, the other part of the correspondence (the letters that called for the replies, and the replies that called for the letters,) was wanting, to enable us to form a just estimate how far they did or did not leave some sort of stigma upon the memory of undoubtedly the first poet on the other side of

the Tweed. This deficiency of itself ought to make us pause before we allow our minds to arrive at any unfavourable conclusion upon the subject.

However, having begun, I have determined to proceed; and for this purpose I subjoin such other passages as I find in my MS. Should I discover what is wanting, or obtain possession of a copy of the original pamphlet, I shall probably communicate, for the perusal of your readers, a few further specimens. In the mean time, I am, &c.

ANDREW C.

EDINBURGH, Oct. 4.

"I am delighted, charming Clarinda, with your honest enthusiasm for religion. Those of either sex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that most important of all things—'O my soul, come not thou into their secrets!' I feel myself deeply interested in your good opinion, and will lay before you the outlines of my belief. He, who is our Author and Preserver, and will one day be our Judge, must be (not for his sake in the way of duty, but from the native impulse of our hearts,) the object of our reverential awe and grateful adoration. He is almighty and all-bounteous; we are weak and dependent: hence prayer and every other sort of devotion. 'He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life:' consequently it must be in every one's power to embrace his offer of 'everlasting life;' otherwise he could not, in justice, condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth, and charity, though it does not *merit* heaven, yet is an

absolutely necessary prerequisite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and, by divine promise, such a mind shall never fail of attaining 'everlasting life:' hence the impure, the deceiving, and the uncharitable extrude themselves from eternal bliss by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate administration of all this, for wise and good ends, known to himself, into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great personage, whose relation to him we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is a Guide and Saviour; and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways and by various means, to bliss at last. These are my tenets, my lovely friend, and which, I think, cannot well be disputed."

[He is conjecturing why Fortune has blest him with the love of Clarinda.] "At one time I thought it was caprice, but at other times I was vain enough to think that Nature, who has a great deal to say with Fortune, had given the coquettish goddess some such hint as, 'Here is a paragon of female excellence, whose equal, in all my former compositions, I never was lucky enough to hit on, and despair of ever doing so again: you have cast her rather in the shades of life; there is a certain poet of my making; among your frolics it would not be amiss to attach him to this master-piece of my hand, to give her that immortality among mankind which no woman of any age ever more deserved, and which few rhymesters of this age are better able to confer.'"

"Your thoughts on religion, Clarinda, shall be welcome. You may perhaps distrust me when I say, 'tis also *my* favourite topic; but mine is the religion of the bosom. I hate the very idea of a controversial divinity; as I firmly believe, that every honest, upright man will be accepted of the Deity."

"In proportion as we are wrung with grief, or distracted with anxiety, the ideas of a compassionate Deity, an Almighty Protector, are doubly dear."

"I have been this morning taking a peep through, as Young finely says, 'the dark postern of time long elapsed;' and you will easily guess 'twas a rueful prospect. What a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me of a ruined temple; what strength, what proportion in some parts! what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others! I kneeled down before the Father of mercies, and said, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!' I rose, eased and strengthened. I despise the superstition of a fanatic, but I love the religion of a man."

"The attraction of love, I find, is in an inverse proportion to the attraction of the Newtonian philosophy: in the system of Sir Isaac, the nearer objects are to one another, the stronger is the attractive force."

[When about to take his farm, he does not write quite so often; he says in excuse:]

"Could not you, my ever dearest madam, make a little allowance for a man, after long absence, paying a short visit to a country full of friends, relations, and early intimates? Cannot you guess, my Clarinda, what thoughts, what cares, what anxious forebodings, hopes, and fears, must crowd the breast of a man of keen sensibility, when no less is on the tapis, than his aim, his employment, his very existence through future life?"

"We ought, when we wish to be economists in happiness, we ought, in the first place, to fix the standard of our own character; and when, on full examination, we know where we stand, and how much ground

we occupy, let us contend for it as property; and those who seem to doubt or deny us what is justly ours, let us either pity their prejudices, or despise their judgment. I know, my dear, you will say this is self-conceit; but I call it self-knowledge: the one is the overweening opinion of a fool, who fancies himself to be what he wishes himself to be thought; the other is the honest justice that a man of sense, who has thoroughly examined the subject, owes to himself. Without this standard, this column in our own mind, we are perpetually at the mercy of the petulance, the mistakes, the prejudices, nay, the very weakness and wickedness of our fellow-creatures."

THE PORTRAIT: A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 223.)

"My son," at length began the count, "you cannot seriously think of making the daughter of a peasant Countess de la Claude?"

"My father," answered the young man mildly but with firmness, "I have not thought of it: you know me. But still—I love, I love to distraction! You know the picture;—will you see her? My father, she would grace a throne. Martenay can tell you, that by her innocence and modesty she does honour to her station: and now, my father, when all distinctions of rank are abolished in this country——"

"I hope you do not mean to bring forward that misfortune as an argument against me."

"No, only as a means of making what you would consider a misfortune, appear lighter to you."

"Let us dismiss this matter short—"

ly: either you choose the hand of Martenay's daughter, or of another young lady of your own rank."

"No, my father; I choose the hand of Manon, or of no other."

"You are master here, unfortunately."

"That, father, shall never prevent your acting towards me in every respect as your heart will permit you."

He tore in pieces the contract which rendered him independent. The father's brow grew darker: "I see," at length he cried, "you are resolved, firmly resolved, to sacrifice to this disgraceful, transient passion your fortune, your name, your honour, even your father. Formerly unhappy fathers like me had the right of imprisoning their sons till they were restored to reason: I know, my son, that I have no

such power. If you stedfastly persist——”

“O my father, you surely would not have exercised that right over me?” cried the young man.

“You are mistaken, that I would, in its utmost force; and I should have confidence in my son, that, at the end of six months, he would think better and differently of the matter than he does at present.”

“Father, what part of France or of Europe shall be my prison for six months?”

“The army, which is now raised against the foes of our country.”

“But Manon shall be unmolested?”

“What crime has she been guilty of? Be easy on this point; my character shall be your security.”

“And then, when the six months are expired?”

“Leave me at least hope for six months, my son; I will think of nothing more. But you depart this instant.”

“And Manon?” said the son, laying his hand on his brow.

“Do you not believe that the report that you love her, and that I have interposed to force you from her, will be sufficient to weaken her love for the steward?”

“Good! I will set out this moment,” said the count joyfully. He thought he saw a fit opportunity of proving the heart of his love. He mounted his horse, and set off accompanied by the most faithful of his servants. In two hours he arrived at a chapel in a solitary spot, and in an instant he heard the voice of Manon. Here was the image to which she had made a pilgrimage.

He sprang from his horse; the

pilgrim came to meet him, all herself, so lovely, so innocent, so confiding, that as she hung on his breast, he could no longer imagine the possibility of her being faithless to him.

“Beloved Manon,” said he, drawing forth the portrait from his bosom, “this portrait has for ever united us. Listen to me! I am the Count de la Claude.”

Manon turned pale, sprang from him with alldright, and her eyes were suffused with tears. He related to her the whole affair.

“And now,” said Manon, pressing her hand on her heart, “I am forsaken, because I am not the daughter of Monsieur Martenay. Ungrateful! I shall die, but I cannot hate you.”

The count embraced her, and repeated the conversation he had had with his father.

“And you will then be true to me?” asked she with glistening eyes.

“True even in death,” cried the count.

They parted in sorrow, in joy. Manon concluded her pilgrimage by imploring of the image the life of her lover, and weeping, returned home; and the count pursued his journey to the frontiers, and became a soldier.

Poor Claude! he fought like a hero in Italy. The six months were almost past when he was struck down by a ball. The Austrians were victorious, but they spared the wounded; he was recovered, and sent prisoner into Hungary. He passed two years in a fortress, and at the end of that time he was exchanged. He returned to France, and flew to Villoison: his father's possessions had been con-

fiscated; he had emigrated, and he himself was believed to be dead. Every thing was changed. Martenay had been put to death; his daughter had fled; no one knew whither his father had escaped from those who sought his life. He flew to Manon's cottage; it was occupied by another tenant. Nobody knew any thing of Manon; all that he could learn respecting her amounted to this: that she had lived in utter solitude, quiet and retired. The old count had nothing more at heart than to induce her to marry: the handsomest youths had aspired to her love, but in vain. She had been told that the young count was married in Italy, and preparations were even made for the reception of his wife. Manon only wept, and said, "I never can love any but him."—At length the servant of the count returned from Italy, and brought the account of his death. After Manon had herself spoken to the man, she was calm and more cheerful; but she wore mourning from that time as if she had been a widow. She never spoke to any man afterwards; she sang only mournful songs, and she walked no where but to the rock near the chapel, where she had seen her lover for the last time.

At length she disappeared. Some said that she was gone to Italy, to find out the spot where the count had died. The father had withdrawn himself after his daughter's flight, and no one knew what was become of him. This was all the count could learn. Alas! Manon had loved him even in death!

A part of his estates were restored to him, but he derived no

enjoyment from them. He passed his time gloomily, till the return of spring recalled him to the army. He sought death, and death fled from him, but victory pursued him every where. He became adjutant to General Moreau, and at length himself attained the rank of general. He still loved Manon. Alas! she was dead, and he mourned for her as she had mourned for him, with endless love and tender constancy!

Peace was at length concluded, and the brave young general was employed on a mission to the Landgrave of Hesse. He stopped to change horses at a small town, and found letters from the general which required answering. The host, a talkative man, having heard the general name his native country, related to him, that an old man from Provence lived near him; a worthy man, but greatly distressed, and that he must have perished but for the tender care of his daughter, who worked to support him.

"From Provence!" said the general, drawing out his purse, and touched with compassion.—"It is only a few steps from here," said the host. The general followed him, and opening the door where the Frenchman dwelt, he recognised—O Heaven!—his father!

The count threw himself at the feet of his unfortunate parent, who soon lost his senses in the arms of his son. "Oh! do you indeed live, Claude?" at length cried he in a voice of triumph, his heart almost breaking between joy and sorrow. "You must come with me, my father; I am on my return to France. My general favours me, and it will be easy to have your name struck

off the list of emigrants. But we must depart immediately, I have not a moment to spare."

"No, my son, not to day; it is impossible. You are not aware that I have a benefactress, a young Frenchwoman, through whom alone I live. She will not return home till late this evening."

"Write to her, my father; I will leave a sum of money here for her, which shall set her above all want."

"Never, my son. She has been to me as a daughter; I cannot leave her without at least taking leave of her." The general represented to his father the absolute necessity there was for haste, but in vain. His father continued inflexible in his resolution of seeing his benefactress before he went.

The host interposed: he pointed out a near road to Strasburg, whither the general was going, and he consented to wait.

In the evening the young Frenchwoman returned. The general exclaimed; Manon screamed. It was she, the constant, tender, virtuous Manon!

Her faithful heart had mourned the death of her lover; she conducted herself like his widow, as if she had indeed been his. A hundred times she had heard the domestic describe the place where her lover had fallen; and at length she could not resist her inclination to water the spot where his blood had flowed, with the tears of love. She dressed herself in man's clothes; she converted all the presents she had received at Martenay's and at Luis into money, and left her father's house. The timid maiden, the tender girl wandered forth alone, undismayed by the rugged mountains

she must pass. During her perilous ascent, she suddenly heard the name of the Count de la Claude. She started: an old man, led by an ancient domestic, was passing near her. She knew the domestic; it was the servant of the count, and the old man was the father of her lover. She drew near; the old domestic did not recognise her. She offered her services to the old count, and carried his portmanteau. Thus they arrived at Genoa. Manon was every thing to the two old men: the count disclosed to her his name and rank, and Manon vowed to him eternal attachment.

At Genoa Manon left them to proceed to Bocchetta, where her lover had fallen. As with trembling lips she named Bocchetta, the count's eyes overflowed: "There," said he, "fell my son!" Manon went; she found the place which had been so often described to her. —Here, on this stone, the dying count had leaned; here he sank down for ever! She likewise sank, pale, tearless, wringing her hands, upon the stone; she pressed her warm heart to the ground which had drunk the blood of her lover; here she remained three days in lamentation: she then returned to the count.

She found the old servant dying, and she succeeded to his situation. The count was obliged to go into Germany; Manon accompanied him. His money was soon exhausted; his expenses continued. Manon discovered to him her sex, and the means she possessed of supporting him by her needle-work. She resumed the dress of her sex, and continued to support and cherish the count, who gave out that she

was his daughter, for three years. She partook of his sorrows; she had for him the affection of a daughter, the respect of a servant, the fortitude of a courageous friend, and the endearing innocence of a child.

"Manon! Manon!" cried the general as she flew into his arms.—"You live!" cried Manon.—"O happy girl!"

"Is it Manon?" cried the old man; "Manon, your beloved? and do you still love her, my son? and do you still love him, my dearest daughter? O God! O God!—Give me your hands quickly, that I may join them and bless you before I die with joy!" He fell insensible into the arms of his children.

All related at once, asked at

once, laughed, wept at once; every thing was forgotten; the host reminded them a dozen times that the horses were at the door. At length the happy group set out. Moreau's protection was sufficient to enable the count to return to his native country. They all three arrived in Provence, and the Countess de la Claude is the pride, the blessing, the invaluable treasure of both the counts, the pattern of conjugal truth and maternal love.

The general still wears the portrait of his Manon near his constant, loving heart; and when it happens to catch the eye of his father, he smiles and says, "You must allow, my son, that Martenay's blunder was a happy mistake for us."

CURIOUS EXTRACTS FROM THOMAS HEYWOOD'S HISTORY OF WOMEN.

MR. EDITOR,

As you have been kind enough to inform me, that the various quotations I made for your use from *Howell's Letters* were entertaining and useful, as enabling your readers to look more minutely into the literature and history of the time, I venture to submit for your inspection some extracts from a curious and amusing book, which has lately fallen into my hands, and a notice of which seems peculiarly calculated for your Miscellany: the title is, "Nine Books of various History concerning Women;" and the author of it is Thomas Heywood, a very noted and extensive writer in the time of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. the variety and number of whose writings almost put him upon a level

with Lopez de Vega, the Spanish poet, with whose labours the world has recently become better acquainted, through the admirable piece of biography published by Lord Holland. I forget how many plays are attributed to Lopez de Vega, but Heywood himself declares, that he either wrote or had a principal hand in *two hundred and sixty*; and he, besides, wrote an immense number of pamphlets, and extensive works upon as many subjects as probably ever engaged the attention of any one individual. I am not aware, however, that his Muse ever produced an heroic poem; while Lopez de Vega printed several, and in this respect at least Heywood was his inferior. He was, however, by no means a contemptible poet, and his plays, of which

I think only twenty-seven remain out of two hundred and sixty, display great talent and versatility. He was one of the contemporaries of Shakspeare, and though his dramatic pieces will not bear any comparison with those of our great poet, they are by no means contemptible, and are wonderful considering the hurry in which they must have been composed. His prose productions, one of which is now before me, in folio, are generally very entertaining, and among the most so is his *History of Women*: he also published, in quarto, a "*History of nine Women Worthies*," from which I shall perhaps supply you with a few specimens on a future occasion.

I shall not enter into any particular description of the book from which the subsequent extracts are made, because it is altogether unnecessary, and would be very uninteresting: the passages will speak for themselves. The work is full of entertaining stories, some of which have been retailed or copied by subsequent authors. Thus the celebrated Mr. George Coleman has not disdained to put into verse the story of Friar Richard and Friar John, which is to be found at length, and is told with much humour, in this *History of Women* by Heywood. As, however, it was printed in 1624, nearly two hundred years ago, when manners and conversation were certainly not what they are at present, your Readers will be aware that it is not easy to give them any specimens: though the humour is excessive, it is frequently somewhat too coarse and broad for the present generation. The rapidity with which

Heywood composed, may be judged of from the fact stated at the end of this work, that it was begun, ended, and printed in the short space of seventeen weeks, though it consists of nearly 500 folio pages, which contain a great deal of learning and various reading, together with numerous translations from the classics, both in prose and verse.

With regard to the selections I have made, I do not think it is necessary to add any thing: the first and second relate to the learning and qualifications of Queen Elizabeth and her female courtiers; a very interesting subject, regarding whom Miss L. Aikin might have done well in her *Memoirs of Q. Elizabeth* to have consulted this authority. Yours, &c.

D. W——R.

LONDON, Sept. 18.

CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Amongst whom, let me not be so unnatural to her merit, or so ungrateful to my country (thrice blest and divinely happy in her most fortunate reign), as not to remember that for ever to be celebrated Princess Elizabeth of late memory, Queen of England. She was a Seba for her wisdom, an Harpalice for her magnanimity (witness the camp at Tilbury), a Cleopatra for her bounty, a Camilla for her chastity, an Amalasuntha for her temperance, a Zenobia for her learning and skill in language; of whose omniscience, pantarite, and goodness, all men heretofore have spoken too little, no man hereafter can write too much: sacred be still her memory to us on earth, as her blessed soul lives ever glorified in heaven.

LEARNING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH,
LADY JANE GREY, AND OTHER
ENGLISH LADIES.

Before many or most of those I may, justly and without flattery, prefer the famous Queen Elizabeth. Of her wisdom and government all the Christian princes that flourished in her time, can give ample testimony. Of her oratory, those learned orations delivered by her own mouth in the two academies in the Latin tongue, bear record in her behalf. In the Greek tongue she might compare with Queen Istrina, before remembered among the linguists. In the French, Italian, and Spanish she needed no interpreter, but was able to give answer to such ambassadors in their own language. Of whose pleasant fancies and ingenious ditties, I have seen some and heard of many. Others there have been likewise of our own nation of whose elegancies in these kinds the world has taken notice, and pity it were their names should not be redeemed from oblivion; as the Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, the unhappy wife of as unfortunate a husband, Lord Guildford Dudley. Here likewise worthily may be inserted the excellent Lady Arabella, who had a great facility in poetry, and was elaborately conversant among the Muses; as likewise the ingenious lady the late composer of our extant *Urania*. For others let me refer you to Sir John Harrington in his allegory upon the thirty-seventh book of Ariosto, where he commends unto us the four daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, the Lady Burleigh, the Lady Russell, the Lady Bacon, and Mrs. Killegrewe, giving

each of them in that kind a worthy character.

A WIFE'S REVENGE.

I will now trouble your patience, gentle reader, with a tale, that has in it more mirth than murder, and more sport than spite, and yet a touch of both. A mad fellow, newly married, had only one young child by his wife, a quarter of a year old, whom he dearly and tenderly loved as being his first; but he was much given to good fellowship, and she altogether addicted to sparing and good housewifery: still when he used to come merry from the tavern, where he had been frolicking with his boon companions, she being as sparing of his purse as prodigal of her tongue (for she was little better than a scold), would often upbraid him with his expenses: that what he wasted at the tavern were better bestowed at home; that he spent both his money and time; and that being so often drunk, it was prejudicial both to his body and estate, with many such matronly exhortations; but always concluding her admonitions with a vow, that if ever he came home again in that pickle, she would (happen what would) fling the child into the moat (for the house was moated). It happened about two days afterwards, that he revelling till late in the evening in a cold frosty winter's night, and she having intelligence by her scouts where he was then drinking, and making no question but he would come home flustered, she commanded her maid to convey the infant to the further part of the house, and to wrap the cat in the blankets, and put it into the cra-

dle, and to sit and rock it. Presently home comes the husband; she falls to her old lesson, and begins to quarrel with him, and he with her: ill words beget worse, and much bad language there was between them; when the woman on a sudden stepping to the cradle (having spied her advantage), "I have long," said she, "threatened a mischief, and that revenge I cannot wreak on you I will inflict upon the brat in the cradle:" and instantly catching it up in her arms, ran with it to the moat side, and flung it into the middle of the water; which the poor affrighted man following her and seeing, leaving to pursue her, and crying, "Save the child! oh, save the child!" in that bitter cold night leaped up to the elbows in water, and waded till he brought out the mantle, and with much pain coming to the shore, and still crying, "Alas! my poor child!" opened the clothes: at length the frightened cat, crying *Mew!* leaped from his arms and ran away. The husband was both amazed and vexed; the woman laughed at her revenge, and retired herself; and the poor man was glad to reconcile the difference before she would yield to allow him either fire or dry linen.

A WITTY RETORT.

A great earl of this kingdom was sent over by Queen Elizabeth to debate concerning state business, and joined with him in commission one Dr. Dale, a worthy and approved scholar: to meet with these, from the Spaniard was sent, amongst other commissioners, Richardetti, who was secretary to King Philip. These meeting about

state affairs, question was made in what language it was most fit to debate them: Richardetti standing up (and belike having noticed that our ambassador was not well practised in the French tongue), thus said: "In my opinion it is most fit that this business about which we are met be discoursed in French; and my reason is, because your queen writes herself, Queen of England and France." At which words up started the doctor, and thus replied: "Nay, then rather let it be debated in the Hebrew tongue, since your king writes himself, King of Spain and Jerusalem."

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS.

His discourse being ended, and every one admiring the strangeness of the accident, a traveller who sat next to him affirmed it for truth, as being in the country at the same time: and thereupon took occasion to discourse of the cities, the rivers, the manners and dispositions of the people, and withal the coldness of the climate, "which in some places," said he, "I protest is so extreme, that one of my countrymen and I talking together one morning in the fields, our words as we spoke them froze before us in the air, and that so hard, that such as the next day passed that way, might read them as perfectly and distinctly as if they had been texted in capital letters." To which one of the gentlemen with great modesty replied: "Truly, sir, methinks that would be a dangerous country to speak treason in, especially in the depth of winter." Some time before this discourse was fully ended, up came the lady of the house to bid her guests wel-

come, and taking her chair at the upper end of the table, "It seems, gentlemen," said she, "your discourse is of Russia: my first husband (God rest his soul!) was a great traveller, and I have heard him in his lifetime speak much of that country; but one thing amongst the rest, which I shall never forget whilst I have an hour to live, that riding from Moscow, the great city, to a place in the country some five miles off, in a mighty great snow, and the highway being covered, and he mistaking the path, he happened to fall horse and man into a deep pit, from which he could not find any possible way out, either for himself or for his beast, and lying there some two hours, and ready to starve with cold, as necessity will put men to their wits, so he bethought himself, and presently stepping to a village some half a mile off, borrowed or bought a spade, with which coming back, he fell to work, and first dug out himself, and afterwards his horse; when mounting, he without more trouble came to the end of his journey. And this," said she, "he has told to a hundred and a hundred gentlemen in mine own hearing."

THE REFORMED DANDY: A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT three years ago, before I took a voyage to the East Indies, I was very intimate with one Thomas —, or as I used always familiarly to call him, *Tom*: we had been at school together at St. Paul's, and though he was certainly a dunce, and made therefore but little progress in his studies, yet he was rather a favourite of mine, for I considered him a plain-spoken, well-meaning, courageous fellow, without pretensions of any kind, and glad to do any body a service. These, ordinarily speaking, are much better recommendations than great talents, which very often make men nuisances in society; they are commonly opiniated and self-sufficient, with a superabundance of what the French call *amour propre*. Tom was quite the reverse at the time he left school, and was placed by his father, a shopkeeper in Newgate-street, as an under clerk in a banking-house, whose principal business it was to

run about town with bills payable. Here he remained about a year or two, when his father was lucky enough to procure for him a place in Somerset-House (I forget in which department), of about 130*l*. a year, and Tom had just entered on his new duties when I sailed from England for Calcutta. Tom and all his friends were delighted with the advancement, and the duties of the office were just suited to his capacity, so that every body considered him provided for for life; and this was the more agreeable, as his father had a large family and a little business.

I was absent, as I have said, for about three years, and on my return, I immediately called in Newgate-street to inquire after Tom, his parents, &c. whom I had left living together in great harmony. When I reached the house in the evening, expecting to meet all my old friends, I found that Tom was missing; but I did not fail to in-

quire after him, and was told by his mother, that when they saw him last he was quite well. In fact, to make a short story, I learned that Tom had quitted his father's house soon after I went away, and had taken a lodging in one of the streets near Leicester-square. "O sir," added his mother, "he is very much altered; he never comes to see us now, but spends all his time with his gay companions, the other clerks in the same office: they have quite ruined poor Tom!"—"Indeed!" said I; "how is that?"—"Why, sir," she continued, "he now spends all his money the Lord knows how, and instead of minding his business, he strolls about the other end of the town to shew off his figure, for he really thinks himself handsome."

I could hardly help laughing at this piece of conceit, though I saw that the good woman was much distressed; and her relation was confirmed by the father and the whole family, who added, that Tom had once or twice been threatened with expulsion from his place. They all begged of me, if I had any regard for them, that I would do my utmost to reform him. I further heard that he and his associates called themselves *Dandies*, a term I had never heard before. I thought at first that it was the French word *Dandin*, which means a *noddy* or a *ninny*, and I considered it by no means inapplicable; but why they should give themselves that nickname I could not guess. They explained it by saying, that a *Dandy* was a new term for a *buck* or a *blood*; with this difference, that the *Dandy* aimed rather more at being effeminate, and instead of being a

dashing, high-spirited fellow, which *bloods* generally are, that they only wished to be thought delicate and fine and pretty; that they spent all their money upon hats of a peculiar shape, and great-coats (called by them *surlouts*) of a particular cut, with Wellington boots up to the knees, and trowsers just below the calves of the legs, of such as have calves to their legs.

I agreed to do the best I could to aid them in the reformation of Tom; but I confess that I thought the case nearly hopeless, and should have deemed it quite desperate; had I not known that Tom, when I left England, had some share of good sense: I considered too that he had been a *Dandy* for above two years, and might perhaps be tired of it.

Having learned his address (which by the bye was in Bear-street, no very genteel place), I consented to walk thither to call upon him, and having occasion to go to Charing-Cross first, I went through Leicester-Fields, when whom should I see standing at the door of La Sablonière but Dandy Tom, who was picking his teeth under the pretence of having just dined. Had he not been described to me, and had I not seen the scar upon his left cheek, I am persuaded that I should not have known him: he was the most dandified Dandy I had yet seen, though I had met several highly finished on my road. I need not portray him further than by saying, that his dress was in the extreme, and on his upper lip was an appendage of hair called a *mustachio*, with frogs enough upon his coat or *surtout* to have dined a whole French regiment. The waist was made as

high as the shoulders, and it was drawn round his body as tightly as possible by means of just six buttons in front.

"How are you, Tom——?" said I. He seemed astonished to hear any one address him so familiarly, especially in a hoarse voice (for all his companions endeavour to squeak out and mince their words), but turning towards me, he immediately recognised me through my copper-coloured skin, and snatching my hand, cried, "My dear Jack, how glad I am to see you!" for he really was rejoiced, and in his ecstasy he burst all the buttons of his surtout and waistcoat, and broke open one of the seams behind, so that he displayed his shirt, very far from clean, but the dirt partly concealed by what is called a dicky, consisting of a collar and frill. He was strangely disconcerted, especially as some females laughed at him in passing, and he immediately seized my arm, and drawing his coat together as closely as he could, he hastened home to Bear-street, where he let himself in by a latch key, and ran up four pair of stairs, I all the while following close at his heels. When we got into his room, for he had but one, it was miserable enough to be sure: one whole chair, and another with a broken back—a walnut-tree table—a deal box, and a truckle-bed; the only tolerable piece of furniture in the room was a looking-glass. "Why where are we now?" cried I: but he was too much ashamed to give me an answer. "This cannot be your apartment! This is the garret of some foot-boy," I added: but he still remained silent, endeavouring to adjust his disordered

dress. "Come, come, Tom, it is of no use to conceal matters from your old friend: I know how it is very well." At this he began to pull up the collar of his shirt, or rather of his dicky, with an air of importance and affront, but unluckily it came off, the string that fastened it having been broken. He bit his lips with vexation, and to my astonishment his mustachios fell to the ground; for it seems that having little or no beard, he had supplied the deficiency from Holmes's in St. James's-street. I laughed heartily, and sat myself down on the deal box, as being safer than the crazy chairs, and surveying him from top to toe, said, "Well, Tom, and what do you call yourself—man, woman, or brute beast?"—"Sir! what do you mean by that?" was the answer.—"Why I mean this—that I do not know what to make of you, and I doubt if you know what to make of yourself."—"I am a gentleman," cried he in a passion.—"A gentleman!" I returned; "a Dandy you mean—a *gentleman*! Nay, Tom, I did not come here to affront you, but to see my old friend and school-fellow—who fought many a good battle for me and with me—my old crony and companion, who was never happier than when he was obliging his friend Jack. How are your father and mother, and brothers and sisters? What could induce you to leave a comfortable warm house for this miserable sky-parlour? Was it for the sake of being a Dandy, and wearing a coat with frogs, and false mustachios? Nonsense, man! Where are your understanding and your affection, for you used to have both?"

ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE PUY DE DOME.

At first he appeared much nettled at my freedom of speech, but was gradually softened down, and at last he pulled off his frog-coat (which was a matter of some difficulty on account of its tightness), tore away his stiffly starched neck-cloth, threw down his dicky and false wrist-bands, pulled off his spurs, and shook me heartily by the hand: "Well," cried he, "I have been a confounded fool, and I have met with greater fools than myself. But come," slipping on an old brown great-coat, such as he used

to wear when a banker's clerk, "let us go home. I am heartily glad to see you in England again, and if you had remained here, I should never have been a Dandy—I am sick of it."

So saying we walked down stairs, but he had not money enough to pay for his lodging: I advanced him a small sum, and having put his box and trumpery into a hackney-coach, we went directly to Newgate-street, where his father and mother were not a little glad to see us.

ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE PUY DE DOME.

(Extracted from a MS. Journal kept by an intelligent Traveller during a Tour in the West and South of France to Savoy, in the last Summer.)

WE arrived at Clermont about noon, and dismissing our horses, rambled about the town until dinner could be prepared, which we had ordered about two.

Clermont is situated at the foot of the eastern side of the range of hills from which rises the Puy de Dome, the second loftiest mountain in France. The town is large and populous, containing nearly 30,000 inhabitants. The church, one of the finest in that part of the country, is kept in excellent repair; as is also the magnificent hall, or *place d'armes*, being an open range of light piazzas, supported by numerous slender pillars of a blue kind of lava. In the market-place is one of the best fountains in France, gushing out in six or seven streams, each as thick as a man's leg: the whole country round indeed is famous for its excellent springs of water.

Our friends, finding it was our intention to attempt ascending the Puy de Dome that evening, as the diligence for Lyons set out early the next morning, gave us directions for our guidance, and obligingly accompanied us part of the way.

The Puy de Dome is an immense mountain, about six miles S. W. of Clermont, rising, in the shape of a cone on the south, from the summit of a lofty hill (at the foot of which is the town itself), and which serves as its base, to the height of about 3100 feet perpendicular, or 5100 above the level of the sea. The greater Puy gradually narrows into a perfect cone, the summit not being above ten yards in diameter, which has the effect of diminishing the apparent height in a surprising manner. From the bottom it seems scarcely loftier than the adjoining mountain, the little Puy; but its

vastly superior height is plainly discernible when at the top, the surrounding mountains hardly appearing elevated above the plain.

We left Clermont at four in the afternoon, and taking a peasant for our guide from a small hamlet on the first hill, began to ascend the Puy at about a quarter-past five. Our guide led us nearly straight up till we reached the summit of the little Puy; we were then obliged to wind round the greater Puy, the ascent being so steep as to be impracticable by any other means. The summit is perfectly bare; in the centre is a small wooden triangle, erected by Cassini, for the purpose of measuring its elevation. The view from this spot exceeded all description; to me especially, who had never before stood on the summit of so lofty a mountain. To the north, a violent thunder storm, which had passed over and drenched us in our ascent, still raged, the lightning flashing far beneath our feet, and the black veil of clouds reaching, like a watery curtain, to the earth, shrouding the view beyond them. On the west, the red orb of the sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, illuminating the immense extent of flat and fruitful country watered by the Loire; and its rays, refracted through the storm, varied the mountains of Dijon, which bounded the eastern side of the prospect, with the splendid hues of a magnificent rainbow. On the south-west rose the lofty chain of the Mont d'Or, the snow still on its summit, though the middle of July; and to the south and south-east the eye roamed along the fertile plains of Langue-

doc and the Lyonnais, over a view bounded only by the horizon, amply gratifying our highly raised expectations, and fully compensating for the fatigue we had undergone during the day.

It was now getting dark, the sun had set some time, when our guide, having asked whether we would venture down the almost perpendicular declivity of the outer side of the cone, to which we assented, on account of the lateness of the hour, we began to descend at about nine. The side is covered with a very long species of grass (no bushes growing within 5 or 600 feet of the summit), which affording a secure hold, we let ourselves down almost perpendicularly by our hands; as our shoes were wet through, and the rain had rendered the grass slippery, no reliance could be placed upon our feet. We, however, reached the bottom in safety, after about an hour and half's toil, having slipped several times for some little distance, but soon recovering our hold; took a bottle of wine at the cottage of our guide, to whom we gave a couple of francs apiece (the poor fellow asked but for one), and reached our inn about one o'clock in the morning.

A road has been cut by enlarging a natural ravine, over which a cart can be drawn by oxen till within a few yards of the summit of the little Puy; and it is customary for the inhabitants of Clermont on mid-summer-day to take an early dinner at Barroc, a little village at the foot of the Puy, and ascend the mountain in the afternoon, the ladies who venture riding in carts.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXXV.

Leave such to trifle with more grace or ease,
Whom folly pleases, or whose follies please.—POPE.

THE following dialogue has been inclosed to me by one of my correspondents, who is ardently zealous for the honour of the female character, as she is more particularly anxious to support the opinion, that in no part of the world it is so distinguished by its real charms and appropriate virtues, as in the country which she professes it to be her pride to call her own.

Where this conversation took place she has not informed me, nor how the parties were situated between whom this interesting colloquy arose: I shall, therefore, give it as I received it, but without any apprehension of its being treated with indifference by my readers.

An English lady, the wife of an English gentleman of fortune, who appears to be residing in France for the improvement of his children, and a French lady of quality, who was passing the first year of her widowhood in the seclusion of an abbey, the lady abbess of which was her relation, sustain the scene.

On the following morning Mrs. C—— arrived at the abbey. “I am come,” said she, on entering the apartments, “with your leave, my dear countess, to pass the morning with you.”—“And the afternoon too, I hope,” replied the latter.—“You will excuse me,” answered Mrs. C——, “as that is impossible; for by a decree as irrevocable as that of the Medes and Persians, I never dine from home unless Mr. C—— accompanies me. This I know is not a custom of this

country, and you may start at such a declaration; but you must pity and forgive me, if I adhere to one of those domestic habits which have altogether formed the happiness and, according to my old English notions, the honour of my life.”

La Comtesse. Different countries have different usages, and it would ill become me to treat any with disrespect because they differ from those of my own: at all events, I shall not dispute the matter with you. I am aware that our free, lively, and unrestrained French manners will not be able, on what are considered as the grave principles of reason, to make a very firm stand against the practice of English morality. I have suffered too much from the deliriums of the former to become their champion against the latter. In fact, generally speaking, love has little or nothing to do with the marriage of parties in high life in this country. Motives of interest or pride are the inducements to matrimonial unions among us; and if, as is the too natural consequence, men prefer every woman to their wives, it seems to follow of course, that women will prefer every man to their husbands; and hence proceeds the libertine character of the higher ranks in either sex among us. The poorer classes are not rich enough to purchase such indulgences; and therefore, in a great measure, though I fear not altogether, escape the contagion. I do assure you that I was not indisposed to my husband,

though I was occasionally ridiculed for making the declaration ; and if he had loved and preferred me, I could have loved and preferred him. His conduct shaped mine ; and I am compelled to acknowledge, that in all its fantasies and indulgences, I fully rivalled him. But the pleasures of such a life as that into which I was seduced by his example, and I might almost add by his approbation, were violent, tumultuous, and irregular ; nor were they unfrequently interrupted by poignant mortifications and real distresses. He at length fell in a duel on account of a mistress, and I—— but I shall not repeat what followed. I do not wish to give pain to you or to myself by the repetition. I am more than half cured of my follies ; and who knows but your example and good counsels may achieve the rest ?

Mrs. C—— was well acquainted with the errors of her sex, though she never suffered herself to be involved in them ; while the countess, who was by no means deficient in understanding, and had suffered so much from past follies, began seriously to reflect on the consequences of continuing in them. Thus the English lady, by enlarging a little the usual bounds of her conversation to suit her French acquaintance, and the French dame of quality narrowing hers in proportion to accommodate it to her English visitor, they met at a point which rendered their society pleasant to each other. It was a delicacy that was managed with equal address by them both. The conversation continued.

Lia-Comtesse. But pray, my dear friend, does love always preside

over the nuptial ceremony in England ?

Mrs. C——. By no means, I fear that I must answer ; though I believe the little deity whom you have named is a very frequent, if not a constant, attendant upon our hymeneal altars. Interest and pride, and sometimes even politics, will produce a marriage union among us. But libertinism is not a natural consequence as it is with you ; and if such a result were to be apprehended, a projected marriage would be considered with disgust and abhorrence. Persons may, and sometimes do, marry in England without any very violent attachment, and yet maintain the connection in honour, decorum, and kindness. A sense of duty, of character, and of gratitude, will effect that inviolable conduct in some, which real affection produces in others : for though we are not without examples among our persons of rank and fortune of known violation of the most sacred duties of the married state, they are very rare ; and though their high station and large fortune may keep them afloat in the circles of fashion, they are avoided by many, and despised by all who have not strayed into an equal course of profligacy. There is no country in the world, and I believe there never was one, where female chastity has been, or is, so generally maintained, and so universally honoured, as in that which I boast to be my own, where the moral virtues are so seriously cultivated and so devoutly practised. At the same time, I must not be understood as representing England to be a romantic paradise of perfection ; I speak of it only with a reserved allowance for the

unavoidable errors' and imperfections of our common nature. You have already observed, that different countries have different customs and usages; but though you did not urge that observation as an argument on which you had any great reliance, I shall beg leave to answer it. I shall contend that we good people of England do not consider moral conduct as a *custom*, but as a *disposition*; a virtue, or rather a combination of virtues, which it is a leading object of our education to teach us to practise and to preserve; and without which, life would lose its honour, its charm, and its comforts.

La Comtesse. I do not presume to contend with your philosophy, as you are of a nation of philosophers, and where, as I now experience, the petticoat can maintain the character; but you perhaps will condescend to instruct me in the distinction which you make between a *custom* and a *duty*.

Mrs. C—. I shall endeavour, my dear countess, not in the character of a philosopher, which you have been pleased to give me, but in the spirit of common sense, which is the best of all philosophy, to obey your commands: and I must own that I was rather prepared for the question, because I well know that *la mode* is a kind of a talismanic expression with persons of your rank and country, that sanctions every thing, and consequently involves them both. Now *honour* or *virtue* with us, both in man and woman, is not a custom which is capable of change, or is subject to circumstances, but a permanent invariable principle of rec-

titude, and therefore an *invariable duty*. On the contrary, the alliance between noble and commercial families, which is not uncommon with us, is a *custom*. We are a commercial people, and our national prosperity depends, in a great measure, on our national trade: hence it is that many of our noble families may trace their wealth to commercial ancestors. The younger branches of our noble families sometimes engage in commerce, and the daughters of opulent merchants are as well educated, and as fit to appear in the higher circles of life, as those who are born in them; while a different custom prevails with you, not from any principle of duty, but the political structure of the government of your country.

La Comtesse. This is a custom which, from whatever cause it may proceed, is so strictly adhered to, as to possess in some degree the force of a law. It is sometimes indeed, though very rarely, violated: and I shall make you smile, perhaps, when I add, that the commercial man, though he has ship-loads of gold, will soon find himself in a most pitiable condition, whose vanity induces him to purchase a wife from the class of nobility. A recent history of this nature, which I will relate to you without the least exaggerated circumstance, will serve to illustrate this custom. It will, I fear, rather shock than amuse you; but it is a story in point, and you may be assured is literally true.

[It appears that this conversation was of a distant date, and must, I presume, have taken place previous to the French revolution.]

HENRIETTA, who was the daugh-

ter of the Countess de Carentan, had been educated with uncommon care by her mother; that is to say, she was a fine performer on the instruments in fashion, sung with taste, danced with superior grace, could explain herself tolerably well in Italian, and had a little elementary babble in history and geography. To crown all, she was a real beauty.

Monsieur Valois, who had made a rapid fortune in commercial speculations, as well as in the financial concerns of government, and possessed an agreeable person, with amiable and rather polished manners, was somehow encouraged to appear among those who courted the smiles of the charming Henrietta. In short, by various fortuitous circumstances, he was induced to hazard a proposal of marriage, which, after some time, was favourably received.

He now of course was thought worthy of every possible attention from Madame de Carentan's family and circle; he was loaded with the most flattering compliments on the occasion, and heard nothing but congratulations on his approaching union with a family of such high station and rank in the world.

Of both these Madame de C. and her lovely daughter had a very ample portion, but of fortune they had no more than was just sufficient to maintain an exterior appearance suited to their situation in life. As to their virtues, the mother had been what women who possess great beauty, and were married very young to men for whom they have no regard, are generally in the fa-

shionable world at Paris; and the daughter had been fashioned by such a mother.

As they had a taste for that figure in which their finances did not allow them to indulge, Valois' great wealth was exactly what they wanted; so, after he had purchased one of those employments under government which confer rank and title, the marriage was solemnized.

Valois' head was almost turned with his good fortune; he was the happiest of human beings; his pride, his love, his every feeling was gratified: while all the friends of Henrietta were delighted at a marriage which gave her the command of a splendid establishment, of whose luxurious festivities they looked forward to partake, and of which she was well prepared to do all the honours. To prove her regard for Valois, she proposed to pass the first months of their marriage, which were in the fine season of the year, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of domestic happiness at his chateau, about twenty leagues from Paris.

It so happened, however, that a Monsieur de Breteuil, a young, insinuating, handsome colonel of dragoons, had taken a small country-house in their neighbourhood, and was in the habit of visiting the Countess of C. who was passing the summer with her daughter; nor had many weeks passed away before the daughter herself thought proper to make a comparison between her husband and this amiable officer, which terminated in a decided preference of the latter. Nor did she long hesitate to contrive, by

certain little *agaceries*, to let him into the secret.

He was not insensible of her preference; passion succeeded, and ||

—but no matter, the history must be left to unfold itself in its own way.—(*To be continued.*)

F—1—

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Ouverture, Arie, Duetti e Terzetto dell' Opera NUMA POMPILIO, rappresentata alla Corte di Francia, composta ed accomodata per il Piano-forte dal Sig. Ferd. Paër, Direttore della Musica di S. M. il Rè di Francia. Pr. 21s.

AMONG the few eminent dramatic composers now living, Paër justly claims a high rank. The theatres of Vienna, Dresden, Paris, and Milan have enjoyed the fairest productions of his fertile Muse; such as *Camilla*, *Sargino*, *Il Principe di Taranto*, *I Fuorusciti*, &c.; and in *La Griselda*, as well as *L'Agnese*, the British public has latterly had opportunities of judging of his talents, although the two last operas are not numbered among his best works. If we were asked to give a general opinion on Paër's operas, we should hesitate to award to his melodies the virgin bloom of absolute originality, nor should we easily be able to point out many bold harmonic combinations or striking "effects;" but we should, on the other hand, do justice to his graceful and finished style of musical diction, admit most fully his constant attention to classic propriety of expression in every kind of scenic situation, and hold him out as a model in point of richness and variety of instrumental accompaniment. We should say, in one word, that his productions unite the most attractive features of the Italian school.

The opera of *Numa Pompilio* we hitherto knew by name only, and a piano-forte extract is as little calculated to convey a *perfect* idea of the full score, as a water-colour copy of a great historical painting would be to impress us with a full sense of the value of the original. The finales, too, and concerted pieces, which more particularly exhibit the mastery of the composer, are omitted in the publication before us; probably because the room which they would have engrossed must have greatly enhanced its price, while the opportunities of executing them could but seldom be found among amateurs.

The extract before us, therefore, is limited to the overture, three arias, two cavatinas, five duets, and one terzett, besides the recitativos belonging to some of these. In the consideration of these, our gratification increased at every step; we soon forgot the critic, became amateur, rehearsed piece after piece again and again, and still promise ourselves a future fund of pleasure from Mr. Paër's classic labour. It is so frequently our lot to wade, by compulsion, through myriads of unmeaning crotchets and quavers, that we really enjoy doubly the treat when we now and then meet with works which we can go through for our own liking. This was more particularly the case in the present instance, on account of the masterly manner in which the piano-forte

arrangement has been extracted from the score. None but the author himself could have given it so great a degree of perfection.

We have, our readers will perhaps say, already deeply trenched on our space, without saying a word of the individual merits of any one of the pieces. Our answer is ready: Where all is good, selection becomes difficult, and taste (we mean individual liking) enters mainly into the question. By stating, under such circumstances, the objects of our more particular predilection, we risk an abatement of the respect paid to our critical authority.—“No flinching, Mr. Critic!” we hear one of our more knowing readers exclaim; “do what you are engaged for! To come to the point, suppose you were limited to the choice of three pieces out of the twelve, which would you select?”

A home question indeed, which we shall take good care not to answer, any more than we should attempt to point out the three best pictures of Raphael, or the three best scenes in all Shakspeare’s plays. But out of mere good-breeding towards our inquisitive friend, we would just go so far as to say, that we have derived real delight from the aria in G minor, “*D’Amore guidata*” (p. 24). Its opening admirably depicts the tremulous anxiety of a mind agitated by doubt, love, and fear; and this is finely contrasted by a melodious arioso strain in B♭ major (p. 26), strongly savouring of Paisiello by the bye, but no matter. The delicate manner in which the author effects his return from that key to G minor again, is next an object

worthy of particular attention.—“What,” says our knowing friend aforesaid, “a transition from B♭ major to its minor kinsman, worthy of particular attention!”—Ah, Mr. Hypercritic, we know full well there is a way of bolting out of one into the other with but little ceremony; but Mr. P. leads us back insensibly, with tasteful ingenuity. In the concluding strain of this aria (p. 25), the motivo of the former arioso part in B♭ is thrown with exquisite effect into the key of G major, and the aria brought to a termination in the latter key. The whole appears to us to approach nearly to absolute perfection in the compositorial art.

Another aria in C minor, “*Sento che palpita*,” is equally admirable from beginning to end. A fine recitativo, deep feeling, fidelity in expressing the text, a charming elaborate accompaniment, and many other features of excellence, shew that the composer has thrown the full strength of his mind and talent into its creation.

The opening duet in E♭, “*Cinta di Rose il crine*,” is as soft, as the last-mentioned production is wildly agitated, and forms another valuable piece in this collection. The instrumental introduction and accompaniments are rich and tasteful, and the two voices flow in placid melodiousness through a path of great variety, marked by stages of rhythmical regularity, all emanating from the subject.

The terzett also has very conspicuous merits.

Of the excellence of the piano-forte adaptation of this opera, we have already spoken: and in this, we must add, to the credit of the

publishers, Messrs. Goulding and Co., not a single erratum has met our eye. The typographical execution also claims favourable notice: the work is brought out in a superior style, and the price of 21s. for upwards of 80 closely printed pages, appears to us uncommonly moderate.

Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute and Piano-forte, composed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrowes. No. VII. Pr. 3s.

In the consideration of the former numbers of this joint labour of Messrs. Nicholson and Burrowes (a sort of partnership rather unusual in composition), we often felt a curiosity to know how the work was got up, who was the principal in inditing the matter, who the accessory. This doubt we have not experienced in the present number. The flute is throughout the principal, and the piano mere support; although we must say, that in the third variation the bass asserts, by a range of good running passages, a temporary ascendancy. The first variation is rather conspicuous for the abundant embellishments with which the melody has almost been obscured. This we think unadvisable: so much and such continued fringe-work, however tastefully devised (as is here the case) proves cloying; and if not very tastefully executed, will produce an effect contrary to the intention. In other respects, we are much pleased with this book; the variations are as select as the theme, by Mazzinghi, is well chosen.

"*Fly, fly, ye loit'ring Hours,*" *Pollacca, composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

Asong written for Miss Stephens,

whose fresh and silvery voice, combined with her great and daily improving skill, must have given it all the effect which the conspicuous exertion of Mr. Bishop's talent in this instance contemplated and deserved. It is a performance of decided merit, rich in the variety of its successive ideas, in select changes of key from A to E, C, D, B minor, &c., and well supported by an effective accompaniment.—The word "happiest," unmusical as it is, has felt this disadvantage, p. 1; and in the second page (l. 1) we do not see the reason why the instrumental symphony closes, in the treble, on the mediant instead of the tonic.

"*One silent Eve,*" *Ballad; the Words from Cowper; composed by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

Likewise written for Miss Stephens, and sung by that lady at the Dublin Theatre. The melody, in the beginning, reminded us of "He was famed for deeds of arms;" and throughout resembles another song of Mr. Bishop's, which, if our memory is correct, bears the title, "He's all the world to me."—The melody of the present song is of simple but pleasing construction, and easy for vocal and instrumental execution. Some occasional imperfections, however, in point of harmony, as well as rhythm, have met our eye; and in the choice of the musical metre, Mr. B. does not appear to have been quite successful; it is occasionally at variance with that of the text.

Celebrated Irish Melody, as sung by Mr. Braham in the Opera of Guy Mannering; with Variations and an Introduction for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to

Miss Augusta Dent, by Henri J. Bertini. Price 2s. 6d.

Mr. Bertini's polonaise, mentioned in our preceding number, established him in our good opinion, which has suffered no diminution by the present publication, although (probably owing to the nature of the Irish theme) the latter upon the whole is a shade less to our liking. In the book before us, we have a larghetto of merit by way of introduction, then comes the Irish air, with six variations and a finale. The first variation is the best, and indeed excellent, chiefly from the skilful interweaving of a well-contrived inner part, which flows smoothly between the treble and bass. No. 2. consists of tasteful semiquaver passages. No. 3. is in the manner of a bolero; simple in structure, but effective. The minor, No. 5. is imagined with propriety, without entering into any thing like deep harmonic combination. The finale, *à la waltz*, is sprightly and pleasing.

Yorkshire Airs, No. 1. *composed for the Piano-forte*, by S. Mather. Pr. 1s.

Seven tunes (without text), entitled, "Morgiana in Yorkshire," "The rising Morn," "What is it like," "The Yorkshire Hornpipe," "Cawthorne Walzes,"

"Thorpe House," and "The Thorn." Their construction is simple, but upon the whole creditable to the author. "What is it like" is very good, the harmonic arrangement particularly well contrived. "The Yorkshire Hornpipe" respectable, as well as "The Token." "Thorpe House" a good minor melody. In No. 1. the conclusion of the strains in the allied mi-

nor key is a remnant of antiquated bad taste, and the harmony moreover moves in offensive octaves. The skipping progress of the bass in No. 2. by thirds and sixths under the melody, is indifferent.

An Introduction and Andante, with Bravura Variations, with an Accompaniment for the Flute; also Orchestral Accompaniments ad libitum; composed, and dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. Bladen Capel, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 5s.; with orchestra parts, 7s.

To the select number of those amateurs that have gained, or nearly approached, perfection in practical proficiency, these variations will afford a source of real gratification, productive of still further advancement in the art. Professedly written *alla bravura*, difficulties in execution must be expected; but we can add, that these have not been studiously sought, that they are far from bordering on fantastical extravagancies, and that they are productive of a richness of harmonic colouring, which our ancestors could not have conceived to lie within the reach of one single instrument of any description. The introduction and andante, assigned to the full orchestra, are of exquisite workmanship, and, together with the graceful solo annexed to the latter, pleased us as much as any other part of this book. The whole is eminently classic, quite of a superior stamp.—An allegretto follows next (p. 3.), which gives the theme to several elaborate variations of the highest interest, successively interspersed by *tutti*s of great merit and effect. In regard to these variations we have before us a me-

morandum, containing notes of their peculiarities and most prominent features: but with an author of Mr. C.'s celebrity, we may refrain from entering into a detail of his labour, by stating that he has in this instance written in his happiest manner, quite in the style of his *Studio per il Piano-forte*. One observation, however, he will allow us to make. Mr. Cramer is one of those sensible composers that hailed the excellent invention of the *Metronome*, and by a public document inserted in the daily journals, pledged themselves to time *all their future works* according to the metronomic scale: but we are sorry to find, by the present publication, that he is also one of those who have forgotten their pledge, and think it quite sufficient if they themselves know the *tempi* of their productions, and leave those that buy them to find out the time as well as they can; every one, we suppose, according to his own proficiency, no matter how quick or slow, so that all parties be pleased. That England, the country in which this invention was brought to perfection, should be behindhand with all Europe in adopting and cherishing it, will be a matter of surprise with our German and French neighbours, who think so highly of the solidity of our judgment.

"*New-Year's Eve*," *Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute ad libitum, in which appropriate Airs are introduced; composed, and dedicated to his friend Samuel Hobson, Esq.* by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 4s.

A few bars of introduction usher in the air, "How should we mortals spend the hours;" which is fol-

lowed, first by a good variation, and then by a merry peal of bells. After a good batch of ringing, sufficient to announce the new year, comes the tune of "Hark, the bo-hny Christ-church bells," which gives rise to some interesting digressive matter, fluent passages, imitation of the subject in the dominant (p. 8), and apt modulations (p. 9). In the 10th page the "waits" are brought into requisition, with an appendix of four variations, among which the third, with its flute solo, will be found specially attractive; and the fourth, which leads to the conclusion by a coda, is highly meritorious.

The whole of this divertimento is devised and put together with taste and in very good style. The flute accompaniment is well arranged, but can hardly be called an optional appendage; in many instances it seems to be quite essential.

Morning and Evening Hymns, to which are added a few Interludes, arranged, and respectfully dedicated to the Rev. G. F. L. Nicolay, A. M. by James Henry Leffler. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Once or twice only have our columns been before this devoted to Mr. Leffler's labours. We state this as a matter of regret, not of complaint; aware as we are of the ample employment which his eminent qualifications as an instructor of music afford him, and of the unassuming modesty with which he considers the fruits of his scanty leisure. The Morning Hymn in this sheet, which bears Mr. L.'s name, justifies the good opinion we have expressed; it is truly sweet and pathetic. The Evening Hymn

is well treated; and the six short interludes evince cultivated taste and contrapuntal knowledge.

"*La Reminiscence*," a Rondo for *the Piano-forte and Flute, composed, and dedicated to Frederic Ulfsparre, Esq.* by C. L. Lithander. Op. 8. Pr. 3s.

Mr. Lithander, who lately quitted England to return to Sweden, his native country, has so frequently given us occasion to express our satisfaction at the talents and the good taste displayed in his compositions, that we cannot help considering his departure with regret; and "*La Reminiscence*," now at

our side, is quite calculated to render us sensible of the loss sustained by his departure. The publication consists of an *andante* and rondo in D major, in both of which the flute accompaniment is indispensable. Regularity of plan, tasteful developement of the ideas, fluency of passages, and good harmonic treatment, are conspicuous in both movements; and these merits are enhanced by great attention to executive convenience: there is no affectation, no eccentricity; all flows aptly and chastely, and combines into a well-digested whole.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 27.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE annexed plate contains a *court* card of each suit, so distinguished, because in the original invention of cards the representation of four sovereigns, David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles VI. of France, was depicted upon them, representing the four celebrated monarchies, of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks under Charlemagne. The Queens, it is said, represent Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas; typical of Birth, Piety, Fortitude, and Wisdom. The cards called the Knaves denoted certain servants of the respective sovereigns, whom tradition has failed to celebrate; or more probably their knights or generals, whose glories having emanated from the throne, so immersed again into the fountain whence they rose, as to leave "their counsels and their

deeds unclaimed and unrecorded."

The French, however, who have the merit of this invention, assumed the honour of giving titles to the Knaves; and accordingly, Hogier, Lahire, &c. celebrated knights of the time, were honoured with the distinction: the cards are intended to be typical of Valour, Integrity, Assiduity, and Faithfulness, from qualities eminently necessary to the perfection of a "true knight."

"The aces are the banners of the several orders of cards, and bear the emblems of four classes of men, which are ranged beneath them. *Cœurs*, or hearts, denote the *gens de cœurs*, or ecclesiastics. The military are represented by the points of lances, which are erroneously called spades. The diamonds indicate the order of merchants, and

men of professions and trade. The club is a perversion of the clover grass, or trefoil-leaf, and denotes the order of husbandmen and peasants.

Thus the *honours*, as they are called, preside over the games for which the cards are applied, aiding the efforts of the minor multitude; and in this mimic warfare, the trifling circumstance of a shuffle or a cut will give the preponderance to the crosier, the sword, the shuttle, or the plough, and represent very faithfully the vicissitudes to which the several classes of mankind are liable in every country.

As the pictorial cards are not intended to usurp any of the rights or privileges of the cards in question, the devices are not restricted to their original significations.

THE KING OF HEARTS. The design represents a Roman general habited in the military costume of

that empire. He is deeply engaged in deliberations on some important object, prior to heading his legions. The back-ground is formed by his throne, and by a pedestal and figure supporting a lamp formed by the index of the card.

THE KNAVE OF SPADES is a Bohemian warrior; his party are in ambush, whence he has just issued to reconnoitre the enemy, whom he perceives at a distance. The spade ornaments a target bound to a tree, at which the party have been exercising.

THE KNAVE OF CLUBS. A Saxon chief is in the act of haranguing his troops from an eminence, and the ensign of the party is engraven on the rock whence he addresses them.

THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS is represented by a Circassian princess, habited in the fanciful attire of her voluptuous country.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ORANG-OUTANG OF BORNEO.

(From ABEL's *Embassy to China*.)

ORANG-OUTANG is a Malay phrase, signifying "wild man;" and should, therefore, be restricted to the animal which, according to our present information, is found exclusively on Borneo. The subsequent account of this extraordinary creature will give a correct notion of his general characters, and assist the description. It was written soon after his arrival in this country, when his hair was longer

than it now is, in consequence of a disease in the skin.

The present height of the animal, judging from his length when laid on a flat surface, and measured from his heel to the crown of his head, is two feet seven inches.

The hair of the orang-outang is of a brownish red colour, and covers his back, arms, legs, and the outside of his hands and feet. On the back it is in some places six inches



* MORNING DRESS

PLATE 29.—WALKING DRESS.

A high dress composed of cream-coloured levantine; the bottom of the skirt is finished by four rows of tulling, which is surmounted by two rows of trimming of a novel and elegant description: it is a mixture of lead-colour and white satin; the former a full band, which is confined by little ornaments of the latter, resembling a crescent in shape. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of lead-coloured *gros de Naples*; it has a very short waist, a plain tight back, and a small standing collar, which supports the double frill of lace that trims the neck of the dress. The sleeve is nearly tight to the arm, and is ornamented with a half-sleeve cut out in slashes, which are edged with blue satin; the bottom of the sleeve is decorated with blue satin, laid on to correspond with the epanlette. The bust is ornamented with a light wave of blue braiding, placed lengthwise, and interspersed with small silk tufts; a silk handkerchief is tied carelessly round the throat, and a rich scarf thrown over the shoulders. Head-dress a white lace *cornette*, and a bonnet of the same material as the spencer; the crown is of a low oval shape, and the front is small and cut in the Mary Queen of Scots style: it is trimmed round the edge of the brim with tulle, disposed in large plaits; the brim meets just under the chin, where it fastens with a bow of ribbon to correspond. A plume of lead-coloured and white feathers falls over on the right side. Gloves and shoes lead-coloured kid.

We are indebted to Miss Macdonald for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The approach of winter has had its usual effect upon the promenade costume: muslin dresses have disappeared, and sarsonnets, poplins, and levantines are adopted in their stead.

For the dress promenade, nothing can be more elegant than the spencer given in our print. Levantine pelisses are in much estimation; they are made quite tight to the shape, and in general without pelerines; the collars, which are generally wadded, are higher than we have observed them for some time back, and they always stand up round the throat in such a manner as to display the ruffs or *colleterette* worn underneath. Satin still continues to be worn in trimmings; but although it is rather early in the season for the introduction of velvet, we have seen several pelisses trimmed with it; some had satin and chenille mixed with the velvet. One of these trimmings we thought was particularly pretty: it was a broad wave, of which the edges were velvet, and the middle a fulness of satin; a bunch of leaves formed of chenille was placed between each wave: this trimming went entirely round the pelisse, and the collar and cuffs corresponded.

High silk or poplin dresses are also much worn with India or silk shawls; and Leghorn bonnets are still very general: they are now usually ornamented with feathers, and we see with pleasure that they continue of a comparatively moderate size. Beaver bonnets, of a similar shape to the Leghorn ones, begin to be in requisition, and will

probably be generally worn before the end of the month.

White Merino spencers are very much worn in carriage dress; the favourite form is that which we have given in our print: but there is a good deal of variety both in the make and in the trimming of spencers: some are worn very plain, without half-sleeves or tabs, and have no other trimming than a simple binding of satin and a satin lining to the lappel which falls over; others are trimmed with puckered bands of satin, or plain ones of silk plush, an article which is coming into favour very fast; and many are finished up the fronts and round the tabs with a slight embroidery, and have a collar and half-sleeves of satin, *gros de Naples*, or silk plush. Toque hats composed of this latter material are very much worn in carriage dress. We have noticed also two new bonnets: one of these, which we consider remarkably gentlewomanly and becoming, we have given in our print: the other has a round crown of a moderate height; the brim is deep and square on one side, but is rounded on the other, and turns up in a soft roll, so as to display that side of the face a good deal. This bonnet was made in dark green satin, to correspond with the spencer worn with it; it was lined with white, and ornamented with white feathers tipped with green.

Muslin is still worn universally in dishabille; the robe form is most prevalent, and worked trimmings are very high in estimation. We have noticed a few round dresses made a three-quarter length, and trimmed with two narrow flounces

of mull muslin, one put on a little above the other, which are plaited as small as possible. The body of the dress is a *chemisette*, with a falling collar and a pelerine, both trimmed to correspond; the bottoms of the long sleeves are also finished in a similar manner, and the petticoat has three plaited flounces. These dresses have a neat but rather formal appearance, and are not, we think, likely to be generally adopted.

Muslin, sarsnet, and figured silks are all worn in dinner dress, but we think the two last predominate. Frocks are much in favour for dinner dress; they still continue to be cut very low round the bust, and the waists are very short. Sleeves, unless they are of lace, are always short. Lace sleeves are surmounted by a half-sleeve of the same material as the dress; these half-sleeves are generally very short, and are looped up to the shoulder with a silk ornament, a knot of ribbon, or a small tassel. The newest trimming is a beautiful rich white gauze; it is disposed in two or three flounces round the bottoms of dresses; there is a puckered heading also of gauze, and the bottom of each flounce, which is cut in scollops, is finished by a piping of satin to correspond with the dress: a *ruche*, scolloped in this manner, frequently goes round the bosom; and where the sleeve is short, the shoulder is often ornamented with a puffing of gauze.

Gauze is also in very general estimation in full dress. The elegant *corsage* which we gave last month is still in favour. Frocks, over which bodices of white or coloured satin are worn, are likewise

in much estimation: these bodices are cut down on each side of the bust, so that the under-dress forms a kind of stomacher; they are laced up behind, and finished at the waist with tabs, which are deeper behind than before; sleeves are worn exceedingly short.

Trimmings afford nothing very novel: the prettiest, as well as the newest, in our opinion, is a double fall of gauze or blond, which is gathered very full, and sewed on in a zigzag direction; the edges are finished either with satin piping or a very narrow blond lace; between each zigzag is an embroidery of a bunch of wild berries done in chenille, which are partially shaded by the trimming: there is only one row goes round the bottom of the dress. We see with pleasure that dresses are not trimmed by any means so high as they were; they are consequently much more becoming, as well as elegant, for very few figures could appear to advantage in the over-trimmed dresses that have been lately so much the rage.

Caps are in requisition for all times of the day, as are also *toques*, turbans, and dress hats. The few ladies who appear *en chevelure* or-

name their heads with flowers in general, unless for very grand parties, for which they wear diamonds or pearls. Feathers are very generally worn with jewels, but we have not observed any without, except in *toques* or turbans, for which they are the favourite ornament.

The hair is dressed in general of a moderate height: the front hair is disposed in full and rather heavy curls on the temples; the hind hair is partly disposed in a full cluster of bows, which are brought very forward, and partly braided and brought round the head. When the hair is ornamented with flowers, a wreath is placed round the crown of the head. We observe that bunches of flowers are worn in caps only.

Fans, which had recently increased a little in size, seem to be dwindling to their lilliputian dimensions again: those in carved ivory are most fashionable, but white crape, richly embroidered in silver, are also considered very elegant.

Fashionable colours are, dead leaf green, amber, lead-colour, violet, dark green, and Provence rose-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Oct 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

You will excuse my silence last month when you know the cause, which our friend Mrs. S— will explain to you. I shall now hasten to make up for my omission, by describing to you the various changes in dress that have taken place since I wrote last.

Muslin dresses are now worn only in dishabille, and are never seen in the promenades; silk, Merino, *gros de Naples*, and above all cachemire, are fashionable for out-door costume. The latter material is, however, so expensive, that it is confined to ladies of high rank, or rather, I should say, to those who are very rich. Nothing can be more

simple than the form of these robes: the most elegant are white, with a border of large palm-leaves at the bottom; the body is tight to the shape, made low, and trimmed round the bust and at the bottom of the long sleeves with green satin; a green satin sash tied in a bow and long ends behind, and a pelerinc of green silk plush, complete the dress.

The most fashionable colour for silk gowns is violet; they are as often made high as low, but they are always worn with a pelerine of the same material. The waist is of a moderate length, and the body fits the shape exactly; the sleeve is rather loose at the top of the arm, but nearly tight at the wrist. The trimming, which is always the same as the robe, consists of flounces laid on in waves, and disposed in large plaits; there are from three to five, or even seven, of these flounces worn: when they are broad, three are deemed sufficient; but if narrow, there are five, and if very narrow, seven.

The pelerine, which is just made large enough to cover the shoulders, is of a round shape, and always fastens behind with small silk buttons: it is trimmed, as are also the bottoms of the sleeves, to correspond with the robe; but there are never more than three rows of trimming. Many ladies appear in public, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, without any covering for the bust but the pelerine; those who adopt any other, have in general a cachemire or silk shawl thrown carelessly over the shoulders, so as to display the fore part of the bust.

Promenade dresses in *gros de Naples* or Merino cloth are made in

a similar style, except that in the latter the flounces are not serpentine; they never exceed three in number, and though always of the same material as the dress, they are finished at the edge by a narrow *cordon* of silk of a different colour: blue or green, if the dress is white; yellow, if purple; and white, if green.

When the gown is of silk or *gros de Naples*, the *chapeau* is always of the same material; with Merino or cachemire dresses, silk *pluche* or satin is worn; and some few, but as yet very few, velvet hats have been seen. Straw, crape, and tulle have disappeared.

The bonnet most in fashion for the promenades has a low oval crown; the brim is of a moderate depth, but its circumference is unbecomingly wide. As we are in general in extremes, we have left off on a sudden both feathers and flowers: a large knot of the same material as the hat, or a full bow of ribbon placed on the crown, is now the most fashionable way of decorating it. Those ladies who do not choose to conform to this fashion, place a cockade on one side of the crown, composed of six or seven Marabout feathers. Gauze and tulle *ruches* are almost entirely exploded; but crape, especially yellow crape, is still used to trim the edge of the brims of hats with what we call *wolves' mouths*: but the favourite trimming is ribbon, a band of which is either put on plain round the edge of the brim, or else fluted or tacked in large plaits in the middle of the ribbon. The top of the crown is generally ornamented to correspond. This is a neat and ladylike though not very be-

coming bonnet: it is, however, generally adopted in plain walking dress, except by those ladies whom we style *merveilleuses*, and whom you would call *dashers*: they wear *capotes* of crape, or *gros de Naples*; the crown of the *capote* is made like a child's cap; the front is round but very large, a pointed piece, or sometimes two, in the shape of a half-handkerchief, is tacked to the back of the crown, and falls into the neck; the edge of the *capote* is ornamented with a fluting of a newly-invented ribbon, the middle part of which is plain satin, the sides of a silk *pluche*, nearly resembling swansdown; strings of this ribbon fasten the *capote* under the chin, and a large glaring and ill-assorted bunch of fancy flowers is placed on one side of the crown.

The materials for dinner dress are, as usual, those adopted for the promenade. High and low dresses are worn indiscriminately in dinner costume, but the pelerine is always thrown aside. Half-dress caps of tulle or muslin, very richly embroidered, are generally worn for dinner, even by very young ladies; they are of a round shape, and of a very pretty and simple form. The headpiece is formed by three casings, through which a coloured ribbon is run; the caul, something in the shape of a beef-eater's crown, is fluted; next to the face are one or two rows of blond put plain over the forehead, but very full at the sides of the face. A full-blown rose, or a small bunch of daisies, is placed in the centre of the headpiece before, and strings of broad ribbon, which always correspond in colour with the flower, tie it under the chin.

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Crape begins to be in very great request in full dress; white satin is also much in favour. Gowns are cut very low all round the bust; the waists are longer than they were some time ago; backs continue the same breadth; sleeves are short, but they generally reach half way to the elbow.

White crape is more in favour than coloured; but green, blue, and deep jonquil are also worn. Crape dresses are simply trimmed round the bottom with bands of the beautiful ribbon which I have described in the beginning of my letter. White satin dresses are usually ornamented round the bottom with a wreath of twisted crape, which is disposed in waves; within each wave is a small bouquet of flowers, embroidered in chenille: the wreath itself always consists of two different pieces of coloured crape, twisted together. This trimming, though perhaps too showy, is really tasteful and striking. The busts, both of crape and satin dresses, are trimmed either with *ruches*, or quiltings of blond or tulle; and there is frequently an epaulette sleeve of the same material, looped high on the shoulder with a brilliant ornament.

So much for full dress in general: I must now describe to you one which I consider as very tasteful; how far it will become fashionable I cannot say, because it was only worn for the first time at a party last night, and the lady who introduced it, though a woman of elegant taste, is not a leader of fashion. It consists of a white crape petticoat over a white sarsnet slip: the former is gored and made full; the bottom is trimmed with a wreath

S s

of intermingled lilies and laurel-branches most tastefully disposed: over this petticoat was a jacket composed of bright green satin, the body part cut low round the bust; the jacket about half a quarter lower than the waist, very full behind, and rounded in front on each side; it just meets before at the bottom of the waist, but is sloped on each side of the bust, so that the white satin front worn under it forms a stomacher. The fronts of the jacket and round the back are lightly braided with silver cord; a quilling of blond shades the bosom. A short white satin sleeve, finished at the bottom with a quilling of blond; and over it an epaulette of green satin, in the shape of a scallop-shell, slightly braided to correspond with the fronts of the jacket. I regret that I cannot send you a little model of this dress, for my description can give you but a faint idea of its elegant effect.

Caps, *toques*, and *toque* hats are now so much the rage, that even the most youthful *belle* generally covers her beautiful tresses with one or other of them: consequently I have nothing to say to you about hair-dressing, except that the hair is worn in full curls at each side of the face, and the forehead left quite bare; a fashion, by the bye, which is unbecoming to nine out of ten: but fashion is as arbitrary with us as with you, and the forehead must be shewn whether it is handsome or ugly.

Dress caps are always of a round shape; the cauls are high, but not preposterously so; they are composed of tulle, mixed sometimes with satin. The caul is always full:

sometimes the fulness is divided across the top by bands of satin; sometimes it is laid in folds, which are separated by knots of ribbon, or a piece of satin formed in the shape of a shell, placed between each fold: the caul and headpiece are usually formed of the same piece; some have no border, only a wreath of flowers next the face; others have a border of blond, which is set on exceedingly full, except just across the forehead, where the lace is either plain or else disposed in the form of a shell: when there is a border, the ornament is either a bunch of flowers or a single rose.

Toques are always of an oval shape; they are worn higher than they were; those of silver gauze or tissue are most fashionable for full dress: they have no other ornament than the material of which they are composed, disposed in various ways in the front of the *toque*. I must, however, observe that I have seen a few which were decorated with clasps of precious stones: I think there were three placed perpendicularly, and between each clasp a fulness of gauze. This *toque* was made very high in the front, and it was well calculated to give the wearer what the French call *l'air imposant*. If the *toque* is of plain gauze or satin, a plume of heron or ostrich feathers is placed to fall over to the left side.

Toque hats have suffered no alteration since I first described them to you, except that the brims, which do not turn up, are narrow before and behind, and broad at the sides: they are always ornamented with feathers.

Thank your stars, my dear Sophia, that the already unconscion-

long, and on the arms five. It is thinly scattered over the back of his hands and feet, and is very short. It is directed downwards on the back, upper arm, and legs, and upwards on the fore arm. It is directed from behind forwards on the head, and inwards on the inside of the thighs. The face has no hair except on its sides, somewhat in the manner of whiskers, and a very thin beard. The middle of the breast and belly was naked on his arrival in England, but has since become hairy. The shoulders, elbows, and knees have fewer hairs than other parts of the arms and legs. The palms of the hands and feet are quite naked.

The prevailing colour of the animal's skin, when naked or seen through the hair, is a bluish grey. The eyelids and margin of the mouth are of a light copper-colour. The inside of his hands and feet are of a deep copper-colour. Two copper-coloured stripes pass from the armpits down each side of the body as low as the navel.

The head viewed in front is pear-shaped, expanding from the chin upwards, the cranium being much the larger end. The eyes are close together, of an oval form, and dark brown colour. The eyelids are fringed with lashes, and the lower ones are saccular and wrinkled. The nose is confluent with the face, except at the nostrils, which are but little elevated: their openings are narrow and oblique. The mouth is very projecting, and of a roundish mammillary form; its opening is large, but when closed, is marked by little more than a narrow seam. The lips are very narrow, and scarcely perceptible when the

mouth is shut. The chin projects less than the mouth: below it, a pendulous membrane gives the appearance of a double chin, and swells out when the animal is angry or much pleased. Each of the jaws contains twelve teeth; namely, four incisive teeth, the two middle ones of the upper jaw being twice the width of the lateral, two canine and six double teeth. The ears are small, closely resembling the human ear, and have their lower margins in the same line with the external angles of the eyes.

The chest is wide compared with the pelvis: the belly is very protuberant. The arms are long in proportion to the height of the animal, their span measuring full four feet seven inches and a half. The legs are short compared with the arms. The hands are long compared with their width, and with the human hand. The fingers are small and tapering: the thumb is very short, scarcely reaching the first joint of the fore finger. All the fingers have very perfect nails, of a blackish colour and oval form, and exactly terminating with the extremities of the fingers. The feet are long, resembling hands in the palms, and in having fingers rather than toes, but have heels resembling the human. The great toes are very short, and set on at right angles to the feet close to the heel, and are entirely without nails.

The orang-outang of Borneo is utterly incapable of walking in a perfectly erect posture. He betrays this in his whole exterior conformation, and never wilfully attempts to counteract its tendency. His head leaning forward and forming a considerable angle with the back,

throws the centre of gravity so far beyond the perpendicular, that his arms, like the fore legs of other animals, are required to support the body. So difficult indeed is it for him to keep the upright position for a few seconds, under the direction of his keeper, that he is obliged, in the performance of his task, to raise his arms above his head, and throw them behind him to keep his balance. His progressive motion on a flat surface is accomplished by placing his bent fists upon the ground, and drawing his body between his arms: moving in this manner, he strongly resembles a person decrepit in the legs, supported on stilts. In a state of nature, he probably seldom moves along the ground, his whole configuration shewing his fitness for

climbing trees and clinging to their branches. The length and pliability of his fingers and toes enable him to grasp with facility and steadiness; and the force of his muscles empowers him to support his body for a great length of time by one hand or foot. He can thus pass from one fixed object to another, at the distance of his span from each other, and can obviously pass from one branch of a tree to another through a much greater interval. In sitting on a flat surface, this animal turns his legs under him; and in sitting on the branch of a tree or on a rope, he rests on his heels, his body leaning forward against his thighs. This animal uses his hands like others of the monkey tribe.

MARLBOROUGH CREATED A PRINCE.

(From *Memoirs of JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH*, by WILLIAM COX, M.A.
F.R.S. F.S.A.)

JOSEPH seized the earliest opportunity of gratifying Marlborough in a manner more proportionate to his services, as well as more conformable to his own feelings and dignity. For this purpose he selected the lordship of Mindelheim, a part of the inheritance of Maximilian Landgrave of Leuchtenberg, uncle to the Elector of Bavaria, which had been appropriated the preceding year, by the Emperor Leopold, in virtue of an expectancy to the house of Austria. This demesne he offered to erect into a principality in favour of the successful commander.

The proposal being accepted, Joseph, by a patent dated November 14, 1705, conferred the dignity

of Prince on the Duke of Marlborough, and all his heirs and descendants, male and female. This was accompanied with the permission to bear his arms on the breast of the imperial eagle, surmounted with a ducal coronet, "as a memorial to the latest posterity of imperial gratitude and meritorious services."

On the 17th, by another patent, he created the lordship of Mindelheim a principality of the empire, to be conferred on the Duke of Marlborough, and made it revertible to his legitimate male heirs. By a third patent of the 18th, he, as head of the house of Austria, transferred the new principality to Marlborough. * * * * *

With the permission of the queen, Mr. Stepney was then authorized by Marlborough to take possession of the territory, and received the homage of the inhabitants. We here present his description of the formalities, as transmitted to his principal soon after the event.

LINTZ, May 30, 1706.

"My Lord,

"By a courier returning to the Elector Palatine I gave your grace notice of my being got to Mindelheim on the 20th, where Dr. Haag, secretary of the feudal court in Tyrol, arrived the day following, with the patent and instructions for the imperial commissioners appointed to put me in possession; and on the 22d, Count Konigsegg (the first of them) arrived likewise, who, by his easy despatch, and by the good grace wherewith he performed his part, sufficiently made amends for not being exactly punctual in point of the time when he ought to have met me. As soon as he gave me notice of his arrival, I waited upon him; and the same evening he not only returned my visit, but regulated with his colleagues the methods of inmission, after I had sent them the full power whereby your grace authorized me to receive possession in your name.

"Next day orders were issued throughout the country, giving notice that the ceremony of homage was to begin on Whitsun-Monday (the 24th inst.) in the town-hall at Mindelheim, where, after divine service, the imperial commissioners (Count Konigsegg, Baron Volmar, and Baron Imhoff,) seated themselves in arm-chairs, at a table on the right hand of the hall, assisted by

Dr. Haag, and then gave notice that they were ready to receive me, who placed likewise for me an arm-chair before another table to the left, and I took Dr. Heyland by me for my assistant.

"The ceremony began by calling in the *heumpte*, or the four chief officers belonging to the principality, who have administered the revenues and the like, to whom Count Konigsegg made a very handsome speech, signifying to them the weighty reasons which had induced his imperial majesty to erect the lordship of Mindelheim into a principality of the empire, and to confer it on your grace and your heirs male, as an acknowledgment of the important services you have done his family, and the whole Roman empire, at Hochstedt, and elsewhere; and for the better proof thereof, he ordered the secretary to read to them the emperor's commission, as also the letter of investiture, and the *gehorsam brieff*, or patent, discharging all the subjects of Mindelheim from the allegiance and vassalage which they swore to his imperial majesty a year ago, upon the death of Maximilian, late Duke of Bavaria; and afterwards directing them to take a new oath of homage to your grace, as Prince of Mindelheim, and to comport themselves hereafter, in all respects, according to the injunctions they should receive from me in quality of your grace's plenipotentiary: adding therewith a word or two of admonition, to be as true and faithful subjects to your grace as they had been to his imperial majesty.

"After this overture, Dr. Heyland, by my direction, first made a compliment to the imperial com-

mission, acknowledged the emperor's extraordinary bounty and favour in bestowing on your grace so signal a mark of his beneficence, and thanked the commissioners for having so well discharged their part. He then turned to the four officers, and signified to them, that your grace having been duly informed of their honest and prudent administration, was disposed to continue them in the same, if they desired it. Whereupon they presented to me a petition, signed by all four of them, humbly begging that their respective offices might be preserved to them, and giving assurances of their inviolable allegiance and fidelity. Then Dr. Heyland read to them a paper con-

taining the duty expected from them; to which they having given their assent, he read to them likewise the usual oath, which they repeated after him, holding up their thumbs and the two fore fingers of their right hands. After which, I told them in a few words, that I did not question but they would duly observe what they had sworn to your grace; and upon these assurances, I promised them, in your name, all the justice and protection they could hope and expect from a good and gracious sovereign: in confirmation whereof I gave each of them my hand, a custom used in these countries when homage is paid."

FASHIONS.

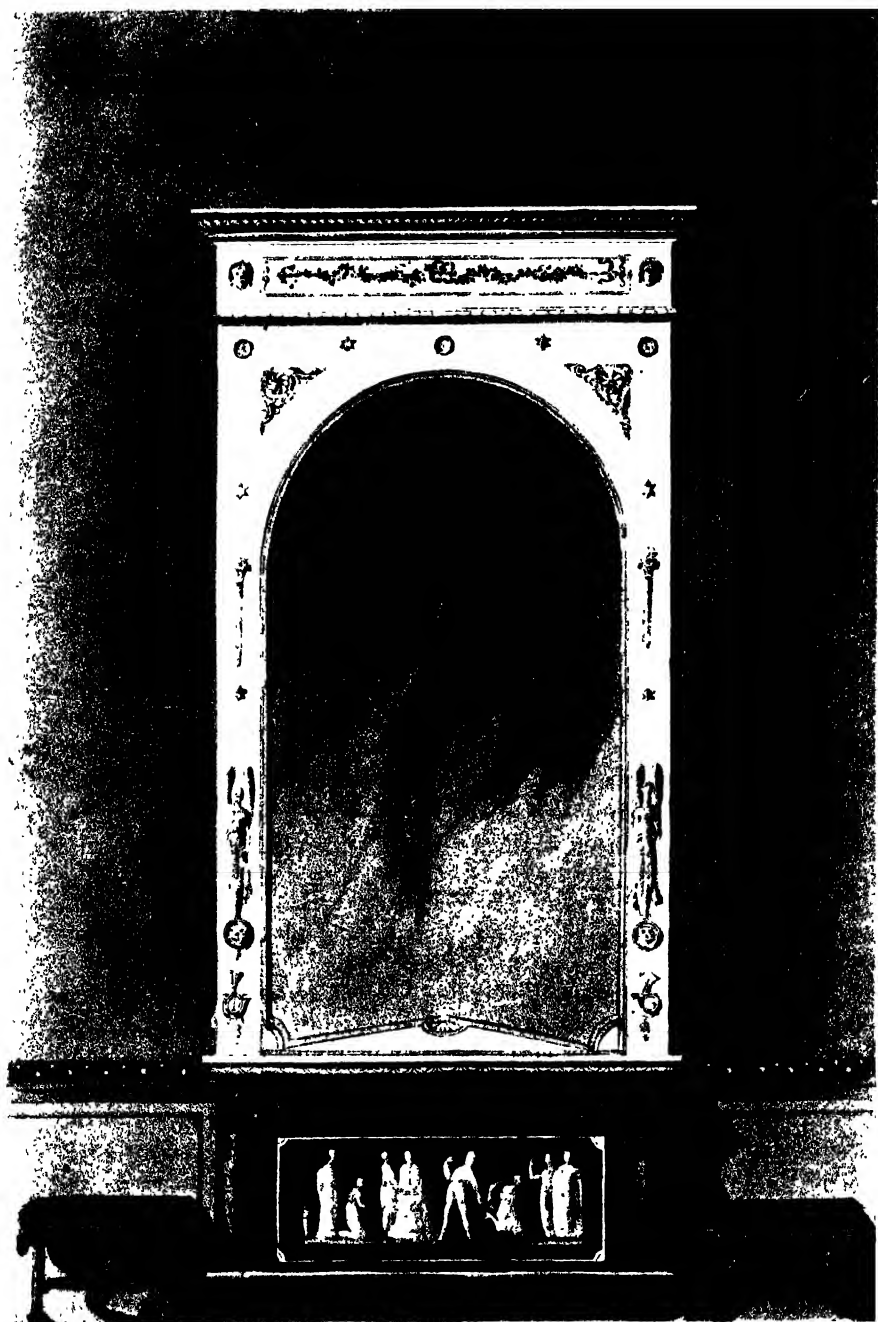
LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 28.—MORNING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC slip trimmed with four rows of French work round the bottom; over it is an open robe of the same material, trimmed with jaconot muslin. We refer our readers to our print for the form of this trimming, which is of a novel description: two rows go round the bottom of the dress, and one up the front on each side as far as the waist. The body is made quite high, but without a collar; the back is loose, the fronts tight to the shape, and the waist is very short: the fronts are edged on each side of the bust with a trimming of about half the breadth of that which goes round the dress. Loose long sleeves, finished, both at the shoulder and the wrist, to corre-

spond with the skirt: a triple fall of lace goes round the neck. Head-dress a small lace cap of an elegant and simple form: it is a round shape; the caul is low, formed of puffings of lace, and ornamented with a bunch of roses placed in the centre; the lace next to the forehead is disposed very full on each temple, and formed in the shape of a shell in the centre of the forehead: it is ornamented with a bunch of roses placed exactly over the shell; a rose-coloured ribbon passes under the chin, and ties in a full bow at the left side. Gloves and shoes white kid. This is also an elegant morning carriage dress with the addition of a bonnet and a cachemire or silk shawl.





COMMODE, PIER GLASS & TABOURETS.

able length of this letter prevents my indulging in a panegyric upon the handsome amends I have made you for my last month's silence. Observe, however, that I demand in return all those minute details about yourself, which you know are always so welcome to your ever affectionate

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 26.—DESIGN FOR A COMMODE, PIER GLASS, AND TABOURETS.

THIS furniture was intended for a saloon of an octagonal form, four sides of which were occupied by entrances to several apartments, and the four remaining sides by glasses and commodes: as each reflected an opposite pier, they produced effects called the endless perspective, so much admired in the present arrangement of this species of furniture; and repeating the magnificent lustre suspended from the centre of the ceiling of the apartment, the brilliant vistas formed by their seeming continuity were particularly striking.

The commode is proposed to be formed of the American maple-wood, with a statuary-marble top, and the ornaments in gold: the panels are of verd antique, to give effect to the basso-relievo of ivory; a style of embellishment superseding the bronze, and in high estimation if well executed.

The glass-frame is a pale lavender, and the ornaments are in gold. The tabourets are of maple-wood and gold, and the draperies of rich purple.

The apartment in which a similar arrangement should be adopted, must be previously designed in a corresponding style of Grecian symmetry, or the effect and beauty would be imperfect.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE following arrangements have been made for Lectures at the Surrey Institution during the ensuing season:

1. On the Comic Writers and Genius of Great Britain, by William Hazlitt, Esq.; to commence on Tuesday, the 3d of November, at seven o'clock in the evening precisely, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday.

2. On Oratory, by James Ogilvie, Esq.; on Friday, the 6th of November, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday, at the same hour.

3. On Chemistry, by Frederick Accum, Esq. M.R.I.A. &c. &c. early in January 1819.

4. On Music, by W. Crotch, Mus. D. professor of music in the University of Oxford, early in 1819.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription, *The History and Antiquities of Kensington and its Environs*, interspersed with biographical anecdotes, by T. Faulkner, author of the Historical Account of Chelsea and Fulham. This work will be illustrated with a map of the manor and parish, interior views of the palace and Hol-

land-house, the town and church, portraits of eminent persons, monuments, and other embellishments.

Shortly will be published, *A Graphic and Historical Description of the City of Edinburgh*; comprising a series of views of its most interesting remains of antiquity, public buildings, and picturesque scenery, with appropriate descriptions. The drawings are made by J. and H. S. Storer, who will likewise engrave the plates.

A prospectus of *A Tour through Sicily* in the year 1815, by George Russell, of his Majesty's Office of Works, has been published. The tour will be illustrated with a general map of Sicily, topographical plans of Agrigento, Syracuse, Messina, and the immediate neighbourhood of Etna; and also with several highly interesting views. The work will be ready for delivery early in November next.

A poem, entitled *The Iron Mask*, is in the press: it is written by the author of the popular poem called *The Recluse of the Pyrennees*.

On January 1, 1819, will be published a new work, exclusively devoted to music, entitled *The English Musical Gazette*; to be continued every month. Full particulars will appear in next month's publication.

Vol. I. of *The History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster*, is nearly ready for delivery: it includes notices and biographical memoirs of the abbots and deans of that foundation, by Edward Wedlake Brayley; with graphical illustrations, consisting of plans, views, elevations, sections, and details, by the proprietor, John Preston Neale.

We are happy to announce the speedy publication of *Remarks on the present State of Musical Instruction*, with the prospectus of an improved plan, in which the great need of a new order of musical designation, and the important advantages resulting therefrom, are explicitly stated; with an illustration of the same, in the way of practical application. It is by Mr. John Relfe, musician in ordinary to his majesty, professor and teacher of music.

Time's Telescope for 1819 will be published in November, embellished with an elegant frontispiece.

On the 1st of January will be published, No. I. of *The British Muse*, to consist of original and select poetry, sonnets, ballads, songs, tales, epigrams, eccentric epitaphs, enigmas, charades, similes, *jeux d'esprits*, repartees, &c. &c. The whole is intended to form a complete museum of polite entertainment. Each number will also contain two plates of music.

Mr. Curtis, aurist to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, has commenced, for the third season, his interesting course of Lectures on the Structure and Diseases of the Ear. In the introductory part, the lecturer pointed out the vast advantage derived by a sole attention to one object; and in remarking the great improvements which of late years had taken place in medicine and surgery, he observed, that these improvements had not extended to the diseases of the ear, as it had done to the other organs of sense: hence there are more deaf persons in this country than in any other of the same population.

WISLIN PATTERNS

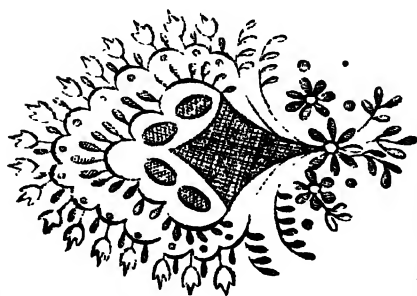
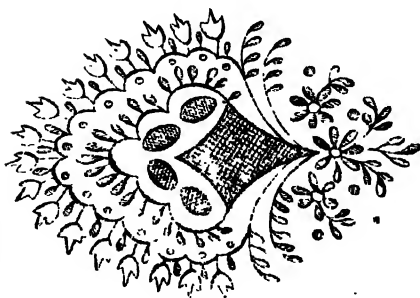
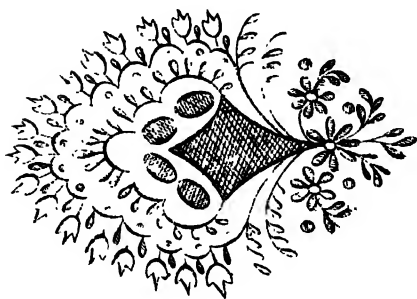
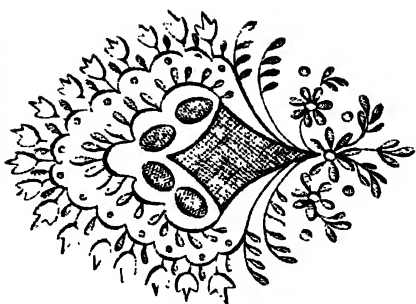


Plate 50, No. 6

Poetry.

ODE ON THE RUINS OF KENIL-
WORTH CASTLE.

By HORACE PENSILE, Esq.

(From "The Visitor's New Guide to the Spa
of Leamington Priors.")

THY foes have triumph'd o'er thee, yet
 they conquer'd but in part,
 For only thy destruction could have shewn
 how strong thou wert;
 And though thou'rt sad and prostrate now,
 yet still thou dost display
 The magnificence of ruin and the beauty
 of decay.
 The grey moss creeps along those towers
 where once the warrior strode,
 The grass waves on those ramparts where
 the banner flew abroad;
 The ivy clusters o'er thy walls, their only
 arras now,
 And diaperies each broken arch with
 folds of verdant flow.
 Where clarions gaily sounded, ruin's mu-
 sic's only heard,
 The crumbling sound of wasting stones,
 and thy long hoot, night's bird:
 But, ah! though lone and broken now,
 thou'rt still more fair and grand
 Than others that in all their primal strength
 and beauty stand.
 Elizabeth! Elizabeth! the pile thou
 lov'd'st so well,
 Droop'd when it lost thy presence, and
 with thee in silence fell:
 Yet who can be where thou hast been,
 and see what thou did'st see,
 Thou star of virgin glory, and not cast a
 thought on thee?
 To me these mighty fragments, though
 discolour'd, rent, and cold,
 Still bring to mind that feast of which a
 thousand tongues have told,
 With all its gorgeous gallantry, its fanci-
 ful disport,
 And fond device, that did so well befit a
 maiden court;
 When Leicester sought, with gallant zeal,
 the hand of Time to stay,
 And, with refin'd devotion, made it ban-
 quet *all the day*.

They bring to mind that princely court,
 for arts and arms renown'd,
 Whose fame has by the hand of Time
 been touch'd but to be crown'd:
 And, oh! they too bring to my mind one
 great and fair as thou,
 Although like thee, Elizabeth, all fallen
 now and low;
 In whom thou would'st have reign'd again
 with glory not thine own,
 As learned, wise, and firm as thou, as
 worthy of a throne!
 One who, with all thy glorious nobility
 of mind,
 Had shewn a heart more *tender*, more *de-*
voted and *refin'd*.
 Where art thou, royal Charlotte, thou,
 the idol of our vow?
 Ah! noble as this pile once was, like it
 thou now art low!
 But like this pile, though struck to earth,
 though lone and silent all,
 Thou'rt lovely in thy loss, sweet star,
 thou'rt noble in thy fall.
 Thy fame, like these proud ruins, shall,
 while others pass away,
 Embalm'd in its own virtue, live till
 worlds and all decay;
 And o'er its mem'ry, lovely saint, as o'er
 this ruin'd pyre,
 We fondly shall regret the while we ar-
 dently admire.
 High princess! giant fabric! ah! what
 heart can muse nor say,
 How are the mighty fallen, and the beau-
 teous pass'd away!

LINES

Addressed to Mrs. S——, at the Parsonage
 of L——.

Dear madam, I write from the mouth of
 Glencroe,
 From the base of the Cobbler, a hill you
 well know,
 Whose top now in June is still cover'd
 with snow;

I write from Ardgartan*, that charming
 abode,
 Whose banks I with pleasure so often
 have trod,
 Where gaily with those charming nice
 loving lasses,
 The Muses, my time in delight often
 passes.
 Oh! dear is their converse, beyond all
 controul,
 It sinks deep in the heart and impresses
 the soul;
 But the Muses nor lov'd, nor e'er courted
 would be,
 Unless to give pleasure, dear woman, to
 thee!
 O woman! lov'd woman! there's nothing
 on earth
 Without your dear aid can give one plea-
 sure birth!
 "Ye are rays of the light, ye are gems
 of the morn,
 Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines
 the thorn;
 And rayless that night is, that morning
 unblest,
 Where no beam in your eye lights up
 peace in the breast;
 And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep
 in the heart,
 Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the
 smart.
 'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to
 bend,
 In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
 And prosperity's hours, be it ever con-
 fess'd,
 From woman receive both refinement
 and zest;
 And enthroned by the bays, or enwreath'd
 by the willow,
 Her smile is our meed, and her bosom
 our pillow."
 And yet, dearest madam, with truth I can
 say,
 This description does not all your merits
 display;

* Ardgartan, the seat of Captain P. Carnegie of the royal navy, lies at the mouth of Glencor, and the base of the hill called the Cobble, in Argyshire, in Scotland.

For, oh! with what goodness ye warmly
 receive
 The stranger, to whom kind refreshment
 ye give!
 Your viands so rare, and your welcome
 so sweet,
 That the great very seldom enjoy such a
 treat;
 Your converse delights both the young
 and the old;
 And here, with heart-feeling, it sure may
 be told,
 That the poor from your door ne'er un-
 blest went away,
 And the sick your attentions can never
 repay:
 Accept this just tribute, which thousands
 will prove,
 As a mark of respect, of true friendship
 and love.

JOHN CARNEGIE.

ARDGARTAN, JUNE 20, 1818.

EYES. To ——— —

By J. M. LACEY.

'Tis in vain to deny it, the eye that I love
 Is the eye where bright lustre is giv'n;
 Whose sparkling enchantments to mortals may prove,
 How seraphs look smiling in heav'n.
 For tell me, ye cynics, what is there on
 earth,
 More heav'nly to look on than eyes,
 When beauty, good-humour'd, bedecks
 them with mirth,
 While their brilliance is pure as the
 skies?
 And such, lovely girl, are thy orbits of
 blue,
 Delight seems to hover around them;
 More than words they convey, for their
 language is true,
 Sweet instructors I ever have found
 them.
 Give the pedant his books, let him study
 till blind,
 He casts them away in disdain;
 All the learning I want in those eyes I
 can find,
 And the study will never give pain.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The articles obligingly sent by Antiquarius and D. W.—r are unavoidably postponed until next Number.

We thank Nobody for his entertaining communication: we hope to hear from him again.

Priscilla Rainbow will perhaps be aware, that the afflictive event we have this month to record, and which has of course led to a general mourning, precludes the possibility of compliance with her request, were there no other obstacle. As, however, the account of the dress to which she refers was sent by our Parisian correspondent, and not the dress itself, we could not procure a correct drawing to be made merely from description.

We should feel pleasure in inserting the Rebus and Solution of Mrs. M. E. S. F. were it not considerably too long: the application of the Rebus and the explanation are very ingenious.

The subject to which the Letter of Mr. G. W. Hill of Chester refers, is very important, and if possible we will take notice of it in our next Number.

For the satisfaction of "two or three constant Subscribers," who wish to see Childe Paddie in London reviewed in the Repository, we have to state, that the book is altogether beneath notice. We regret that the delay of the letter requiring our opinion, prevented us from earlier giving it.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months

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PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 230.)

PLATE 31.—VIEW OF THE SITE OF THE MONASTERY OF THE SIMPLON
 AND OF MOUNT ROSA*.

THE table of the Simplon is a circular plain, continuous and sufficiently spacious. Melancholy barren rocks surround it on all sides; not a single tree conceals their dreary nakedness, which is covered only by the snow: in the midst of these glaciers the Rosboden majestically rears itself.

On the back of the Schonhorn, towards the south, the eye follows the new road, which conducts it to the site which the monastery is to occupy: the magnitude of this erection, the number of persons it is intended to shelter, and the ample funds destined for their maintenance, correspond with the object and great utility of this establishment. The administration of its affairs will be entrusted to the religious order of St. Bernard, whose devotedness is well known.

If during the finest weather of summer, when the turf of the *Hautes Alpes* is enamelled with flowers and

covered with flocks, the traveller feels a sentiment of sadness and gloom on passing over the solitary wilds, what sacrifices are made by these generous ecclesiastics, who condemn themselves not merely to visit, but to live in these deserts, in the midst of frosts, for the purpose of exercising their humane hospitality! Dreary Winter maintains his empire almost without cessation on the table of the Simplon; and while Nature is prodigal of her flowers and fruits to the inhabitants of the plains below, every thing here is buried in perpetual masses of snow: day after day the heaps are swelled, and their forms changed by the violence of the winds. The road here is seen no more, and its course is with difficulty distinguished by means of poles placed along its edges. This precaution is frequently found insufficient; and the erring traveller, fatigued with the toils of his journey, and

* By mistake this mountain has been pointed out as Mount Rosa: it is the Rosboden.
 Vol. VI. No. XXXVI. T T

about to give himself up to bitter despair, would resign all hope but for the assistance of these pious brethren. Let us give due praise to those virtuous and beneyolent men, who have forsaken all the luxuries and pleasures of the world, to devote their lives to the preservation of their fellow-creatures, and to the consolation of the wretched.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

I HASTEN to perform the promise I made last month, of answering those correspondents whose letters have been for some time unacknowledged. And first, the lady who signs herself "Harriet Hasty" must forgive my owning, that I have purposely delayed offering her my advice; because it was very evident to me, that at the time she wrote, her anger would have rendered her incapable of taking it.

This young lady, whose letter I shall not publish, was, when she wrote, under the dominion of the 'green-eyed monster,' and was very solicitous to know whether she ought not, as a punishment to her lover, who had offended her by flirting with a lady for whom she says she entertains a mortal antipathy, to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather, and rich enough to enable her to outshine all her acquaintance.

As she promised to wait till she heard from me, I have purposely given her time to cool; and I hope that the good sense which, in spite of her anger, appears in her letter, has before this shewn her the folly of inflicting a lasting punishment upon herself, merely for the sake of giving a temporary vexation to another. But if she does not yet see the matter in this light, I stre-

nuously advise her first to give a peremptory refusal to her antiquated admirer, and then to reflect coolly upon all circumstances of the affair between herself and her offending swain.

I cannot help suspecting, even from her own statement, that she has given some little provocation for the conduct she complains of; and though I do not approve of the method her lover has taken to shew his resentment, yet she ought to consider it as a venial trespass, and to regard it only as an opportunity of displaying the loveliest attribute of her sex—forgiveness. If, therefore, the gentleman is still as solicitous for pardon as he was at the time she wrote to me, I would advise her to extend the olive-branch; and to prove that she does so sincerely, by acceding to his request of accompanying him to the altar of Hymen. She may depend upon it, that her chance for happiness with an honest man of moderate fortune who loves her, is as fair a one as the marriage lottery affords; but if instigated by resentment or ambition to sacrifice herself at the altar of Plutus, she will secure for the rest of her life certain unhappiness.

A gentleman, signing himself "Richard Riskall," wishes to know

what mode I would recommend as the most stylish of making an exit out of this rascally world, where he has been, as he says, so shamefully used, that he cannot think of remaining in it any longer.

Some years ago, when suicide was not so common as at present, I could have pointed out two or three ways of going post to Elysium, each of which might have been deemed stylish enough to satisfy him; but now, when pistols, poison, and drowning have become as common as the old vulgar way of tying oneself up in one's garters, I would advise him to wait till a new plan for committing suicide is brought to perfection. An ingenious friend of mine has been engaged in methodizing a scheme of that kind for the last seven years, and he assures me, that when it is completed, it will enable gentlemen to go out of the world in a manner equally novel and striking. In the meantime, till Mr. Riskall can avail himself of my friend's scheme, I would advise him to cut with his present companions, and associate with those whom he styles good stupid sort of every-day people; for I must observe, that my friend's mode of committing *felo de se* is likely to be an expensive one; and I am afraid, that at the rate Mr. Riskall lives at present, he will not leave himself the means of going out of the world like a gentleman.

I consider myself grossly affronted by a person signing himself "Philander." He applies to me for advice how to disentangle himself from a scrape, as he calls it; that is to say, a promise of marriage given to a young woman, who was, when she received it, like himself—poor.

He has, it seems, received intimation that his addresses in another quarter will be favourably received; and as his new flame is rich, he wishes to break with his old one.

I shall not throw away advice upon a fellow who could be dishonest enough to think of breaking his word, in a case too of all others where it ought to be most sacred; for black indeed must be his heart who forfeits the faith he has pledged to a woman. I must observe, however, that I feel so indignant at his wishing to make me an agent in such a rascally business, that if he presumes to address me again upon that or any other subject, I shall take means to expose him as he deserves.

A young lady has requested me to try to persuade her mother to let her read novels; and her mother has written to me to beg that I will advise her daughter against such pernicious studies. I see that each is so much prejudiced in favour of her own opinion, that any arguments I could use either for novels or against them, would be unavailing. I shall, therefore, content myself with replying to these correspondents in the words of my old favourite, Sir Roger de Coverly: "Much may be said on both sides."

I shall not, however, reply in this manner to the young lady who requests my advice, whether she shall or shall not wear rouge. It is in vain that she tells me she looks beautiful with it, and appears like a spectre without. I cannot consent that Heaven's last, best, fairest work should thus, under pretence of improvement, be cruelly destroyed; for my fair correspond-

ent may rest assured, that however the venders of this vile stuff may affect to disguise its pernicious qualities, its invariable effect is to anticipate the approaches of age, to steal from the cheek its natural and healthy colour, and substitute in its stead a sickly, sallow, and disgusting tint. Nor is this all; the constitution, as well as the complexion, too often falls a victim to the deleterious ingredients employed in the composition of this false bloom, which, after all, imposes upon no one; for though we may be duped at the first glance, it is impossible for the deception to continue, because the fine and varying tints of the natural complexion cannot be successfully imitated even by the most skilful adept in the mysteries of the toilet. Let me then earnestly advise my fair correspondent to content herself with her natural complexion, or at least to try to improve it only by such means as I shall recommend. I would prescribe exercise and early hours; temperance, I take it for granted, my correspondent already

practises; and I am certain that the three united, will benefit the complexion more than any cosmetic that ever was invented.

A gentleman signing himself "Latelove," a name which by the bye is appropriate enough, desires my advice how to manage his sprightly young wife. He complains that she treats him as if he was a fool, but I do not see that he has any right to be angry at it. He certainly did not give a proof of his wisdom in uniting himself in his sixty-eighth year to a girl in her sixteenth. From the particulars which he has communicated to me, I look upon his case to be desperate; and I would advise him to purchase peace at the price which his lady and her friends think proper to demand. He may think himself well off in procuring a separate maintenance, even at the expense of half his fortune, for it is the only step he can now take to avoid infamy and disquiet for the rest of his life.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XXII.

(Concluded from p. 257.)

As soon as the canon was gone, "Now," thought I, "the girl will recollect herself, and be ready to die with shame:" but I was as much mistaken as I was three hours ago when alone with her in the library. "Oh!" said she, turning to me, "what a happy day is this! The kind, worthy gentleman! We have been conversing about the past. He has begged me a thousand par-

dons, and we are now better friends than ever. And do you know," continued she, addressing her aunt, "I am going back to his house this evening—he insists upon it. If then you will have the goodness to put up my things——"—"Was I not right," said the aunt, interrupting her, "when I often advised you to be upon your guard, and prophesied your return to your old

friend? Aye, aye, I know what's what, I warrant."—"Very true," replied the niece, with the utmost *naïveté*: "but without the kind mediation of this gentleman"—what a stab her praise gave to my heart!—"who knows how long your prophecy might have continued unaccomplished!"—"To tell the truth," replied the old woman, "nothing could give me more pleasure than to look up your things, for the dean seemed dreadfully enraged against you when he went away, and I should certainly be ordered back to the hospital if I had no other niece in the world than you." With these words, to which I listened with a confusion that a man who had never been in such a house either at Berlin or elsewhere might naturally be expected to feel, the odious creature rose and retired. Though I was glad on the one hand to have her out of my sight, yet on the other her absence threw me into some embarrassment, as I was now left alone again with her pretty niece, whom I could no longer look at for abhorrence. My old friend, Chance, relieved me from this dilemma; for no sooner had the hag shut the door, than it was opened by Bastian. "Monsieur Fez," said he, "requests permission——"—"Shew him in," said I; and the honest fellow entered with a profound obeisance. We have, as you know, always understood one another with half words, and so we did on the present occasion. "I could not refrain, on this joyful day——"—"Right, my dear Monsieur Fez; a happier day in all my life——"—"Might I request, sir, to be favoured with a sight of the incombustible——"—"By all means:

but first take a seat, Monsieur Fez—here by the side of Clara—and you, my dear, hand our neighbour the glass that stands before you." Without further consideration, she immediately reached him the glass which the canon had left in her care, and he received it from her hand with evident delight; while I, Edward, conceived an idea, which, I hope, will thoroughly convince you of my sincere contempt for this creature. "You have always," said I to the bookseller, "manifested so much respect and affection for Clara, who has grown up under your eyes to be the model of piety which she now exhibits, that you will certainly be much gratified to hear——. But, my dear," addressing myself to her, "I am sorry that I have so much business to settle before my departure. If you would take the trouble to relate the circumstances to M. Fez, he will be much better pleased to hear them from your lips than from mine. Shew the good man the spot where the celebrated book was placed, and—but first take another glass of wine apiece—satisfy his curiosity as far as you can. I have, you know, my dear Clara, many little claims upon you, and cannot resign them with pleasure but to a man to whom I am under such great obligations as to M. Fez. But let me beg you more especially to consider, that the friendship of a bookseller is the best medium for giving publicity to a miracle." My representations had the desired effect. She thought of nothing but her legend, and swallowed her wine.

I cannot tell exactly how many glasses this last made; but of this I am sure, from the facility with

which she acceded to my proposal in favour of M. Fez, that there must have been a mixture fermenting in it, from which any female, not thoroughly depraved, would have turned with the strongest disgust. "And this creature," exclaimed I, as she shewed poor Fez the way, "thou couldst, by a chain of sophistries, connect so closely with thy fondest wishes! couldst, without being intoxicated, discover in her the model of female perfection, and hast nothing to thank for it but a bottle of champagne, that thou hast not made thyself contemptible to thy friends and in thine own eyes, and a laughing-stock to the whole Comtat! What would have become of thee, had the young hypocrite discovered the resolution which thou hadst already formed, and engaged thee to take as many glasses as thou hast filled for her! Oh! what a sorry thing is the human understanding! and how easily can I now account for it, that so many excellent, learned, and worthy men of my acquaintance—their names would fill a quire of paper—have become the matrimonial property of strumpets! Poor Danish dog! thou wouldst have had a more surly master than he whom thou now followest; and as for you, my good John and Margot, into what a miserable family might my melancholy fate have brought you! Let me never forget this critical hour! let me turn to it in my journal whenever a fresh innocent face involves me in such false Lavaterian deductions! Let Bastian remind me as often as he will of his innocent sister when I am about to lock a chamber-door; and let Prologue and Epilogue guard me as

long as I need a guard upon my conduct, and occasionally recite their doggerel, in which there is in reality more sound sense than in all the nuptial formalities and orations.

While Clara was making a due return for the obligations which M. Fez had conferred on me—while she was revenging me on my supercilious enemy, the dean, and recompensing the hypocritical canon for the first instructions which, as it was now clear to me, he had given her in the art of deception, I rejoiced at the due proportion of the rewards and punishments allotted in this instance by Chance, the divinity of my ode, and thanked him more heartily than I had ever yet done, for the inestimable benefits which he had bestowed on me since I first chanted his praises in the papal territory.

I looked at my watch. "If," said I to myself, "you mean to pass the boundaries to-day, you have no time to lose." I summoned my people. "There, Bastian, is my passport; carry it to the post, and order me six stout horses. As for you two others—in the hope that you are honest fellows—perhaps the only ones to be found here, and whom God may please to save from this Sodom before he rains down fire and brimstone upon it—I will take you into my service. Let me finish what I have to say, and spare your thanks! Still, however, though I have no intention of making any ostentatious display, it is impossible for you to accompany me in these papal rags; for every one would suppose that I had abused his holiness worse than Dr. Luther, and that you were conveying me to

the castle of St. Angelo, or the dungeons of the Inquisition. Neither does it suit me to stay here till a livery can be made for you; so that I see no other way than to leave you here till some tailor has supplied you, when you may follow me to Marseilles."—"Ah! my kind, my generous master!" cried the two brothers alternately, "if we were to remain here one hour without your protection, your kind intentions would be frustrated."—"But," cried I, for all the bells were just ringing for vespers, "have you no shop where second-hand clothes are sold here?"—"Plenty of them," replied they.—"Well, then," said I, "go and procure whatever best suits the colour of my carriage." I gave them money, and away ran the two brothers as if the devil was after them. God knows what trouble I may be bringing upon myself by my good-nature!

My present situation begins to appear most uncomfortable, and makes me quite impatient. Only look round, Edward, and tell me if it be possible to feel otherwise amidst the scenes by which I am surrounded. Here, before my eyes, a suspended bacchanal that will soon recommence—on one side the oratory of the old woman, who traffics with her nieces, and on the other my bedchamber, which Clara and the bookseller have been for some time past profaning. In truth, I seem like St. Anthony among the devils.—There they come at last from the library. It is impossible for me to cast a single glance at the girl; but in order to complete my documents, I must hear what poor Fez, who comes creeping to

my writing-table, has to say for himself.

I soon perceived that he was more than compensated for all the civilities that he had shewn to me. He silently pressed my hand three times, as they do in Golconda to the dealers in diamonds. This was intelligible enough; but my self-love was not satisfied till I had obtained more circumstantial particulars. Meanwhile we heard the canon ascending the stairs, and the honest bookseller made a precipitate retreat. Clara hastily filled the glass which her friend had committed to her custody. In this petty act I found, according to my view of things, so much presence of mind and female prudence, that I am under no concern respecting her future fortunes. On the entrance of the breathless prelate, I rose for a moment, and hastily settled my account with him, which he handed me, together with the discharge of the two soldiers, and accompanied him to the object of his wishes—his chair. He took up his glass, which he had left, as a mason does his trowel, by way of a sign that he shall speedily return to his work, and emptied it with manifest relish and a truly tender glance at Clara. How slender is the thread of human happiness! How seldom is it but it depends on our ignorance and imagination! Had the good man had the least notion of what M. Fez had been at during his absence with his glass and his Clara, how would it have poisoned all that now seemed so grateful to his palate and fancy! He could have sworn that it was the same wine which he left standing upon the table, and asserted, with

the look of a connoisseur, that his tongue was delicate enough to ascertain what glass of a bottle it was that he might be drinking. I had little inclination to dispute this discriminating property of his palate, and Clara still less; she had even the politeness to relieve me from the duty of replenishing his glass, when she observed me look wistfully across the room at my writing-table. I can, therefore, proceed quietly with my narrative.

My two comic, or, if you please, burlesque attendants are returned from the shop, and cut a pretty decent figure. They are carrying my things to the carriage; the six horses are likewise there. I take the less notice of my two Bacchants, as the sallow Bertilia has brought in her niece's bundle, and is snoring away upon the chair that served for her judgment-seat. This harmony increases, if possible, my impatience to be gone out of this sink of iniquity. As it is too late to reach Aix to-night, it shall be my evening's occupation to complete my account of this eventful day wherever I may take up my lodging; and to celebrate with you my departure from the papal territory, and the close of a week, which opens the year in a manner most humiliating to the overweening pride of my virtue.

* With an oath that I would never again approach so near to a casuist, a female saint, or a charitable foundation, I left the group which I have described above; and quietly taking my hat and cane from the corner, where the pious Bertilia was enjoying deserved repose, I had already reached the door when the canon remarked my departure.

His tongue was incapable of pronouncing a distinct *Adieu!* instead of which he kept making the sign of the cross as long as I was in sight. Clara politely tripped after me to the hall, where her overflowing gratitude pressed upon me a couple of kisses, which, if it please God, shall be the last that I ever receive from a saint. On the stairs I was met by the tawny *procureur*, who presented to me a copy of his certificate of the miracle, and at the same time a note from the dean, assuring me of his unbounded respect, and entreating me, if I should ever revisit these domains of his holiness, to cherish and strengthen that friendship which he had conceived for me whilst acting as the unworthy president of the tribunal, and listening to my triumphant oration. He styled me an extraordinary personage, expressly formed by God to govern the blind populace; and commended himself to me as urgently as if he had thought me his equal. I returned a verbal answer to his compliments by his messenger, lamenting that my departure should so soon interrupt a friendship which nothing but a miracle could have established between us; and assuring him, that if I should ever set foot again in Avignon, I would place myself entirely at his disposal, and then I hoped I should become what his too great kindness already took me for. By this time I had reached the door, when I recollected, that in my haste to get out of Clara's sight I had forgotten my journal, which, as I have informed you, I placed for concealment in Rousseau's head. Perhaps it had been better for the world if old Bertilia,

had found it in cleaning the room, and destroyed it for waste paper; but perhaps not: who can tell? To me, however, it would have been, I hope to God, an irretrievable loss, as I trust I shall never pass eight such days as the last; and my memory is much too treacherous to enable me to renew that which I am confident will be a useful lesson to me during my whole life. I ran up stairs into the room, and straight to the mantel-piece. Luckily old Bertilia was still asleep. "Don't disturb yourself," said I to Clara, who was seated on the canon's knees, and stared at me in the utmost astonishment; "I have only forgotten some papers, which would scarcely have been worth coming back for, had they not been tied with your garter, my dear Clara, which is far too precious to me to be left behind. Once more adieu, and salute your aunt from me."—"What!" stammered the canon, "what did you say concerning Clara's garter?"—"The dear girl will have plenty of time to tell you all about it herself," replied I, shutting the door after me. The space before the house, and all the streets as far as I could see, were thronged with people, who, the moment I appeared, fell upon their knees, and begged my blessing. Some of the most devout eagerly pressed forward for the purpose of unharnessing the horses, and drawing my carriage; and I had no other means of preventing this expression of their veneration, than by pointing to the open door of the house, and telling them that they would there find all my miracles in the hands of the canon. They now poured into the house; my postil-

ions obtained sufficient room to crack their whips, and to drive off without running over any person. Wherever I passed, the inhabitants were all in motion.

We were already far from Avignon before I could extricate myself a little from the confusion of my conflicting ideas. I looked back at one time with a sarcastic feeling, at another with anger and shame, and then again with the warmest satisfaction, at the time that was just past, and at the dangers which I had fortunately escaped, less to the honour of my prudence, than to the glory of my deliverer—*Chance*. Now I proudly reviewed the mass of experience with which I had, in the space of eight days, so incredibly increased my knowledge of the world and of mankind; and now I was ready to quarrel with myself, because they were not worth the trouble and expense. The vicissitudes of the day had completely exhausted my strength, and sleep overpowered me in the midst of my reflections. I dare say I should not have opened my eyes till I had reached my inn, had my attendants had sense to change horses without disturbing me, at the last station on the frontiers of the Comtat. "Sir," cried one of the brothers, "won't you please to alight?"—"What for?" said I, half awake.—"This," said he, "is the last place in the territories of the pope."—"So much the better," rejoined I, throwing myself into the other corner of the chaise.—"But, sir," cried they both, "this is Cavaillon."—"Well," replied I, angrily, "what is that to me?" There was no getting rid of the fellow.—"We thought," said

he, "that you would like to see the Prophet."—"What the d—l prophet?" cried I, rousing myself.—"The same to which we owed both our good luck and our misfortunes. It is but a few steps from the post-house."—"My good fellows," said I, "you have still nothing but your destroyed theatre in your heads. You must learn to forget that, and not to be constantly stunning my ears about it, especially when I am asleep. But tell me, is Clara's uncle yet living?"—"Oh, yes!" was the reply.—"Well," thought I, "as I am disturbed, I may as well see what kind of a relation I was so near acquiring to-day; at the same time I may let them shew me the bed where the devil first appeared to the girl. In strange places, people often go to see much less interesting objects." I followed my guides to the Prophet, and found in my uncle a very communicative personage.

"Heyday, gentlemen," cried he in amazement, clapping his hands to his sides, as soon as he recognised the doctor and the devil, "I perceive by your dress that things have changed with you for the better. I am heartily glad of it; for I shall always consider myself obliged to you for having opened my eyes to the tricks of my good-for-nothing niece. I did not, to be sure, express all my vexation to you at the time; but, had it not been for that night when you appeared to her, I can assure you, all that I am worth (and it is not a trifle) would have been hers. But that's all over now, and I have already left it to the church of St. Mary Magdalene." Little as I had reason to interest myself in behalf

of this hussy, still it seemed to me to be unjust in her relations to deprive her of an inheritance, to which she, with all her faults, had a better claim than St. Mary Magdalene."—"Like the latter," thought I, "she may be converted in time, especially when she no longer needs the favour of canons and of deans." I therefore endeavoured to divert him from his resolution, but in vain. When I made mention, with due caution, of the miracle, and related that the canon, from veneration for his niece's namesake, was going to receive her again into his house, the good man burst into a passion which I was unable to appease. "And so he may," replied he; "but I will take especial care that neither she nor her seducer shall ever set foot again in mine." He conducted me onto a spacious apartment, and pointing to a bed, "Here, sir," said he, with tears in his eyes, "the best, the most beautiful, and most innocent of girls was ruined, but not through my fault. What Christian could have imagined, that a child, like her, had any thing to fear from an ecclesiastic, who arrived late, fatigued with travelling, and begged for a night's lodging; a child that was yet—but I need say no more; you understand me, sir. O merciful God, what pastors hast thou given us! I was proud of the girl, for a prettier face and more elegant figure you would not meet with far or near."—"Alas!" rejoined I, with a sigh, "I know her, my friend, perhaps better than you do. I have lived for a week past under the same roof with her."—"And are now going, I suppose," continued he, lowering his tone, "to Mont-

pellier?"—"Oh, no!" rejoined I, looking at him with some surprise; "I am now going to Marseilles, where I intend to pass the winter —"—"Well then," said he, "don't take it amiss, but I cannot believe that you know my niece so well as I do. You have reason to rejoice, sir. You are the first traveller I have met with, that has lived in the neighbourhood of this creature, and could talk of her with temper, and even speak a good word for her."—"Why indeed," said I, "to recur to the subject, it grieves me that a man who has acquired property, and well knows how to take care of it, should entertain the design of leaving it to a saint, who perhaps never committed a greater sin than in being converted."—"That is indeed a puzzle for me," answered mine host; "and I will cheerfully give your postillions a bottle of wine, that they may allow you time to explain it."—"A minute," I replied, "will be sufficient for that. I have not, as you must be convinced, the smallest interest in the matter; neither have I any grudge against St. Mary Magdalene:—but the consideration in which she is universally held—the churches that are dedicated to her—the encomiums passed upon her in every pulpit, and the honours paid to her tears, have, believe me, robbed more virtuous females of their innocence than all the canons put together; and that, God knows, is saying a great deal: for such is the perversity of the human heart, that, in order to become a repentant sinner like the so highly vaunted Magdalene, most will think they must spend their youth as she did. Were I in your place, landlord, I would

rather leave my savings at my death to the poor."—"To the poor, sir!" repeated he sarcastically: "in this beautiful, fertile, uncultivated country, can there be poor who need support? Are there not already foundations enough for the indolent? Is there a person here who is disposed to work? Do they not, on the contrary, find it more convenient to beg or to steal while they are young; to go to confession, and obtain forgiveness for their sins, that they may run up a fresh score; and to apply for admission into a charitable foundation when they grow old and infirm? 'This is the life led by the father, continued by the son, and transmitted by him again to his children. No, sir, the poor shall not have a *sou* of mine. But as you have put me a little out of conceit with Mary Magdalene, I believe I shall alter my will, and adopt some pretty good girl as my daughter, who may one day make some honest man happy with my fortune."—"Do that, my dear uncle," said I, getting into my carriage; "rescue one victim from the seductions of your canons, and who shall, if possible, fully compensate you and virtue for the great loss which you have sustained in Clara. I am not a little gratified to have met with at least one honest man before I quit this country. God bless you! Farewell!"

It was not till I reached the gate of the town that I perceived that I had been upon an island, and had the less difficulty to conceive how, in this spot, secluded as it was, some degree of honesty had still been preserved.

The bridge over the Durance

appeared so dangerous, that, in spite of St. Nepomuk, who was placed upon it for its protection, I alighted, and would not venture over it till I saw my carriage safe on the opposite side.

The sun had descended to the margin of the horizon, and his rays gilded the vanishing landscape. The road was up hill; the horses proceeded slowly; and absorbed in thought, I followed the carriage on foot. When we had reached the top of the hill, I desired my people to go on gently, that the horses might recover their wind, while I seated myself on the roots of a decayed olive-tree, and endeavoured to express the sensations that thronged upon my heart. How different were they from those which poured from it when I quitted Cavarac and its delicious scenes; when, with the sympathetic feeling of virtue, I parted from my beloved Margot! Beneath a still more beautiful sky, how relaxed did I here find all the energies of nature amid the indolence of a depraved population! What a dreary prospect! As far as my eye could reach, I descried images of saints on naked hills; decayed roads and broken dykes consigned to the protection of rotten idols with inglorious names; and heard the ringing of bells for vespers in the villages scattered around. Not a shepherd was to be seen driving home his satisfied flock; not a ploughman following his weary horses in obedience to the summons to repose; not a vine-dresser, attended by his sportive chil-

dren, sallied from his vineyard. "Great God!" I exclaimed, folding my hands, "how much longer wilt thou permit this misunderstanding of thy benovolent designs, this contempt of that nature which thou hast created! How much longer will the citizen waste his valuable time, the husbandman his useful strength, the labourer the scanty earnings of the few hours that are left him for work, to procure costly decorations for wax-puppets, and a life of luxurious indolence for the servants of these idols! How much longer will they dispense with lights in their houses and fires upon their hearths, in order, by a meritorious darkness, to furnish oil for the everlasting lamps! How long will the slaves of devotion exchange the labours of their sons for consecrated bones, and corrupt the atmosphere of their chambers with the effluvia of their holiness! How much longer, gracious God! will these idiots invoke all the saints for the speedy development of their daughters, in order to present their virgin blossoms to lascivious monks, who regard all the firstlings of nature and industry as their rightful property! For how many more generations," cried I, with a heavy heart, "will this transition to truth and liberty be yet delayed!"

While I thus spoke, with my eyes raised to heaven, the eternal sun threw his parting beams over the rocky hill: once more I surveyed this highly beautiful but misused tract, and proceeded to my carriage.

EUPHEMISM, OR THE ART OF AVOIDING CALLING THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

IT is only the stupid custom of savages and of children to call every thing by its right name. The art of disguising offensive words commenced with civilization; but Blair, when writing on figurative expressions, and Rollin, when treating of oratorical expedients, have not attended to the art of avoiding the right name as applied to politics, morality, or even to the sciences.

Horace has demonstrated, in one of his satires, the inconvenience which arises in ordinary life from the misapplication of the right name. As long as society exists, it is absolutely necessary that every one should grant that indulgence, which in his turn he will have occasion to require. Let us imitate fathers and mothers, who find an excuse for the visible defects of their children.

If a dwarf, 'tis a dawning; if it squint, 'tis a
liver;

But if it has rickets, the word you ne'er hear;
But by a kind expedient, as innocent as neat,
They say that the pet is not strong upon its
feet.

Grown children like to be judged with the same forbearance.

Insist your friend is good, though perhaps he
might be wiser;

Call t'other economical, although a noted
miser;

If rude, call him frank; if snarling and sar-
castic,

Declare he loves a joke, and hates to be bom-
bastic.

If you wish to pass for a critic,
equally enlightened and benevo-
lent; if you wish to be every where

spoken of as the English Aristarchus, the Quintilian of the age, do not trouble yourself to study the ancients or the moderns; do not crowd your head with facts and ideas; do not, like a vigilant sentinel, defend the cause of manners and principles; do not pretend to distribute with impartiality and independence praise and blame: all that is unnecessary; what is essential, is not to call things by their right names.

If a writer present you with an elaborate work in quarto, made up of Greek citations, which he knows not how to read; filled with doctrine, which is not *borrowed* but *purchased*, in the expectation of its paying well; if you fall asleep over this tedious dulness, call it a substantial work. If you perceive that the author introduces a hundred insignificant doubts upon a subject perfectly clear, that he may shew his sagacity in resolving them, do not call him a pedant; speak of him as a profound critic, dwell on his vast erudition. If you search in vain through his whole work for one thought, one trait of genius, do not assert that he is a fool, but tell the world that he is a diffident scholar: every body will understand you, and no body be offended.

If you attend the meetings of book societies in the country, you will every instant hear these phrases repeated: "*They* have pretended," "*they* have expected to discover," "*they* have proposed," "*they* have objected," &c. You

may perhaps ask yourself who are *they* that we find thus in the way of the learned gentlemen and ladies; but you should know, that a provincial member should never refer to the opinions of any but his co-members, or, at any rate, to those of the correspondents of the society; all other persons are completely thrown into the background: they may be plagiarized, but never named. If it be absolutely necessary to make some allusion to any thing written by them, it is easy to get out of the difficulty by the words, "they say," or "it is said," or something of that sort.

Can it be believed that the Africans have studied euphemism better than we have done? I will cite some examples, supported by the most authentic evidence, to prove it. Travellers and geographers have certainly done injustice to the empire of Morocco: they have represented the good Moors as barbarians, but I am persuaded that it is a calumny; because the select and refined language of the courtiers of Morocco, and of all those who approach the person of the sovereign, indicates minds as lofty and ingenious as those of many European politicians. For instance, it is prohibited, on pain of death, to pronounce the word *no* in the presence of his Moorish majesty: this abominable word would remind him of the limits which are every where prescribed to the will and power of mortals. If the emperor ask, "Has my invincible army taken the moon by assault?" a courtier of Morocco or Fez would not pronounce the fatal monosyllable, but would avail him-

self of an elegant periphrasis: "Your faithful army only wait for the balloons to commence the attack." If, however, some enemy should utter the proscribed monosyllable, nobody, from an excess of loyalty, must cry out, "Let the rebel die." You would commit a greater crime than he whom they would punish, for the word *die* is even more rigorously prohibited than the word *no*; and no man, however suddenly taken, must have the insolence to die before the Emperor of Morocco. Muley Ismael, indeed, used to recreate himself by shooting and otherwise executing offenders with his own hand; but then it was profoundly observed only, that the wretch's "vital functions were terminated:" for if any man had imprudently exclaimed, "He is *dead*!" he would most likely on the spot have had his "vital functions terminated."

I have not yet been able, by any speculation, to discover the wise political reason why at the same court the names of certain colours are in such irremediable disgrace: for instance, although a man may wear a black dress, he must on no account utter the word *black*, but he must substitute *deepest brown*. The inhabitants of Morocco, like us, have five fingers on each hand, and five toes on each foot: yet before his High Mightiness they must not dream of saying *five* or *fifteen*, but *four and one* or *fourteen and one*. No doubt, so enlightened a government as that of Morocco has ample reasons for justifying this practice. Why should we affect to laugh at this, for do we not ourselves every day avoid particular numbers for fear of giving offence?

In company with a gay bachelor of sixty, or a skittish damsel of fifty, do we not cautiously shun any remote allusion to those ages or their usual concomitants?

We know that there are some nations, in islands situated in the midst of a vast ocean, where, on the death of any one of the royal family, all the subjects who have names at all resembling that of the deceased prince are obliged to change them. An extraordinary proof of this is given by Captain Cook, who, on his return to Otaheite, after his expedition towards the south pole, addressed one of the natives in these terms: "Well, Mr. Obarrah, has any thing new happened since I went?"—"Yes," said the savage; "Princess Oberra is dead, and my name, therefore, is now Fantala." This alteration in more civilized countries would occasion some little trouble: it would be necessary for a gentleman to advertise that he had changed his name, and that all letters and parcels must be addressed to him accordingly.

Some learned writers have said a great deal to prove the perfect state of civilization among the Greeks and Romans; to shew that modern nations, however refined they may affect to be, are mere barbarians in comparison with those worthies who never used forks, had no pockets, carried no muckenders,

and wore no shoes. Be it as it may, their authority is perhaps as respectable as that of the inhabitants of Morocco or Otaheite; and we find that they fully warrant the practice I recommend, by which so much that is unpleasant to nice feelings is avoided. Thus the infernal deities, who pursued mankind with the torch and the scourge in hand, driving them into every calamity, were never called the *Furies*, but the *Eumenides*, the vigilant or the venerable goddesses. That sea which often devoured adventurous mariners, and afterwards cast their bodies and the wrecks of their vessels on shore, was politely called the hospitable or *Euxine* sea, for such is the meaning of the word in the Greek. This was probably a compliment for restoring the corpses after the Black Sea had so kindly entertained them for a week or a fortnight. I might quote other examples to the same effect if necessary, but I am afraid of being charged with pedantry and affectation of learning.

How far what I have above written is applicable to ourselves, I do not pretend to say, nor is it necessary that I should, since the penetration of your readers will save me the trouble; and, besides, prevent me from being guilty of the never-to-be-forgiven barbarism of calling things by their right names.

Nov. 5.

NOBODY.

BENEVOLENCE AND GRATITUDE: A TALE.

ARTHUR DARNLEY had the misfortune to lose his mother while he was yet an infant, and his father's marriage with a woman of a selfish and acrimonious temper, rendered

his childhood very miserable. At length his removal to college placed him out of the immediate reach of her malignity; but as she could no longer have the power of tor-

menting him, she made herself ample amends by undermining him in the favour of his father.

To this unjustifiable step she was prompted by interest: the property of her husband was not entailed, and she wished to secure it for her children, for she had two by her marriage with him. In order to do this effectually, she was desirous that young Arthur should bestow his hand upon a wealthy but deformed heiress; and she flattered herself that his naturally mild temper, and strong sense of filial duty, would render it an easy task to draw him into this alliance.

She was, however, mistaken. Arthur resolutely refused to act in opposition both to his principles and inclinations, by bestowing his hand on a woman whom he felt it impossible to love; and the consequence was, that instead of returning to his father's house from college, he received peremptory orders to go to a small seat which Mr. Darnley had in Wales, where his step-mother thought that a total want of society and amusement would soon bend his mind to her purpose.

Soon after his arrival in Wales, as he was one day returning from a solitary ramble, he stopped to observe a group of boys who were playing at marbles on the green before the door of the village school. One among the children, a boy of about nine years old, particularly attracted Darnley's notice by his uncommon shrewdness and vivacity. He was winning; and, in the exhilaration of success, he displayed a brilliancy of wit, which for his years was astonishing. In the middle of the game

the ringing of the school-bell broke up the party; but Arthur took notice; that instead of accompanying the rest, the boy whose sprightliness he had admired went a contrary direction.

"Are you not going to school?" said he, following him.—"No," replied the little fellow, "I never go there."—"Why so, do you dislike school?"—"Oh, no! I should like to learn very much, but my poor granny has no money to pay for me."

"But if you could find somebody who would teach you without money, would you try and do your best to learn?"—"Yes, that I would: but I am sure," continued he sorrowfully, "nobody will."

"If you are a good boy, I will; so take me to your granny; we will ask her leave to begin our lessons immediately."

The dark but intelligent countenance of little Price glowed with delight at this offer, and with a light step he led the way to his grandmother's cottage; announcing, as he entered, that there was a gentleman coming who would make him a scholar.

The poor old woman was equally surprised and overjoyed at the kindness of Darnley, which she accepted with a thousand blessings on the benevolence which had prompted it. He took the boy home with him; and he soon found, by the progress which he made, that he had not overrated his genius.

During two years that Arthur remained in Wales, Price continued to receive his instructions, which he repaid, in Arthur's opinion, a thousand fold by his atten-

time application to his studies, and his warm attachment to his instructor. He soon became Darnley's principal comfort; and often was the gloom which his own untoward fate would plunge him into, chased away by the arch pranks and sportive hilarity of his *protégé*.

At the end of two years, Mrs. Darnley despairing to conquer Arthur's obstinacy, persuaded her husband to procure him an appointment in India; and he was compelled to bid a long adieu to England and his beloved pupil.

But his benevolent spirit could not bear to leave the youthful genius which he had fostered, to be blighted by the chilling hand of penury. To do much was, with his confined means, impossible; but he resolved to strain every nerve to give George Price an opportunity of making his way in life. Before his departure, he contrived to have him placed upon the foundation of an eminent free-school, and every shilling that he could, by dint of parsimony in his own expenditure for India, spare from the scanty sum allotted for his use, was employed in the service of his *protégé*.

The moment of departure at length came: poor George seemed almost broken hearted; and it required all the fortitude of Arthur to repress his own emotion in bidding him farewell. At last he tore himself from the arms of the sobbing boy, and hastened to London, from whence in a few days he sailed for India.

When the first violence of George's sorrow had subsided, he applied himself diligently to study; for, independent of his love of

learning, he felt a pride in thinking that he should one day surprise his benefactor with his acquirements. Long and eagerly did he hope for intelligence from Darnley, but it never came; and he arrived at manhood in ignorance of the destiny of his first and dearest friend.

More fortunate in his progress than most of the unfriended sons of genius, our young Welchman rose by degrees to such a situation as in his boyhood his fondest hopes had never anticipated. He devoted himself to the study of the law; and after undergoing for some years all the inconveniences of poverty, he acquired the greatest reputation in his profession. Wealth and honours began to pour in upon him. He married a rich and lovely woman; and thus, by a destiny as fortunate as it was brilliant, he saw himself elevated from indigence and obscurity to splendour and felicity.

But poor George was destined, like many others, to find, that grandeur and happiness are not always compatible. His intercourse with the world had much weakened those strict principles of religion and morality inculcated by the tender instructor of his early years. His passions were naturally strong; and they frequently led him into situations, the guilt of which no sophistry could palliate. The conduct of his wife became such as to render his domestic life miserable; and frequently even in the proudest moments of his life, when applauded senates hung with rapture upon his eloquence, his thoughts flew back with fond regret to the days of his childhood, when his

little heart had glowed with innocent triumph at the praises bestowed on him by his early friend.

In a few years after his marriage, death deprived him of his wife. She left him only one daughter, who promised to inherit both the beauty of her mother and the talents of her father. In this girl the hopes and affections of Price centred; for her sake he rejected all the overtures that were made to him to marry again. He took care that her natural genius should receive all the cultivation that the most brilliant education could give; and he looked forward with the hope, or rather certainty, of one day seeing her placed in the most elevated rank.

The endowments of his Sophia were indeed such as to render the realization of his hopes highly probable; but she had scarcely attained her seventeenth year, when a circumstance occurred which threatened their destruction. She received lessons in drawing from a young artist, whom a reverse of fortune had compelled to have recourse to his talents for a subsistence. Sophia's heart was the seat of humanity; she felt the sincerest pity for this unfortunate young man; and his amiable and prepossessing manners soon converted pity into a more tender sentiment. Too innocent to disguise her feelings, she soon betrayed her passion to the object of it, though she was herself unconscious that she regarded him with any sentiment more tender than esteem.

The heart of Villars glowed with an attachment as tender as the one he had inspired. Sophia was indeed too lovely to be viewed with

indifference by a young and disengaged man; but honour in the breast of the well-principled Villars effectually restrained every thought of taking advantage of her partiality. He made an excuse for terminating his lessons abruptly, for he felt that it was impossible for him to continue to see Sophia without betraying his secret.

Their parting interview, though it lasted but a few moments, revealed to Sophia the state of her heart; and the eyes of Villars, less discreet than his tongue, spoke but too plainly what was passing in his. Thus the pangs of absence were softened to the tender Sophia, by the certainty that she was beloved.

Her languor and dejection, her blushes when the name of Villars was mentioned, and, above all, her rejection of a very splendid proposal which her father about this time received for her, betrayed her secret to Price. Forgetful of his own humble origin, he railed at her degeneracy with the greatest violence; and exerting for the first time the authority of a father, commanded her, in the most peremptory terms, to accept the hand of her noble admirer.

Sophia had not been trained to obedience. The idol of her father, she had till then uniformly seen her will the rule of his; and it is not strange, that in the first instance in which they had ever clashed, she should regard his opposition as unjust and tyrannical. But when he changed his tone, and dropping the authority of a parent, attacked her with the most tender persuasions, she was more than half subdued. She readily and solemnly promised never to see or

correspond with Villars without his permission; and so great was her agitation while she gave this promise, that terror for her health prevented Price from urging her further.

Things were in this state, when one day, on Price's return home, he found a stranger plainly, or rather meanly, dressed, seated by the fire in his drawing-room. He was reclining in an elbow-chair, one foot rested upon the fender: he had drawn towards him a small table, which was covered with pamphlets, and he was examining them with the air of a man so perfectly at home, that Price, who had entered unperceived, stopped for some moments in astonishment at the happy ease with which this intruder seemed to have taken possession of the apartment. At length he turned his head, and discovered to our hero that countenance which thirty-five years had not had power to efface from his memory; it was faded indeed, but it still retained its characteristic benevolence. Price gave a cry of joy; in a moment he was upon his knees before Arthur Darnley. "My friend, my father, my benefactor! are you then at last restored to me? Yes, my father, the seed which you have sown has prospered, and myself, my house, my fortune, all that I am or have is yours!"

Tears coursed each other down the cheeks of Darnley. "Heaven be praised," cried he, "here is at least one heart as I left it! But, my dear George, recollect yourself, do not lead my hopes too far: when you offer me all that you have, are you sure that you will be able to keep your word?"

"Doubt it not. Ah! what can

I give you, that is not already your own?"

"But suppose I were to ask you for that which you prize above all things on earth? Suppose, instead of elevating the jewel of your existence to a station where its lustre would be seen and acknowledged, I were to place it in the bosom of modest worth, where it would remain in humble but happy obscurity, would you not shrink from allowing me this right?"

Darnley paused, and for a moment Price was silent; but the struggle between ambition and gratitude was short. "I understand you," said he, "and I will own to you, that no one on earth save yourself should prevail with me on this point: but Sophia is yours; do with her as you please; you, and you only, have a right to dispose of her destiny."

At these words Darnley caught him in his arms. "There," cried he in a transport of honest pride, "there spoke the heart which I formed; and you will be rewarded, yes, my dear George, in witnessing the happiness which your child will enjoy with a man whose merits justify her choice, and who, I must also tell you, possesses the means of supporting her in decent competence; you will taste a happiness which you could never have enjoyed had you offered her an unwilling victim at the shrine of avarice and ambition. But let me account to you for my knowledge of a circumstance, which you must suppose confined to your own family."

Darnley proceeded to relate, that on his arrival in India, he had written repeatedly to his father, inclo-

sing in his packets letters for Price. To these letters he never received any answer, and from his father he heard only once: the letter was written in so cold a style, that he saw clearly it was the old gentleman's wish to cut him off. Possessed with this idea, and believing that Price also had forgotten him, he ceased by degrees to write; and endcavoured in the friendships which he formed in India, to find consolation for his estrangement from his family, and the supposed ingratitude of his *protégé*.

Among those to whom he particularly attached himself was the uncle of Villars. The death of this gentleman, and some other circumstances, disgusted him with India, and he determined to return to England, bringing with him the property which Villars had bequeathed to his nephew. Mr. Darnley senior had long been dead; but his half-brothers were living, and in possession of the whole of his father's property. As he had in their boyish days been on the best terms with them, he hastened to them, in the expectation of receiving a fraternal welcome to his native land; but alarmed lest he was come to claim some part of what they had so long apportioned to their own use, they received him with the greatest coldness.

• Shocked and disgusted at their want of natural feeling, he resolved to use no further endeavours to be upon terms with them. At the moment when his spirit was sinking under the dreary consciousness of having none to love or to cherish, he found in young Villars, with whom he became acquainted in consequence of being his uncle's

executor, a solace for his declining years.

He soon perceived the weight which pressed heavily upon the young man's spirits, and learned that it proceeded from a hopeless attachment. In speaking of his mistress, Villars mentioned by accident the singular good fortune of her father; and Darnley thus, for the first time, learned the brilliant destiny which had attended his pupil. The intelligence suggested to him the possibility of procuring happiness for Villars and his Sophia. He made the experiment, however, with such doubt of its success, that he resolved to be silent on the subject to Villars till the trial which he purposed making of Price's heart was over.

Our young readers will easily imagine the joy of the lovers, at what they considered the miracle which had been wrought in their favour. They were soon united, and Darnley fixed himself in a small house near theirs. The natural munificence of his spirit had prevented him from returning home rich; but he had acquired sufficient to provide for his own frugal wants, and to enable him to spare something for the relief of distress. "Your house is too fine for me," said he, in answer to Price's earnest entreaty that he would reside with him: "I have earned repose, which is only to be found in privacy; and if I mistake not, my friend, the time is not far distant when you will acknowledge with me, that friendship, competence, and domestic pleasures, offer enjoyments sweeter and more desirable than any which interest or ambition can bestow."

Price felt that he was right: he gave up his employments under government soon after: but he did not retire to a life of indolence; he continued to make his talents useful in the cause of virtue and benevolence. His ambition remained, but it took a nobler aim—to fos-

ter genius, to reward merit, and to contribute as far as he could to the happiness of all around him; but most of all to that of the inestimable friend, whose active benevolence had been the primary cause of his emerging from poverty and obscurity.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

No. VI.

Lady Blue's conversazione, at which she is about to read to her friends parts of her great work in vindication of the rights and superiority of women—Description of the company assembled—Lady Blue's entrée—Her ascent to her seat, and address upon the degradation of her sex—The divisions of her production into the Graces and eight Muses—Who is to supply the place of the ninth?—With other matters too numerous and curious to be detailed here.

Scene—The Library of Lady BLUE's House.

Persons—Lady BLUE, SIR JAMES, LOUISA, MISS AMARANTH MILDEW, Dr. DUBIOUS of Oxford, Lady FRANCES, Mr PETER PEDANT of the University of Cambridge, MRS. CENSOR, &c &c.

[The chairs are ranged round a raised seat, before which is placed a reading-desk, and upon the desk a very large MS. in folio.]

Lady Frances [to *Sir James*]. At what hour is the curtain raised, that the performance may begin?

Sir James. I would advise you, my dear, to let your little satirical tongue lie still when Lady Blue enters the room, or you may receive a severe reprimand: her ladyship at these her *conversazioni* is absolutely mistress, and she can endure nothing but what comes in the shape of a compliment; least

of all she can endure the severity of sarcastic satire.

Lady Frances. Well, then, I am very sorry, uncle, you persuaded me to come. I suppose then she engrosses the whole of the conversation, and sits on that exalted seat to deliver out her literary dogmas, as if she were the only judge of wit and learning.

Sir James. That is a little too much the case I allow, but she really is a woman of considerable learning, and for her sex—

Lady Frances. If you proceed at that rate, you will be much more likely to receive a reprimand than I. "And for her sex" indeed! Why, are we not called together to hear a sort of lecture from her on her great new work, which is to produce a revolution in the world, by shewing that women have been too much and too long degraded, and that they ought to assert not merely their equality, but their superiority over men?

Sir James. True, my saucy niece; but if the whole sex were of your temper and spirit, there would be no need of her voluminous work in folio, to convince ladies that they ought to assert their own dignity and independence.

Lady Frances. But I hope she does not intend to go through all that immense heap of paper?

Sir James. If so, it will be well for those who take snuff, and are able to keep themselves awake.

Lady Frances. Better for those who do not, for they may take a comfortable nap.

Sir James. I dare say we shall find amusement enough to keep us alive for an hour, which is the limit of her lecture; besides, she is to intersperse her readings with criticisms, and to require the opinions of the company.

Lady Frances. Indeed I hope she will not ask mine: but I suppose that is the reason why I see so many sagacious faces here under wigs of various sizes and denominations, from the scholar's scratch to the bishop's bob.

Sir James. And so many females who affect the character of literary ladies; all pretty much advanced in life, and single because they could find no husbands who would allow them their due level—which means men who would be hen-pecked, and governed by them with a rod of iron.

Lady Frances. Perhaps most of them (if one may guess by their looks, which is perhaps not quite fair, considering that most of them are somewhat *passées*, as the French say,) never had an opportunity of making a refusal either on that or any other ground.

Sir James. But old bachelors are here quite as plentiful as old maids. First, observe the celebrated Mr. Peter Pedant of Cambridge, who has been fellow of a college for the last thirty years, and consequently obliged to lead a life of celibacy:

I mean that gentleman with a very thin nose, and a face just as if he were eating sour crabs. Not far from him is the redoubted Dr. Dubious (uncle to our friend of that name), the principal of one of the colleges of Oxford: he is in a full-bottomed wig, which has lost all the powder, and is noted for being one of the greatest scholars and greatest slovens of his day.

Lady Frances. I declare Louisa is quite lost in looking at the company: how she eyes that old lady in the gay pink cap, and the young lady next her, so decorated with yellow! [*To her.*] Louisa, my dear, on what are your thoughts so occupied?

Louisa. By the same subject that my eyes were fixed upon.

Sir James. That is Mrs. Censor and her daughter, Miss Candida; the one a widow, and both the most celebrated female critics in London. Her husband was editor of one of the reviews; and it is said that she and her daughter were the principal writers, though the fact was not publicly known or announced.

Louisa. This *conversazione* is worth attending, if it be only to see the persons of literary eminence.

Lady Frances. More properly of literary notoriety—as great a set of quizzes as I ever beheld. But where is Lady Blue all this time? Is it usual for her thus to keep her auditors waiting? I imagine she is rehearsing her part.

Louisa. Very probably: I remember when I was here once before, it was the same. She had then a work in hand connected with the same subject as her present—the vindication of the female sex;

which she says is incorporated in the great bundle of papers upon the desk before her seat.

Lady Frances. *Rostrum*, my dear, you certainly ought to call it. But "the fringed curtains of thine eye advance, and say what thou seest yond."

[*Enter Lady Blue.*]

Louisa. Lady Blue, as I live! What silence prevails on her entrance!

Lady Frances. See how she bows, disdaining to courtesy, as a foolish womanish practice!

Sir James. In that respect she is not singular: ladies have nowadays forgotten how to courtesy gracefully.

Lady Frances. How heartily she shakes hands with Mrs. Censor and her daughter! Mr. Pedant too, and Dr. Dubious! Who is that lady whom she now addresses?

Louisa. Miss Amaranth Mildew, a disciple of hers, as well as the three or four middle-aged single females next to her, whom she takes under her tuition. Observe, she is coming towards us.

Lady Blue. Sir James, it gives me pleasure to see you. I fear I have detained you, and kept you too long in suspense—but my work, my great labour requires preparation. To-night it is my purpose merely to detail the heads and principal subjects it embraces. One—nor one hundred evenings would suffice to go through the whole, as you may guess by the magnitude of the MS. I assure you that the industry I have bestowed upon it is astonishing; my friends Dr. Dubious and Mr. Pedant can bear witness to the days and weeks I employed in making

researches in the libraries of the two Universities. Why, Sir James, I have had three and four amanuenses engaged upon it at the same time, besides my own individual exertions.

Sir James. I am sure the world ought to be much indebted to your ladyship.

Lady Frances. But, alas! how ungrateful it often is for the most valuable efforts of human genius and industry!

Lady Blue. I fear that one half of it, I mean the male sex, will not feel itself under any great obligations; for I flatter myself that it will produce an absolute revolution in favour of injured women. But I am forgetting my purpose.—[*To the company.*] Upon my honour, ladies and gentlemen, I beg to make a thousand apologies for detaining you so long, when I know that your curiosity is awakened to so lively a degree—but, I may say without vanity, that I trust your patience will be well rewarded.

[She ascends to her seat, and opens the MS. turning over the leaves, and smiling with conscious satisfaction. After attention seems fixed, and she has three or four times cleared her voice, she thus proceeds:]

It is not unknown, I apprehend, to all persons present, how grievously the female sex has been oppressed by those who having more physical strength, have basely availed themselves of the advantage. Yet let me ask in the outset, does the power to injure give any title to do injury? or because the power exists, is it impossible that it should be controuled by a superior power? Mere strength is a gift not

to men only; they share it in common with the beasts of the field and the monsters of the wood—nay, are they not much inferior in this respect to many of the brutes of the creation? The horse and the ox possess twenty times their bodily force, and to the stupendous elephant man is an absolute and contemptible pigmy. Yet these, and more than these, obey his mandate and listen tremblingly to his voice. Thus then I shew in my preface, that “out of his own mouth I will convict him;” by his own example I prove, that if strength were a title to do injury, the horse, the ox, or the elephant might justly inflict upon him the most grievous sufferings—as grievous as those with which he visits my unhappy sex. [*Applause.*] No; bodily force is nothing in comparison with strength of mind; and it is because “man, proud man, drest in a little brief authority,” possesses somewhat more intellect and knowledge than the beasts, that he is able “to play such fantastic tricks before high heaven,” and make those beasts his slaves or subjects. Why then should not women profit by this experience, and avail themselves of that superiority of understanding and information which God has given them, by reducing man to that level for which he was intended? [*Applauses, long continued, especially from the ladies.*]

Miss Amaranth Mildew. Very eloquent and conclusive indeed.

Mrs. Mumble. Her argument is irrefragable.

Miss Candida. Delightful! I never heard any thing better.

Mrs. Censor. What a pity it is she did not publish her work long

ago, that I might have had an opportunity of reviewing it: together, we should have remoulded the state of society, and mainly altered the abject condition of women.

Miss Beardmore. Charming! charming! her spirit is quite animating. Methinks I feel regenerated, and ready to take up arms for my injured sex. But see, Lady Blue continues.

Lady Blue. [*After silence had been restored.*] Strength is either corporeal or incorporeal; and as much as the soul is above the body, so much is incorporeal strength above the gross sublunary corporeal. The greatest and most lasting revolutions have been those of mind and opinion: arms may overthrow, artillery may destroy the firmest fortifications, and fire and sword may lay waste the cultured plains; but the next season restores the bloom of nature, and in a few years more the fabric which brute force has razed by brute force may be reared: but when the mind, the immortal mind is affected—when once a change takes place there, that change is a change of centuries—of ages—nothing can assail it—nothing destroy it. Such then let us make the revolution I now propose: it will be the triumph of genius and learning over the tyranny of brute force; and when once it is accomplished, who shall hope to restore the antiquated and exploded sway of man? Can we find a more pertinent or convincing testimony in favour of female superiority, than in that beautiful scriptural apologue where Wit triumphed over Strength? and as if to shew what a mere trifle it was, and how weak man is even when he is strong—

est, that strength was placed in the hair of his head: woman's power lies in the head—not on the outside of it; it is indestructible, uncontrollable, and must triumph if we but persevere in insisting upon our rights. [*Applause*]

Dr. Dubious. My only doubt arises from this circumstance: that during about 5000 years, since the creation of the world, females have been considered inferior to males: If the superiority had in truth existed, would it not ere now have been asserted?

Lady Blue. I apprehend, Dr. Dubious, with submission to your learning, that that is entirely a mistake, as indeed I prove beyond contradiction in the 204th chapter of my work, where I speak more particularly of such women as have gloriously distinguished themselves in various ways: in war, in the arts and sciences, in poetry, in politics and government, and, in short, in every way that it is possible for them to shew their superiority.

Mr. Pedant. No doubt, Lady Blue, your instances are selected with judgment equal to your learning, and enforced with eloquence equal to your judgment; but surely they are few compared with the immense phalanx that may be marshalled on the other side.

Lady Blue. Perhaps in numbers they may not exceed, but, like the invincible spirit in Milton, "their numbers last I sum:" for what is mere numerical strength? Here again you would resort to the old practice which I would fain explode, of shewing that all must be right because it has been established for many years, and because numerical strength, which in fact

is brute force under other words, has been successful in establishing it. [*Applause from the ladies.*] But let us recollect from whom we derive nearly all our intelligence upon this important point;—from men—from those who were anxious to deny as much as possible the merits of their rivals and their superiors; men are the historians; men the biographers; and what can we expect from their malice and their envy but detraction and injustice? They have been always ingrards of their praise, even when it was extorted, and never gave it but under the influence of compulsion.

Dr. Dubious. Pardon me, Lady Blue, but I do not exactly see how compulsion operated upon his pen who sang the praises of Sappho, or who perpetuated the triumphs of Corinna.

Lady Blue. I establish that point in the 102d chapter of my work, to which I beg to refer you.

Sir James. And surely, Lady Blue, you must admit the obligations of your sex to the poets of almost all ages. Does not Virgil do you justice in every way, ascribing to a female even all the martial virtues? Among the Italians, does not Ariosto especially describe his female heroine with every quality that can ennoble our nature? And where will you find a character to equal in dignity or interest our Spenser's Britomart?

Lady Blue. Hitherto you will perhaps be aware, that I have only adverted to the preface of my production: when we arrive at the last volume, if indeed five quartos will complete the subject, you will discover that I have completely refuted these objections.

Y Y

Lady Frances [to *Louisa*.] At all events her ladyship does not seem very anxious to anticipate any of the latter parts of her work by answering the objections now.

Louisa. It is scarcely fair to expect her to carry in her memory the contents of the mass of papers before her—five volumes quarto.

Lady Frances. I trust in goodness that she will succeed in establishing what she is attempting to prove. Observe, she is taking a glass of water by way of preparation: now she begins again.

Lady Blue. Hem! hem! Having given you, my friends, an insight into the preface of my work, in which the general design is disclosed, I will now proceed to the contents of the particular chapters. I ought, perhaps, to have stated in the outset, that the general title it bears is the name of the first and noblest heathen goddess, *JUNO*, most fitly selected on account of the absolute dominion she maintained over her cloud-compelling husband, *Jupiter*—the dominion of intellect over mere force; for far brighter and more powerful was the lightning of her eye, than the thunders of his hand. The body of the work is distinguished into three grand divisions, or books, called after the names of the three *GRACES*—*Aglaia*, *Thalia*, and *Euphrosyne*; and these divisions are again separated into sections, each of which bears the superscription of one of the *Muses*--*Clio*, *Euterpe*, *Melpomene*, *Terpsichore*, *Erato*, *Polyhymnia*, *Calliope*, and *Urania*. You will have perceived no doubt that I have enumerated but eight, and that *Thalia* is the Muse who has to complain of an omission:

she will appear to have little reason to do so, however, when we recollect that she is already sufficiently honoured in furnishing the title of one of my three grand divisions or books. As therefore but eight *Muses* were left, as one of my sections must want a distinguished individual to give it a name, what remained for me to do? Nothing. It remains only with posterity to supply the deficiency; and I have therefore left a blank, which may hereafter be filled by a name—may I add without presumption?—not unworthy of the exalted situation. [*Loud applauses.*]

Mrs. Censor. Delicate! beautiful! delightful! How charmingly introduced!—how unaffectedly diffident! Posterity shall supply the deficiency with the name of—

Lady Blue. My dear *Mrs. Censor*, I know your amiable disposition, your kind opinion of my little merits—for little I unfeignedly think them; but spare my blushes—let my name, if it must be mentioned coupled with those of *Melpomene* or *Euterpe*, be only whispered among my friends: let me not hear it, I entreat. My object is to deserve well of my sex, and when I have deserved well by the publication of my work, and its wide circulation through the world, and the universal adoption of its principles, then let the name of *Rebecca* (for such is my baptismal appellation), be added to the eight habitants of *Parnassus*. [*Applauses.*]

Lady Frances [to *Louisa*.] Well, this is beyond every thing I expected: I did not think that her ladyship's vanity would carry her quite so far.

Louisa. She is certainly a woman

of some talent—considerable talent and reading, and her overweening notions only arise from having assembled round her a coterie of insignificant females, who have no opinions and no knowledge of their own. Besides, the experiment she is making naturally induces such weak creatures to admire her more than she deserves.

Sir James. "She sits attentive to her own applause" with wonderful complacency certainly—but she closes her MS.

Lady Blue. I should fatigue both myself and you, my friends, if I were at present to proceed further with this subject: on a future and an early occasion I shall meet you again, as I know your anxiety and impatience must be great: for the present, farewell!

[Lady Blue descended from her rostrum, and bowing to the company, retired amidst applauses. After partaking some slight refreshments, Sir James, Louisa, Lady Frances, and the rest of the party separated.]

THE VICTIMS OF AMBITION.

SCARCELY had the vesper bell conveyed to the distant valley the hour of evening orisons at the monastery de Clugny, when the inhabitants of the castle de Burgh took their evening station in the watch-tower which overlooked the ocean, each anxious to be the first to view the distant sail destined to bear from the Norman coast the gallant Offa, the now lord of his deceased father's domains. In a bay window, which formed its projection from the battlements, sat the Lady Margaret, his mother; and as her fancied hopes seemed bursting into realization, she somewhat abated the sternness of her look and demeanour, and bent a placid glance on the attendant group. She shook her glass for another hour of anxious watching, which, with a crucifix and beads, was placed near her; and while she appeared to her confessor wrapt in holy prayer or contemplation, while she appeared a listener to the evening song conveyed to her by Echo from a distant chapel, she was planning further mischief; the demon

of ambition was still haunting her; and as she looked over the disturbed ocean, and painted in imagination her son, the partner of Duke Robert's heiress, in the throne by his marriage to that earl's daughter,

— "She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbb'd high with pride."

Father Becket had long been buried in deep meditation, in intense thought. His breviary, it is true, lay upon his knees; but his eyes were closed, yet he slept not. Mortal ken would have imagined that he had sunk in religious torpor, but mortal eye would have viewed him through a false medium. Crosiers and cardinals' hats were fitting before his cheated vision; power and wealth were now the occupants of his reveries. The maidens of the castle were awfully watching the looks of their mistress; a mournful silence reigned undisturbed, save by the checked sobs of the lovely Jane Matravers: she, a prey to despair, sat like the stiffened marble carved to life by the sculptor.

The sun sunk deeper and deeper

in the horizon, and left in its path clouds of crimson fringed with gold: these indicated the existence of its blaze, but the tints were followed by immense sheets of black. The blue lightning opened from between them, and darted across the veil of night. A dense weight pressed upon the forehead, and peals of thunder now rattled in the air. The sea became wild with commotion; and the affrighted damsels, though scarce daring to move, clung closer to each other, until the haughty dame commanded them to lay aside their fears, with such looks of contempt as speedily vanquished the lesser terrors of the storm. The lady moved, but it was to mark another hour in the glass of time; she then drew nearer to the window, and sat unmoved during the awful visitation, while the blue electric fluid played harmlessly around her. Offa de Burgh had loved the gentle Jane Matravers; they had pledged their faith alone at the oratory of St. Marc; but his mother, soon as she discovered the darling passion, determined that Jane should never grace the castle de Burgh as its mistress. For this purpose she had sent him from his love; and assisted by her confessor, she had so framed letters, as to inform him that his Jane was false: all her loving messages were intercepted, and he had only received letters of contempt and scorn, without suspecting forgery. At length, a victim to despair and ambition, he had anticipated the wishes of his mother, and married the daughter of Duke Robert. The lovely Jane had never received one letter from Offa, but she had heard parts of those which his mother re-

ceived; these the Lady Margaret read aloud, and they informed her *protégée* that Offa was wedded to another.

It is true, the blood of the fair mourner had long left her cheek; she wandered unconsciously over the castle a picture of mournful misery; but that elevation of soul, which was all that her father, the great Buccleugh, had left her, kept her from complaining. Nature would indeed sometimes gain a temporary victory over fortitude: the tear would roll down her cheek: the fevered pulse would sometimes betray the agony of her mind; but soon indignant, she dashed the tear away: her heavy sighs were attributed to some mental malady; and while she affected to smile through her tears, neglect was corroding in her heart, and hurrying her to the grave. The affected kindness and matured cruelty of Lady Margaret were too finished to be detected by the novice in life, and Jane returned them with all the respect of a daughter: yet she knew not why a painful sensation of horror affected her whenever the smiles of Offa's mother in vain assured her of her friendship; and though she could not be ignorant of the joy a mother must feel on beholding a long absent son raised to the height of power, she did Lady Margaret the justice to believe, that she had remained an unprejudiced judge of her cause of sorrow.

As, however, the day approached when the return of Offa was to give joy to the castle de Burgh, her patroness, almost throwing aside the usual shew of kindness, had required of Jane Matravers to retire from the castle; but this the fair

mourner steadily refused. "Do not fear, lady," would the sufferer say, "that the daughter of a Buccleugh will discover weakness on the arrival of your son and his espoused; not a sigh or a look of reproof shall escape me. I have made up my mind to the event, and Jane Matravers, except to Lady Margaret, will seal the secret with her death." It was this resolve which so much perplexed the mind of the baroness; and finding Jane proof to all mild persuasions, she determined, when the white sail appeared in the distance, to do a deed, the thought of which none but an ambitious woman dared to cherish: but her ward had determined, as soon as that event occurred, to seek an asylum among the sisters of St. Frances; until that time arrived she remained to cherish all those bitter remembrances which she hoped would steel her heart against future pains * * * *

More terribly raged the whirlwind and the storm; the whitened spray climbed higher and higher as it washed the buttresses of De Burgh; when, after a while, a dead calm visited the waters, and they became as an extended plain. Jane poured her aching vision over the extended view; the moon now rose, stained with a bloody redness, and she essayed to cool her frenzied frame by walking on the spreading terrace. Her whitened garment and her long golden locks floated on the breeze; as she appeared resting on the broken battlement, she looked like a warning spectre to the fear-stricken mariner. The moon rose higher in sullen majesty; the cormorant dipped along the sparkling surge, and as

it met the screaming curlew, took a wider wing. At length Jane perceived something white dancing on the distant wave. "Yes, it is a sail!" Fearful of viewing it too long, she hesitated but a moment to retire; she hastened to the Lady Margaret's bower, and in an assumed tone addressed her thus: "Lady, your son arrives; the daughter of Buccleugh stays not to visit him with her wrongs; she now solicits your convoy to the convent of St. Frances, and leaves you never to return." * * * * *

The boat which conveyed the lovely Jane for a while coasted near the shore, and remained in sight. At the consummation of her every wish, Lady Margaret's soul expanded with joy; she descried the vessel that bore her son and Duke Robert's heiress. The satisfaction she inwardly felt was told by her outward expression; but the storm, which for a time only had been hushed, renewing its force, burst forth again with even increased terrors: all the tedious, long, uneasy night it raged, wrecking every vessel that dared to vex the bosom of the ocean; and on the close of a new day, the Lady Margaret welcomed her son, but he was in the arms of his faithful Jane. She welcomed him not with the warm kiss of maternal joy: alas! his lips were cold, cold in death, for the corpses of Offa and the heiress of Buccleugh lay on the beach in the whitening surf. The distracted mother beat her frantic head; her heart was burst in twain; and she died, heaping curses on Father Becket, a victim of disappointed ambition—a prey to despair.

ON THE FIRST EUROPEAN SETTLERS IN AMERICA
UNDER PRINCE MADOC.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

SOME researches have lately been made into a very curious subject—the first discovery of the vast continent of America, not by Columbus, or by that navigator who disputes with him the palm; but by a body of the natives of Wales, who, under Prince Madoc, more than six centuries ago left their ravaged country, to seek a dwelling among the free savages of a distant clime. The subject is peculiarly interesting, more especially since the publication of that beautiful poem by Mr. Southey, the present laureate; and I, therefore, take the liberty of subjoining for insertion, if you think it worthy a place in your Miscellany, the result of such discoveries as have been made within a comparatively short period. The facts are many of them new, and all of them curious. Your obedient servant,

T. L.

Of late some discoveries have been made in several parts of America, which clearly prove that Europeans had resided in those parts previous to America having been found by Columbus, and some of our learned of the present day wonder how this could be; but it is perfectly agreeable to the different accounts given from time to time by the Welch bards, and the most learned of that country. It is a well-known fact, that Prince Madoc, son of Llwen Gwynedd, soon after the death of his father, in consequence of a misunderstanding among his brothers, and finding his

country reduced by the conquerors, left Wales in the year 1169 to explore the Western Ocean: he found land, which he represented as very congenial to the comfort of man. After some time, of what length is not clearly ascertained, but from circumstances it must be full two years, he returned to Wales, where he procured ten ships; and the favourable account he gave of the New World, induced 323 men and women to go with him, in order to settle in that part of America. It is probable, that after making some advancements in agriculture, in a few years the novelty of Europeans settling there excited the curiosity of the natives to such a degree, that they flocked there from all parts, until they became so powerful and troublesome as to oblige the Welch emigrants to remove; and from all accounts, they followed up the river Mysore. It appears, also, from the account given in *The History of Wales* by Caradoc and Llanfan, that Madoc left Wales the second time with ten ships and a great number of people. They went due west. Next comes Humphry Llwyd, who translated the works of Caradoc into English. Dr. David Powell says, that a number of things belonging to Madoc were carefully lodged and preserved in the monastery of Conway in North Wales. In the works of Guttin Llwen, there appears a long account of Madoc's leaving his country, as well as in the works of the celebrated bard Grownyn, which scarcely differs

from that in the English by Hakluyts, who describes a war breaking out between the sons of Llwen Gwynedd; during which time Madoc left his country with several ships, with a view of exploring the great Western Ocean. John Mariot and Sir Thomas Herbert give an account likewise of Madoc's leaving his country; as also does Dr. Campbell in his *Naval History of Great Britain*, which proves, in a great measure, their settling in America long before Columbus was thought of. And it appears that in the year 1492, when Columbus went to America, he found a certain mode of Christian worship among some of the inhabitants, which had no doubt been introduced by Madoc and his party; the names of several things were also of Welch origin; and in the language of Prince Montezuma of Mexico, when a prisoner, he says: "Kinsmen, friends, and fellow-countrymen, you must know that I have reigned a king over you for eighteen years, as a lawful descendant of my ancestors, who reigned before me. We came from a generation very far, in a little island in the north: the language and religion continue there to this day. I have been an affectionate father and prince, and you have been to me faithful and willing servants. Let it be ever remembered, that you have a claim to illustrious blood, and that you are worthy of your kindred, because you are a free and manly race." The person who rendered the above account states, that he saw it in a manuscript in the Spanish language in Mexico, in the year 1743. The Prince of Mexico considers his origin to have

been, from a small island in the north, and from a noble race of men.

Dr. Thomas Lloyd of Pennsylvania, to Charles Lloyd of Dolly Fran, Montgomeryshire, in giving the history of the Rev. Morgan Jones of Faesaleg, who had been among the Welch Indians in the year 1660, relates it thus: "Two ships were sent out to South Carolina, on board of one of which I was sent: we remained there eight months, and endured great hardships. I left, with five others, and travelled through the wilderness until we reached the country of Tuscorara; there we were taken as spies, made prisoners, tried, and condemned to die next day. When I heard this, I cried, 'O my God! have I thus escaped so many perils and dangers on sea and land, to come thus far and to die like a dog!' One of the officers hearing him thus exclaim in the Welch language, ran to him and embraced him, at the same time saying in good Welch, 'You shall not be put to death, for you are one of us.' He immediately went to the governor and purchased our release, and we were introduced by him, and received with kindness into their towns, and treated with great warmth of hospitality. I took every opportunity of talking in Welch to the inhabitants, and preached to them three times a week for four months."

The above account is corroborated by Mr. Benjamin Sutton, who has been several years among the Welch Indians, after Mr. Morgan Jones had left them to return to his own country, with a view of persuading some of his countrymen to

accompany him to the Welch Indians; who state, that they hold the memory of Mr. Morgan Jones in the greatest veneration, and have been in expectation of seeing some of his countrymen among them.

Mr. Binon of Coyty, in South Wales, was thirty years in America doing business with the Indians; and he says, that on one of his journies, in company with five or six more, they went further west of the Mississippi than they had ever been before. There they found the country well peopled, and the inhabitants spoke the Welch language. Their houses were built of stones, and he observed several old castles and churches worn out by time.

Cadben Bowles informed the present learned William Owen, that he was well acquainted with the parts where the Welch Indians reside. They are called Padoucraïd, or White Indians; they are very numerous, brave and valiant in battle. He never knew of Madoc having emigrated to America; and the reason he gave for their being Welch was, that a Welchman came to his house and remained with him

for some time; he had been made a prisoner and slave by the Spaniards in Mexico; from thence he made his escape, and came through the great wilderness to the country of Padoucraïd, where he found himself amongst his countrymen, with whom he dwelt for some time.

Mr. Price, Cadbenarall, who was born among the Creeciaïd, observes, that he did not understand Welch himself; but his father, who was a Welchman, often conversed with the Padoucraïd in Welch.

The Rev. Mr. Rankin of Kentucky is clearly of opinion, that such a race of people exist several thousand miles from Kentucky, on the branches of the river Mysore.

It would be endless to follow all the proofs from different travellers of the existence of such a race of distinct people to this day in America as Welch Indians; but it is more than probable, that the accounts given in the public papers lately concerning Roman coins and fortifications having been found in the United States, were traces of Madoc's emigration, as well as of his retiring from place to place when compelled by necessity.

THE FORTUNES AND FATE OF CERVANTES COMPARED WITH THOSE OF CAMOENS. *From the SPANISH.*

THE obscurity in which Miguel de Cervantes lived, the poverty in which he languished, and the meanness of his funeral, may recall to mind the events in the life of Luis de Camoens, the celebrated Portuguese poet, and the similarity of their fortunes cannot fail to interest our attention.

Camoens was well born, a soldier, a poet—a beggar: Cervantes

was all these. Camoens was of a lively and agreeable disposition: Cervantes likewise. Camoens wandered through various regions, and lost an eye in the service of his country: Cervantes travelled over many countries, and lost his left hand in the battle of Lepanto. Camoens, whilst a prisoner, wrote much of his beautiful poetry: Cervantes, in a dungeon, composed his history

of Don Quixote. Camoens subsisted on the alms nightly procured for him by a slave whom he brought with him from India: Cervantes, although possessed of some little property, was compelled to solicit assistance from his friends and benefactors. Camoens received from his sovereign, Don Sebastian, so small a pension that it could not save him from dying in an hospital: Cervantes received pensions from the Archbishop of Toledo and the Count of Lemos, barely sufficient to support existence. Camoens was of middle stature, his nose long, with an elevation in the middle, by no means inelegant, and the token of wit; his eye quick, his complexion fair, his hair auburn: Cervantes was neither short nor tall, his complexion fresh, his hair chesnut, his beard and whiskers of a reddish cast, his eyes lively, his nose aquiline. Camoens, just before his death, wrote a sonnet: Cervantes, after having received extreme unction, wrote the dedi-

cation to his *Persiles*. Camoens was buried in a mean manner, without any inscription on his tomb, in the convent of the Franciscan monks of St. Ann at Lisbon: Cervantes was interred, without an epitaph, in the convent of the Trinitarian monks at Madrid. Camoens remained forgotten in his tomb (which could not even be found), until Don Gonzaloz de Coutinho erected a marble slab to his memory, with this epitaph: "Here lies Luis de Camoens, the prince of the poets of his time: he lived poor and miserable, and so he died:" Cervantes still lies neglected in his grave, the exact site of which cannot be ascertained; but as yet no beneficent and patriotic hand has redeemed his sepulchre from oblivion, by raising to his memory a magnificent cenotaph, where the name of the generous architect might be handed down to posterity with that of the immortalized author of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXXVI.

Leave such to trifle with more grace or ease,
Whom folly pleases, or whose follies please.—POPE.

(Concluded from p. 290.)

VALOIS was so enraptured with his wife, that he lived only in the contemplation of her; but he was not jealous, nor was he troublesome. When he married a woman of quality, and had purchased a title, he determined to act up, in all the various forms and punctilios, to his new character: so he never invaded her privileges, or intruded upon those hours which she reserved to herself. She acted

her part with a perfect knowledge of the necessary costume, and Valois considered himself as the happiest of men; nay, he was sometimes even surprised at the extent of his felicity.

But, notwithstanding his unintrusive complaisance and submissive attentions, Henrietta occasionally languished for opportunities which did not occur. During the long tedious period of three days

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she had not seen the fascinating colonel for as many moments alone. Her impatience on this occasion appeared to operate with irresistible violence; and the mode of gratifying it was suited to its impetuosity: she, therefore, complained of a most tormenting headache, retired at an early hour, and desired that she might not be disturbed. Valois, therefore, in obedience to the etiquette which circumstances required, and to whose regulations he had been already accustomed, betook himself to sleep in his own apartment. Nor was it long after, it might be supposed, that he had embraced his solitary pillow, than Henrietta prepared for the expedition which she had meditated, and was determined to execute. She stole down a back staircase, mounted a horse in waiting, with a servant of her mother's to attend her, and was not long in galloping over the league which lay between the chateau and the country house of the attractive colonel.

Valois, unhappy at the illness of his wife, was prevented by his tender anxieties from closing his eyes; and as he lay tossing and tumbling in vigilant solicitude, his attention was directed to a noise, which appeared to him to proceed from the clattering of hoofs, occasioned by the sudden arrival or departure of some one on horseback. He instantly summoned his *valet de chambre*, to be informed of the circumstances. St. Val had long been a faithful, confidential servant, who was true to the interests of his master, and had become but too well acquainted with the progress of his increasing dishonour. He knew

the world better than his master; and with the liberty which he could venture to assume, had used all the influence he possessed, and every argument it became him to urge, to turn his thoughts from this ill-assorted marriage: but what counsels could be expected to prevail in the mind of a man led away by vanity and seduced by love?

"What is that trampling of horses," exclaimed Valois, "which I have just heard?" St. Val, in a state of the most afflicting consternation, knew not what answer to give; his usual readiness and talkative faculty were overpowered by the circumstance with which he was acquainted, and he remained in a state of silence, which betrayed him. "Tell me," said his enraged master, in a tone of extreme impatience, "what is the matter? I will know it, whatever it may be; your hesitation alarms me, so delay not an instant, as you value me or my displeasure, to inform me."—"Alas! sir," replied the afflicted St. Val, "my mistress is gone I know not where, with a servant whose person I could not accurately distinguish."—"That, that is impossible; it cannot, it must ~~not~~ be."—"It is indeed, sir, too true: I wish indeed that I could be mistaken, but I saw them depart."

Valois instantly flew to her apartment, awoke her servants, undrew the curtains of her bed, and she was not there. He instantly locked the doors of the different chambers, with the women in them, secured the keys, and, in a paroxysm of despair, hastened to inform his mother-in-law of her daughter's conduct, and his own dishonour.

It was some time before he could

gain admittance; when, as he related the sad, disgraceful tale, he wept with rage. "A woman," said he, "for whom I have done so much, whom I loved with such increasing fondness, who so lately clasped me in her arms, and lavished on me the warmest declarations of glowing tenderness, for her to treat me thus, in this early period of my happiness, to blast it for ever!"—"I am petrified with astonishment," exclaimed the countess; "but let me entreat you to calm yourself. This violence of rage can answer no good purpose, and only increase our common distress; and, after all, are you certain that you may not be deceived?"—"O heavens, I know that I am deceived, but it is by the basest and most ungrateful of women! I have examined her apartments, and she is not there, nor shall she enter them again; they are safely locked, and I have the keys with me: but I am incapable of utterance, and St. Val will tell you the rest."

"And is it," said the countess, assuming an air of angry dignity, "is it on the report of that lying, traitorous rascal that you have awakened me at such an unseasonable hour, and caused this extraordinary disturbance? For shame, sir, for shame! your conduct is abominable, and deserves the resentment it shall feel. My daughter, Valois, is superior to your suspicions, and you will shortly know how she can disdain them. She has been too well brought up not to set them at defiance. She resembles me, and is worthy of the rank she inherits: well am I assu-

red that she has done nothing to disgrace it, but by marrying you."

Valois, confused and confounded, retired to his chamber, overwhelmed with affliction and amazement, to collect his thoughts, if possible, and form some determination as to the mode of conduct it would become him to pursue.

It was now three in the morning, and he had given orders to watch the return of the lady; and hearing a noise on the side of the garden where St. Val lay in wait, he hastened thither. As he was proceeding, he heard the report of a pistol, which appeared to be at a short distance from him, and at the same time a voice exclaimed, "I am killed!" He hurried to the spot, and found they were the last words of his faithful servant. St. Val had fallen, and while he was calling for assistance, expired. The murderer had fled, and left no traces behind him.

During the absence of Valois from the chateau, Henrietta had gained the door of her apartment. The confidential servant did not answer her signal, and she began to be alarmed at the circumstance, when her mother appeared to inform her that she was discovered, and to assist her in baffling her injured husband. Fortunately, Henrietta had a master key to her apartment, which had been made for the more ready admission of the colonel: the difficulty of obtaining an admittance was thus easily removed, and in a few minutes she was undressed, in bed, and prepared to receive the reproaches of her husband. He soon appeared, and expressed himself according

to the dictates of that fury which agitated him. But the scene was soon changed, and he found himself unable to resist the violence with which he was assailed. He was the accuser, the witness, and the judge; but instead of hearing the voice of penitence, he met the language of reproach; and instead of submission to his sentence, he was himself daringly accused.

"Do you imagine," exclaimed the countess, with all the vehemence of an assumed passion, "can you for a moment believe, that my daughter will ever condescend to pardon you? With what reproaches ought I to load myself for having preferred such a wretch as you, when so many persons of the first distinction courted my alliance, and on their bended knees would have received it!"—"After you have thus outraged me with your base suspicions," added Henrietta, "how dare you to appear before me? Leave my sight, and let me curse my folly, without beholding the object of it. Go and console yourself, if you can, with the suggestions of a heart as base as the origin and condition of him who possesses it."

Valois was, in the mean time, so astonished and confounded that he could not utter a word, and was about to yield to this impetuous display of artifice and audacity, when his furious mother returned to the charge.—"Know, sir," said she, "that I am equal to any thing; and, while I live, the honour of my daughter shall not be exposed by such a baseborn varlet as thou art. My orders are already given; in an hour I shall depart, and my daughter will accompany me. I shall not

leave one so dear to me, and so worthy of my best affections, a prey to your vulgar fury."

On their arrival in Paris, they commenced a suit against Valois, in order to obtain a separation. It will not be supposed that such spirits as theirs would fail in making the charges, and finding the means to support them. They took all advantages; for they were no sooner informed that the poor faithful St. Val had been killed by one of their own domestics, in order to screen his mistress, than they named Valois as the murderer of his faithful, highly valued servant, who was audaciously stated to fall a victim to the jealousy of his master.

On his marriage he had been so infatuated as to settle the half of all his property on his noble lady, and she was now become impatient to enjoy it. The mother had been heard to say, and there is little doubt of the assent of her daughter, that it was much to be lamented the servant had been killed instead of the master. This part of their scheme failed, but the project of obtaining a separation promised success. Valois had to contend with the vulgar opinion, which is always to take part against, and to make a mockery of, unfortunate husbands. His former friends, persons in the same rank of life with himself, now deserted him, as on his great marriage he had thought proper to desert them; while his latter acquaintance, to whose society that marriage had elevated him, rejoiced in the disgrace of one whom they considered as an upstart; and the judges themselves appeared to be prejudiced against him. Such was his situation, and

so unpropitious was every circumstance of it, that his own lawyers advised him to solicit an accommodation; and he was obliged to give up to his exulting wife the immediate possession of the settlement which he made upon her in case of his death. That event was, however, at no great distance: in less than two years he fell a victim to his disappointments, and left her rich and independent.

But the moment of her triumph was that which led to her disgrace. In a short time she married the colonel, who was expensive, profligate, and loaded with debts. They for some time maintained a showy establishment at Paris, but in a style that could not last, and absolute ruin closed their career. He seized on every thing in his power, abandoned her on the pretext of making the tour of Europe, and

she soon heard that a *figurante* of the opera supplied her place.

Thus reduced, the wretched Henrietta was not only deserted by those who had been the witnesses and, in some degree, perhaps the accomplices in her abominable proceedings, but was also the open and avowed object of their reprobation and abhorrence: so that while she was yet possessed of youth and beauty, she had no other resource but to retire with her mother into some distant provincial town, to lament her past follies, and be forgotten.

"There," said the countess, "is the history I promised."—"And thank Heaven," replied Mrs. C—, "though our manners are certainly not in an improving state, such a domestic drama could not have been acted in OLD ENGLAND."

F— T—.

SAXON JUBILEE,

On the KING'S COMPLETING the FIFTIETH YEAR of HIS REIGN.

We feel the utmost pleasure in communicating to our readers at home and abroad, some particulars of the splendid festival given throughout Saxony, but more especially at Dresden and Leipsig, on the completion of the fiftieth year of the reign of Frederick-Augustus, the beloved king of that territory. It was indeed a day of jubilee and thanksgiving to Providence for prolonging the dominion of a sovereign who is more than revered, who is adored by his subjects, and who has conferred upon them the most important and lasting blessings; whose benevolent mind, during a long series of years, has been employed only in promo-

ting the happiness and prosperity of those whom he governs. The celebration of which we are about to speak, however splendid, is therefore but a comparatively feeble expression of the gratitude felt by all classes, from the highest nobility to the humblest peasant; and it will be observed, that all ranks joined in it with the most enthusiastic transport.

That national antipathies exist there can be no doubt, history affords the most lamentable proofs of their influence; but that national partialities also prevail is equally clear, and we know of no instance more in point than the mutual sympathy that always has been felt by

the people of England and Saxony: indeed it would be singular were it otherwise. Is not the origin of the two nations in a great degree the same? Does not the same blood in fact run in their veins? and if it were once the delight of the people of England to reflect, that the Saxon line was restored to the throne of this country, it is still their happiness to have placed over them a family, which, however remote, derives its honours and its title from the same high source. Are not the manners, customs, and even the appearance of the inhabitants of the two countries extremely similar? and are not some of our noblest institutions, and our most admirable laws, the relics of the valour and the wisdom of our Saxon ancestors? In short, there are no two countries of the world that have nearer or more endearing affinities; and a recent, though an unhappy, alliance has tended to draw still closer the bonds of amity.

In the feelings which dictated this expression of national thankfulness in Saxony, the inhabitants of this country can intimately participate: it is only a few years since they themselves joined in a similar festival. Their own king, a monarch with a mind equally benevolent, equally devoted to the welfare of his subjects, and equally looked up to with love and gratitude for benefits conferred, entered into the fiftieth year of his prosperous reign, and a national jubilee was proclaimed and celebrated, not merely in courts but in cottages, and, above all, in the hearts of a joyous and contented people. We cannot doubt, therefore, for a

moment, that the following selections from public documents, detailing the events on a corresponding occasion in Saxony, will be read with peculiar interest.

The day on which Frederick-Augustus King of Saxony completed the fiftieth year of his reign was the 20th September last, and it was ushered in with every demonstration of joy by the inhabitants of Dresden, Leipsig, and other cities and towns in his dominions, and with feelings not less strong by the happy peasantry of the country: every thing bore an appearance of sunshine and holiday cheerfulness; in the energetic expression of one of the publications before us, "not an eye was wet but with tears of gratitude to Heaven and the King." People of all ranks, even the lowest, adopted some expressive mode or other to display the strength of their attachment; and though they may not be of sufficient importance to be recorded here, they will never be forgotten by the exalted personage for whose honour they were designed, to the latest hour of his protracted existence.

One of the most remarkable and lasting tributes to the continued beneficence of the king, was the erection of an obelisk thirty feet high, composed of solid granite, on the pinnacle of a mountain formerly called Keulenberg, but now Augustusberg, about three miles from Dresden, the whole mass of which consists of stone equally beautiful and durable. The pillar was raised by the voluntary subscription of the inhabitants of the city and neighbouring districts; and the consecration of it, under the name

of the Obelisk of Augustus, was attended on the 18th September with much ceremony before a happy multitude of not less than 8000 persons, anxious to bear testimony to their loyalty and gratitude on such an occasion, and who had eagerly flocked to the scene from all quarters. The office of dedicator was assigned by unanimous consent to Mr. C. A. Büttiger, counsellor of state to the court of Dresden, most universally respected, and a first-rate literary character, who took the opportunity of addressing the assembly in a speech remarkable for the propriety with which the topics were chosen, and the eloquence with which they were enforced: the subject was inspiring, and the orator seemed to feel the full force of it, and drew down the warmest approbation of his attentive and admiring auditory. It was subsequently printed, and we regret that our limits will not allow us to give even a short extract from it; suffice it to say, that it well merited all the applause bestowed upon it. A colossal bust was also placed upon this pillar, the expense of the whole being borne by a union among the corporations of Königsbrück, Radeberg, and Pulsnitz, in conjunction with those friends of their country who resided in the immediate vicinity, and who were impatient to be admitted to sustain their share of the burden.

An abundant repast was prepared for more than 2000 individuals in the open air, the weather continuing most delightful and propitious; and, in the eloquent language of M. Büttiger, "there was not an eye that did not glitter with joy; no want remained unsatisfied, no wish unfulfilled." One of the king's

ministers, graced the table with his presence, as well as a great number of other distinguished individuals in authority at Dresden. The health of the king and his revered family was drunk amid the zealous shouts of a delighted populace, and the far-echoing roar of artillery conveyed the expression of joy to the frontiers of Prussia.

Our readers are aware, that by the cruel proceedings of the congress of Vienna a part of the territory previously annexed to the crown of Saxony was given to Prussia: in this political arrangement the wishes of the inhabitants (to a man devoted to their old and honoured King Frederick-Augustus) were not consulted: the transference was made accordingly, and a letter we have received from Dresden, adverting to this circumstance, and to the shouts of the people, and the discharges of artillery, on the health of the king and royal family being given, contains the following paragraph: "It may seem strange, but it is true, that when the cannon were thundering forth our joy and satisfaction; every Saxon in the new Prussian dominions pulled off his hat, and prayed for the safety and long continuance of the reign of that king, to whose person and government he will for ever remain attached."

We have translated one of the songs given at this entertainment, which was echoed by all present.

How lovely upon life's bright ocean
To see majestic vessels glide;
Onward they sail with steady motion,
O'er storms and waves they fearless ride:
So may our Royal House survive,
No woes its tranquil course annoy,
And at its destin'd port arrive,
Freighted alone with hope and joy!

ARTHUR VON NORDSTERN.

We cannot find a more appropriate place than the present for noticing a very elegant and affectionate poetical address to the King of Saxony, by a body of his late subjects, inhabitants of the town of Suhl, which is included within the territory lately assigned to the King of Prussia. We have not room for the whole of it, but the following has been translated as a specimen.

A humble proof of the unceasing attachment of the grateful Inhabitants of the town of SUHL to his Majesty the King of SAXONY, on the joyful day of Jubilee, &c.

Howe'er may fall the varying lot of fate,
Cheerful or gloomy, dark or sunny-bright,
Man must pursue the path without debate;
To be content is ever-wise and right:

Wisdom and duty then are best display'd,
To greet the season whether rain or shine;
And tho' dark clouds the low'ring morning
shade,

To bear with thankfulness the will divine.

Yet on man's happiness, so soon decaying,
So quickly gone, we cast fond looks behind;
Still on old duties memory delaying,

Makes not new duties less securely bind:
Whatever joys the present may unfold,
An honest man warm gratitude must feel;
Honours the new, but must regard the old
With love, that time nor fickle change can
steal.

Ah! how can we forget those happy days,
Those days now pass'd, so cheering in our
story?

They live in memory yet, nor time can raze
That dear remembrance of our faded glory!
'Tis for our Father (Father in our youth
And in our age) our prayers we now repeat;
The worthiest Monarch, crown'd by right and
truth,

Whose reign of fifty years is now complete!

On the night of the jubilee all the cities and towns were illuminated, but those of Dresden and Leipzig were most splendid and tasteful. We have before us descriptions of various transparencies exhibited: the principal was in the

old market-place at Dresden, the design of which was invented by M. Böttiger, whose name we have before mentioned. In the centre was an altar, on the front of which were the royal arms; above it an immortal crown. One side of the altar was supported by an allegorical figure of the city of Dresden, and the other by a similar representation of the Elbe.

To these particulars we may add the following eloquent address from the *Leipsiger Tageblatt* of the 20th September.

ON THE NATIONAL JUBILEE OF
FREDERICK-AUGUSTUS, OUR BE-
LOVED KING.

God is love. By wisdom and love he wills that his world shall be governed. Actions of wisdom and love ennoble and sanctify the worthy vicegerent of the Eternal: therefore,

FREDERICK-AUGUSTUS,
thy people this day build altars to thee, and celebrate to thee
*This fiftieth anniversary of the proof
and fulfilment*

of a firm and unchangeable homage, and from the depths of their hearts send up to Heaven the hymn of festival: Lord God, we praise thee!

Power and policy, in this sublimary state, ever strive against the spirit of love, wrest the sceptre from the neighbouring hand, and tear the crown from the consecrated brows on which it has reposed with honour. This, Frederick-Augustus, hast thou never done: wherefore thy people bend in awful reverence before thee, and repeat thy name with blessings.

Power and policy acknowledge no limits; they boldly pursue their

course, and rest not till their imperious foot has trodden on usurped ground, their grasping hands have wrested tribute from their neighbours, and bathed themselves in the streaming blood of the people. This, Frederick-Augustus, hast thou never done: therefore we kiss with veneration the hem of thy spotless regal mantle, and regard thee as the true anointed of the Lord.

Power and policy decide upon justice or injustice by the cast of a die, and heed not the tears which the decision draws forth. Though the sacred voice of justice pervades the universe, they are deaf to its sound; as the fatal die is cast, so must it lie. In this dreadful game thou, Frederick-Augustus, hast never engaged; with an even hand thou hast weighed the least of thy people against the mightiest of the earth: wherefore thy grateful people, with a united voice, give thee the title of *THE JUST*—and this hallowed name shall follow thee into eternity.

Power and policy produce impiety, and profane the temple of the Lord and the heart of man with unholy works. Thou, Frederick-Augustus, hast ever been a pious sovereign, and an example of the noblest virtue to thy Saxons: wherefore we pray for thee, our venerable monarch, who mayest look around with a calm and serene breast on the fruits of thy past life.

Power and policy enfeeble the minds and weigh down the heads of the mighty who sit on golden thrones. Thou, Augustus, hast governed us with mildness for fifty years, for half a century thou hast been our father: therefore on this blessed day, which thy Almighty

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Rewarder has granted to thee, our grateful hearts, glowing with affection, implore long life and happiness for thee; for the revered mother of our country, who, like a blessed angel, embraces thee with her constant arm; for thy virtuous daughter, who, as a favouring genius, adorns thy venerable locks with the garland of jubilee; for every estimable member of thy glorious and princely house, who shine in thy image, and rejoice thee by their virtues.

Father of thy country, cheerful and blessed be the evening of thy days, and friendly the star which guides thee to Elysium, where the Almighty Dispenser has prepared for thee a radiant crown of reward.

A medal was also struck at Leipsig, bearing on the face a striking resemblance of his Majesty, with this inscription:

FREDERICK-AUGUSTUS, King of Saxony,

The Supporter and Protector of Trade.

On the reverse, the centre is occupied by two cornucopias with fruits, encompassing a caduceus, and surrounded with branches of palm and ivy. Over this device a sun darts its rays from the margin of the medal on all beneath. Between this and the caduceus the day of this festival is expressed:

xv SEPT. M.DCCC.XVIII.

The inscription testifies that it is the fiftieth annual festival of the trade of Leipsig.

The description of this medal is accompanied by a grateful acknowledgment of the obligations of the mercantile interest at Leipsig to his Majesty. We lament that

our limits prevent us from giving any part of it: we must also dismiss with a mere reference, an able lecture delivered on the occasion by Professor Politz of the university of Leipsig.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE BANQUET, a Selection from the Music, vocal and instrumental, performed at the Grand Instructory Dinner of the Caledonian Asylum; comprising select Movements from Haydn, Mozart, Winter, Mathew Locke, Salvator Rosa, Handel, King James V. of Scotland, the Empress Catherine II. &c.; interspersed with original Scottish Airs; the whole arranged, varied, and adapted for the Piano-forte, by C. Stokes. Pr. 1l. 5s.

THE occasion which gave rise to this splendid volume is stated in the above title. "In the arrangement of the music," the preface further tells us, "some endeavour has been made to give a picturesque succession to the selection, by interspersing those movements which possess something descriptive of the bustle and magnificence of a banquet, with airs that excite associations more purely intellectual, and calculated to awaken recollections of Scottish scenery, and circumstances connected with the ancient manners and history of the country." This selection, we are free to say, is of the choicest kind, and the harmonic arrangement eminently creditable to the taste and skill of Mr. Stokes, a gentleman whose able productions have before now been brought under the notice of our readers. In the present work, we presume the Triumphant Glee marked C. S. to be from his pen: we think we recog-

nise a tinge of his style and of the school to which he does honour. But be that as it may, the glee is very meritorious.

The contents of this book, chiefly instrumental, are so various and ample, that a transcript of the mere index would exceed our limits. We fully agree with an observation in the introductory part, which states that there is probably no publication extant, which presents, in so small a compass, more rich passages, or so curious a series of extracts from favourite authors; while there are several rare pieces, of which copies have long been a desideratum even among professors. Of the latter description is the andante of Salvator Rosa, the texture of which, although still well to be endured, bespeaks the lapse of nearly two centuries much more obviously than the designs of his pencil. Perhaps he was as unequal in his compositions as in his paintings, some of which were begun and finished in twenty-four hours. A greater curiosity in this volume is the air ascribed to James the Fifth, who was one of the greatest composers of his age, and played with consummate skill upon eight different instruments.—"In music," says Buchanan, "curiosius erat instructus, quam regem vel deceat, vel expediat; nullum enim organum erat, ad psallendi usum comparatum, quo non ille tam scite modulabatur ut cum summis illius

"etatis magistris contenderet." His air before us is simple, but by no means uncouth; it savours less of antiquity than one would suppose. A very spirited polonoise, ascribed to the Empress Catherine, concludes this work. If she really made it, we can only say, her majesty was as good a hand at composing Polish tunes, as at disposing of Polish provinces.

Ries's grand Symphony, in D, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte. Pr. 8s.

A short adagio, with the signature of two sharps, but of multifarious harmony, an allegro in D major, a funeral march in A minor, a minuet in D minor with a trio in A major, and a finale allegro in D major, form the constituent parts of this great work. This epithet will freely be conceded to Mr. Ries's labour now before us, by those that are capable of feeling what is grandeur of conception, depth of thought, and poetical fire in musical composition; not to speak of the display of contrapuntal art, which is richly spread over these sheets. Considering the narrow limits allotted to us, we shall refrain from entering into any detail of the plan, and the individual excellencies of the successive movements. The attempt to trace even the outlines of so magnificent a structure is beyond the power of dry delineation, and would in all probability prove tedious to our readers. One caution it may be salutary to add, for the benefit of the poor: Let no pigmy hands venture on mastering this colossus. Without a head to understand, a heart to feel, and fingers to follow such productions of real genius,

the profane adventurer will find himself in a labyrinth, and create a chaos of confusion.

A second Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed by J. S. Peile. Pr. 2s. 6d.

These few sheets, although unfringed by any profound combinations, or even by marks of striking originality, contain wherewith to satisfy both the cultivated amateur and the plainer ear of the pupil; and this is giving them a testimonial of no trivial description. They are written with uncommon neatness of taste, and with great ease and correctness: a better and more entertaining lesson for practice we do not recollect to have met with this long time. The rondo has a very pretty motivo; its digressive portions are rendered interesting by the variety of graceful ideas, as well as by their classic treatment, and the proper keeping which they bear to each other and to the whole. One knows at every step what the author means; nothing crude or eccentric thwarts the gratification; while at the same time traces of skill are frequently prominent. The introduction, conceived in a more serious character, is quite as satisfactory; well measured in rhythm, steady, grave, but not pompous.

La Tempête, Rondo pour la Harpe, composée, et dédiée à Miss Jane Williams, par N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.

Steibelt's Storm appears to have been the model for this picture, although the latter presents sufficient distinctive characteristics not to be considered in the light of a mere copy. The introduction (Eb), representing a calm, contains nothing novel. In the rondo (Eb)

the subject of pastoral character is graceful; a few pages of digressive matter are tasteful enough, but offer no striking peculiarity. From p. 9, however, where the gale begins to freshen, the author's imagination seems to have roused itself into powerful action; a succession of excellencies has been the result. The storm itself is depicted by a masterly pencil, and with originality in conception (pp. 10 and 11); and the portion which exhibits the abating gale is beautiful. Some of the passages, however, remind us strongly of the Storm in Mozart's *Idomeneo*. The subject of the rondo, very properly, is resumed at the conclusion. We doubt whether the harp has sufficient resources to give the requisite force and colouring to a picture of this description.

Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute and Piano-forte, composed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrowes. No. VI. Pr. 3s.

One of the best numbers of this collection. The beautiful air "Sul margine del Rio" forms the theme. The flute solos in vars. 1. and 5.; the effective support of the piano-forte in var. 2.; the select deviation from the standard harmony in var. 3.; and the interesting minore (var. 4.), with the tasteful portion in the relative major-key, demand our unqualified commendation. A clever flute-player will find ample employment in following, or rather in leading, the piano-forte in the successive variations.

Quadrille-Rondo for the Piano-forte; composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Berwick, by Aug. Meves. Pr. 3s.
The captivating subject of this

rondo, mellowed as it is by the support of a pedal bass (*alla pastorale*), does Mr. M. much credit, if it be of his own invention; a circumstance which the title, alone, might leave doubtful. The treatment of the superstructure, too, claims our approbation, excepting one or two passages, such as p. 2, l. 2, b. 6, and p. 3, l. 3, bb. 5 and 6, both which are uncouth, and the last mentioned not free from grammatical error. The dolce (p. 3) is tasteful; the minore (p. 5) well imagined, and appropriately contrasted with the neat subsequent portion in A b (p. 6). Some very good bass evolutions in the same page claim distinct mention; also the return of the subject (p. 8) under a varied and amplified form. The whole is written in an easy and graceful style, well adapted for performers of moderate proficiency, to whose notice we feel warranted in recommending it.

Rossini's Overture to "La Gazza Ladra," arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 4s.

Rossini's compositions at this moment form the delight and pride of the Italians: they have not equally electrified the London connoisseurs. At this first quotation of his name in our critique, we shall venture an opinion of our own. Rossini evidently writes too fast: hence his operas generally contain a good portion of the commonplace matter of the Italian school; but every now and then our admiration is called forth by tokens of true genius. Charming melodies, with the freshest bloom of originality, occasionally rivet our attention; while, at other times, harmonies of

deep thought and elaborate contrapuntal texture take our ear by surprise. His music, moreover, possesses another great merit—that of dramatic effect and propriety; it paints every scene: and when the picture is of the comic kind, his success is generally decisive; our risible muscles involuntarily do homage to his musical humour. The elegant air, “Tu che t'accendi,” in *Tancred*; the masterly bass song, “La Calounnia,” in the *Barbiere di Seviglia*; and the most laughable duet, “Papa taci,” might be cited as respective vouchers for our assertion.

For overtures we must not go to Italy; they are generally the worst part of an Italian opera; probably because, like a preface, they are seldom attended to in that country. Some exceptions naturally occur, such as in the *Matrimonio Segreto*, *La Cosa rara*, &c.; but in the best, the materials and texture are slight; perhaps justly and purposely so. On the present overture, likewise, art has not been wasted, but it is full of life and spirit in the allegro; and the introductory movement possesses a peculiar character of pompous gravity. Although we have never seen the full score, it seems that the extract made from it by Mr. Burrowes embodies as much of the *tout-ensemble* as could with propriety be allotted to four hands, and is not otherwise laborious for the fingers than from the rapid execution which the allegro seems to require. Why not mark the tempo *metronomically*? Out of half a dozen players, four or five are likely to take this too slowly.

The celebrated Mocking-Bird Song, from the Opera of the Slave, com-

posed by H. R. Bishop; arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by Philip Knapton. Pr. 3s.

A neat and meritorious composition. In the introduction we observe much good taste and feeling; some select progressions of chords (ll. 4 and 5) demand our notice. In the subject of the quick movement, we think Mr. K. has made a fortunate choice: the echoes of the mocking-bird tell to great effect with the accompaniment of the flute; and Mr. K. has played with the idea in a variety of ingenious and apt ways. As an instance, we may refer to p. 5, and also to p. 7. The portion in C minor (p. 4) may also be favourably mentioned as presenting some select modulations. The whole, in short, is put together in an attractive manner; and, void as it is of any decided intricacies of execution, cannot fail of pleasing. *Le Pas d'Amour; a third Air Fantasia for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to Miss Seymour, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s. 6d.*

Mr. Kiallmark's compositions gain upon our favour; they are free from affectation, accessible and entertaining to the majority of players; while the good taste which distinguishes them, excites interest with even the cultivated amateur: we miss but one thing, and that is sufficient employment and exercise for the left hand. This is also the case with the above publication, which consists of a good introduction and an allegretto. The motivo of the latter is very agreeable, although it resembles rather closely a favourite dance, the difference being only in the time, $\frac{3}{4}$ instead

of $\frac{2}{4}$. The part in E major is well brought in, also the unisoni (p. 3). A strain in the subdominant appears to us tastefully conceived, and the subsequent introduction of crossed hands (p. 6), together with the few modulations, devised in proper style. The whole constitutes a good lesson for practice.

A Hessian March, a Pas redoublé, and their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Cambridge's favourite Waltzes; composed and arranged for the Piano-forte by William Grosse. Pr. 2s.

The march, without exhibiting ideas absolutely novel, is well proportioned and satisfactory as to melody and arrangement: the second strain of the trio is mainly borrowed from *Sul margine del Rio*. The quick march is spirited and pretty. Of the two royal waltzes we can likewise give a favourable account; we think them really interesting: but the second strain of the Kent waltz is not altogether original. The waltzes are followed by a movement of some extent, chiefly, and confessedly, extracted from a popular song in Himmel's operetta of *Fanchon*; so that there is wherewithal to be contented as to quantity and quality, and the whole book deserves to be recommended as proper for the desk of the pupil.

"Le Gentil Houssard," with Variations and Flute Accompaniment, ad lib.; composed for the Harp or Piano-forte, and most respectfully dedicated to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, by William Grosse. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The simple and tranquil flow of this sweet German tune has something peculiarly captivating in its

melody, and appears eminently fitted for variation. Mr. Grosse's treatment of it is conceived in an easy, pleasing style, so as to be within the reach of moderate attainments. Among the eight variations, the polacca deserves special notice; it is neatly imagined. Var. 7. in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, is also ingeniously contrived, and the concluding presto has our approbation. In some of the variations there prevails too near a resemblance: they ought all to be children of the same family, but No. 2. and No. 5. are absolutely twin sisters.

Haydn's celebrated Andante, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by W. Grosse; respectfully dedicated to P. H. Vallé, Esq. Pr. 2s.

A short minuet forms the introduction, after which follows the well known andante of Haydn (in A major $\frac{3}{4}$). Upon this Mr. G. has made five variations, which are entitled to our commendation. They are tastefully conceived, and a due diversity of character keeps the interest alive. This has been attained not only by the difference of melody, but also by the variety of tempi into which the variations have been cast.

Ross's Airs, with Variations and characteristic Preludes for the Piano-forte. Nos. V. and VI. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.

These numbers conclude the series of Mr. Ross's variations on national airs; and their structure and merit so fully resemble the four first numbers on which we have given our favourable opinion in two former critiques, that it may be sufficient to say, No. V. has for its theme the pretty Welch tune (in a minor key), "The Rose of

Carmarthen;" and the Irish air, "The pretty green banks of Cavan," forms the subject of No. VI. The whole set is deserving of the good graces of the juvenile practitioner, who will meet with no discouraging intricacies in any of the six numbers.

Grecian Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte; composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Right Hon. Viscountess Ashbrook, by S. Webbe, jun. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The simplicity of this air, and its peculiar character, afford internal evidence for its authenticity, although it may be doubted, whether the Levant composer, supposing him conversant with counterpoint, would have given to the melody as studied an harmonic colouring as Mr. W. has done in two or three particular instances. With a theme thus propounded, it may be supposed, that, under the same able pen, the variations would exhibit a still deeper degree of western art; and this is quite the case: Mr. W. has shewn his *savoir-faire* in every stave, and the performer of his labour will be obliged to do the same. Of these variations, the second (p. 3) is written in a masterly style; its even flow through a continued series of chromatic progressions commands our applause. No. 3. (p. 4) is devised with uncommon compositorial care; and in No. 4. (p. 5) we observe still greater efforts of contrapuntal art, which in one or two cases bear even a tinge of the *ultra*. The fifth variation presents some good bass evolutions, in apt accordance with the upper parts; and the sixth, in E♭ minor, stern in style, evinces depth and grandeur of conception;

its fugged termination is worthy of special notice. A quick movement ($\frac{3}{4}$), with an excellent coda, forms the conclusion; it is full of clever contrivances, among the number of which we count the enharmonic transition to B major, the subsequent portion in C, &c. The extrication to A♭ (merely melodic) came rather suddenly upon us; but that may be matter of taste.

Upon the whole, the elaborate style of these variations, and the continued display of almost all the higher mysteries of composition, proclaim the thorough master in the art; and these characteristics render the book desirable for practical as well as theoretical study.

Haydn's favourite Overture, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. No. I. Pr. 3s.; without accompaniments, 2s.

Haydn's overtures are all favourites: the present title, therefore, will do for the whole series of which this number appears to be the commencement. It contains one of the earlier symphonies of Haydn (adagio $\frac{3}{4}$ C minor, allegro $\frac{3}{4}$ C major), much played in this country, simple in plan and treatment, but not the less valuable. Mr. Rimbault's arrangement is satisfactory.

"Must I then the Charm forego," written by S. Arnold, Esq.; composed by John Davy. Pr. 1s. 6d.

An additional song engrafted on the popular piece "The Blind Boy," as performed at the Lyceum. The composition, although upon the whole respectable, is liable to one or two critical remarks: the symphony wants unity and simpli-

city; it modulates about too much. In the accompaniment, the doubling of thirds (such as the A's in bars 3 and 12, p. 2,) ought to have been avoided. In the 8th bar of the same page we meet with an unaccountable, and certainly gratuitous, leap of the voice, which, independently of its whimsical effect, has given rise to faulty harmonic succession. The last bar of p. 3 is in the same odd style. In the episodical allegro in E-b some spirit and tasteful combinations are observable; but, with the exception of the apt introduction of the diminished seventh (D, C b) at "wretched fate," the melody is totally at variance with the lament in the text.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 33.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE KING OF DIAMONDS is a Turkish monarch robed in Eastern magnificence; he is smoking a *hookah*; and the diamond forms an ensign in the imperial banner.

THE QUEEN OF SPADES is habited in the Egyptian costume; her draperies are arranged with great taste, and the folds of the vest are peculiarly rich and elegant. A vase in the back-ground is decorated by the figure of the spade.

THE QUEEN OF CLUBS. A sul-

tana, habited in the luxuriant and light costume of the East, is the representation of the card. The club forms an appendage to a vase, on which is sculptured an emblematic figure of Hercules.

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS: a Roman sentinel on duty, habited in armour, and bearing his spear and shield: on the latter is inscribed the initials of the Roman motto or legend.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

THE PERSONS, COMPLEXION, AND TEMPERAMENT OF THE GREENLANDERS.

(From EGEDE'S *Description of Greenland*.)

THE Greenlanders, as well man as womankind, are well shaped and proportioned, rather short than tall, and strong built, inclined to be fat and corpulent; their faces broad, thick lips, and flat-nosed; their hair and eyes black, their complexion a very dark tawny; though I have seen some pretty fair. Their bodies are of a vigorous constitution. There are seldom found any sick or lame, and but few distempers

are known among them, besides weakness of the eyesight, which is caused by the sharp and piercing spring winds, as well as the snow and ice, that hurt the sight.

— I have met with some that seemed infected with a kind of leprosy; yet (what is surprising to me), though they converse with others, and lie with them in one bed, it is not catching. They that dwell in the most northern parts are often miserably plagued with dysenteries, breast diseases, boils, and epilepsy or falling sickness, &c. There were no epidemical or contagious diseases known among them, as plague, small-pox, and such like, till the year 1784, when one of the natives, who with several others were brought over to Denmark, and together with his companions had the small-pox at Copenhagen, coming home again to his native country, brought the infection amongst them; of whom there were swept away in and about the colony above two thousand persons: for as the natives as well as the animals of this climate are of a hot nature, they cannot bear the outward heat, much less the inward, caused by this burning distemper, which inflames the mass of blood to that degree, that it cannot, by any means, be quenched. They are very full of blood, which is observed by their frequent bleeding at the nose.

Few of them exceed the age of fifty or sixty years; many die in the prime of their life, and most part in their tender infancy; which is not to be wondered at, considering they are quite destitute of all sorts

of medicines, and ignorant of all that may strengthen and comfort sick bodies: to supply which defects, they know of nothing better than to send for their divines, whom they name *angekuts*, who mutter certain spells over the sick, by which they hope to recover.

For outward hurts, as wounds, cuts of knives, and the like, they sew or stitch them together. If any grow blind, as it oftens happens to them, the eye being covered over with a white skin, they make a small hook with a needle, which they fasten into this skin, to loosen it from the eye, and then with a knife they pull it off. Burnt moss with train oil mixed together serves for plaisters to fresh wounds; or they cover them with a piece of the innermost rind of a tree, and it will heal of itself.

The Greenlanders are commonly of a phlegmatic temper, which is the cause of a cold nature and stupidity: they seldom fly into a passion, or are much affected or taken with any thing, but of an insensible, indolent mind. Yet I am of opinion, that what contributes most to this coldness and stupidity is, want of education and proper means to cultivate their minds: in which opinion I am confirmed by the experience of some who had for some time conversed with us, especially the young ones, who easily have taken all that they have seen or heard among us, whether it was good or bad. I have found some of them witty enough, and of good capacity.

Death of Her Majesty.

WE have at length to announce the lamented death of her Majesty Queen CHARLOTTE: but we have the less pain in performing this melancholy duty, not only because her Majesty has been released from a state of acute and hopeless suffering, but because her last moments were unattended by any of those bodily agonies that make Death fearful, or by any of those mental pangs that render his approach terrible. Her Majesty expired at a good old age, in her 75th year: the complicated and long-continued malady under which she laboured, had probably so exhausted her once vigorous constitution, that no strength was left to oppose the assaults of "the universal tyrant," and she sank into her final rest powerless and unresisting.

That her mind was at perfect ease is equally certain: her dying hour was accompanied by all the consolations that such a melancholy scene can present: she expired in the arms of her eldest son, the heir to the throne of her beloved but Heaven-afflicted consort; while the Duke of York and her daughters, by their affectionate presence and attentions, cast a smile even over the haggard countenance of sorrow. "Of all things at the dying moment," says a pious and eloquent divine, "nothing alleviates pain, or diminishes the parting pang, so much as the hopes of religion, and the knowledge that we leave behind us those who will love and cherish our memories, and do honour to our names." Both these consolations were eminently enjoyed by her Majesty.

The bitterness of the public grief is not only diminished on these ac-

counts, but by the contrast, almost unconsciously drawn by persons of all classes, between the present and a calamity which happened in the same month of the last year, and the deep regret for which has even yet but very partially subsided: when many more seasons have passed, such a distressing calamity, accompanied by so many circumstances of aggravation, will still appear recent: a beautiful female in the vigour of health and in the spring of loveliness, lying lifeless upon the same bed with the corpse of the young Prince to whom she had just given birth, while her noble consort is hanging over in speechless and tearless agony, is a picture that cannot easily be forgotten. The advanced age of her Majesty rendered death unpremature, and though the loss is deeply and long to be deplored, the accompanying circumstances at least were not so distressing either to the dead or to the living. The present grief always appears the greatest, and we shall not perhaps succeed in persuading many, to whom the Queen was endeared by repeated acts of benevolence, that they have ever had a severer cause for lamentation.

Her Majesty was born on the 19th May, 1741, and was baptised SCAPHIA-CHARLOTTE; though by the latter name she was crowned, and has since been recognised. She was the youngest daughter of Charles-Louis, brother to Frederick, third Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who died without issue, and left his inheritance to Adolphus-Frederick, brother to her Majesty. She was married to our venerable Sovereign on the 7th September, 1761,

the year after he commenced his reign: she was then only in the 17th year of her age, and if not possessed of beautiful features, had an amiable and interesting expression of countenance, and a figure which, though *petite*, was remarkable for the graceful symmetry of its proportions. It is said that the royal union was brought about at the instance of Lord Bute, who knew the importance of a marriage to continue the succession in a direct line; and accordingly despatched a Scottish officer into Germany, who, after travelling over the Continent, and visiting numerous courts, at length saw the Princess Sophia-Charlotte of Strelitz, with her mother, at the baths of Pyrmont: he immediately pointed her out to the British minister as an illustrious female with whom a union would be desirable on the part of his Majesty. It seems that when the subject was mentioned to the King, he gave his immediate assent, being much prejudiced in favour of the Princess in consequence of the spirited and able manner in which she conducted herself towards the King of Prussia, who wished to raise additional contributions on the impoverished country of Mecklenburg. The eloquent remonstrance in the shape of a letter addressed to the King of Prussia, and written by her late Majesty, has been several times published. The matter having been thus shortly concluded, Lord Harcourt, with the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, were directed to attend the Princess to England, and Lord Anson was appointed to command the frigate which was to convey the destined Queen of Great Britain. The voyage was most tedious, occupying

more than ten days; and the complimentary poets of the time did not fail to dwell upon the reluctance of Neptune to part with so fair a burden as rested on his heaving bosom. The solemnity took place, as we have stated, on the 7th September, 1701, to the great joy of the whole nation; and in less than a year afterwards, her Majesty blessed her royal consort and the country by the birth of a Prince and heir-apparent. Fourteen other children succeeded at intervals, and her Majesty was hailed as an affectionate wife and a fruitful mother. Unquestionably, the family she produced is one of the finest in Europe.

Those most disposed to censure her Majesty, have never blamed her as a political or intriguing queen. Devoted to the health, happiness, and education of her rising and hopeful progeny, like a true English mother, she attended but little to public concerns; nor did she at all interpose until the proposed regency in 1789, when it was expected that her Majesty would be called upon to take an active part in the arrangements of the government. Happily, by the unlooked-for recovery of the King, it became unnecessary, and her Majesty again retired into the bosom of her family, and did not emerge until a recurrence of the calamity obliged her to take upon herself most arduous and distressing duties, which she performed to the last with unremitting attention and unabated affection.

Whatever differences may exist upon minor points, it will never be asserted, that her Majesty was not a dutiful and loving wife, a kind and anxious mother, and a benevolent and gracious queen.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 34.—EVENING DRESS.

A BLACK crape dress over a black sarsnet slip: the body is cut very low and square round the bust, and is tight to the shape; it is trimmed round the bosom and the back with a rouleau of crape intermixed with jet beads: this trimming does not go round the shoulders. The bottom of the waist is finished by rounded tabs. Long sleeve, made very loose, and finished at the hand by a rouleau to correspond with the bosom; the fulness of the sleeve is disposed on the shoulder in puffs, which are interspersed with jet beads, some of which also confine it across the arm: this forms a new and elegant style of half-sleeve. The bottom of the skirt is cut in broad scollops, the edges of which are ornamented with narrow black fancy trimming, and an embroidery of crape roses, with branches of crape leaves disposed between each; a second row of this trimming is laid on at a little distance from the first. The front hair is much parted on the forehead, and disposed in light loose ringlets, which fall over each ear. The hind hair is braided, and brought round the crown of the head. Head-dress, a long veil placed at the back of the head, and an elegant jet ornament, consisting of a rose and aigrette, which is also placed far back. Shamois leather gloves and shoes. Ear-rings, necklace, and cross, jet.

PLATE 35.—WALKING DRESS.

A round dress of black bombazine; the body is made tight to

the shape and up to the throat, but without a collar; long sleeves, with white crape weepers: the skirt is finished at the bottom with a broad black crape flounce, disposed in large plaits; over this is a very narrow flounce, which is also plaited to correspond; a little above this is a third flounce, which is quilled in the middle to correspond, and the whole is surmounted by a broad band of bias crape. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of black cloth; it is cut without a seam, and ornamented with a fulness of black crape, disposed in large plaits at the bottom of the waist: a high standing collar rounded in front, made to stand out from the neck, and edged with a light trimming of black crape: long loose sleeves, finished at the hands with black crape trimming, and surmounted by epaulettes draped with black crape and ornamented with small tassel. Head-dress, a bonnet of black crape of a moderate size; the edge of the brim is finished with a row of large hollow plaits; the crown is trimmed to correspond. A white crape frill stands up round the throat. Gloves and shoes black shamois leather.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The mourning for our late venerated and beloved Queen is equally deep and general: no wonder indeed that the whole English nation should be eager to pay a tribute of respect to the memory

of a sovereign, whose truly feminine virtues added lustre to her exalted rank. The lord chamberlain's orders for court mourning are, black bombasine, crape, long lawn, and plain muslin for dress; and dark Norwich crape for undress. These materials are adopted by all fashionable people; and the mourning dresses, of which a considerable number have been submitted to our inspection, are made as deep as possible.

We can say but little this month respecting promenade dress: those we have seen were in general pelisses or spencers, composed of black cloth, and very fully trimmed with black crape. One of the most elegant spencers we have given in our print; and the pelisse we are about to describe is, we think, likely to be equally fashionable during the period of the mourning. It is composed of very fine black Merino cloth, and lined with black sarsnet: the skirt is very full, particularly at the bottom part; the body is short at the waist; the back broad, except just at the bottom of the waist, where it is narrower than they have lately been made; the fronts are plain and tight to the shape; and the long sleeve falls very far over the hand, and is of an easy fulness. A pelerine of black crape, of an entirely novel shape, is affixed to the back of the pelisse; it is cut into three divisions, which are in the shape of shells: one of these covers the middle of the back, while each of the others forms a half-sleeve: a full piece of crape, with pointed ends, which fastens into the shoulder in front, crosses the bosom, and ties behind in a full bow at the bottom of the waist. The trimming is very broad,

and goes all round the pelisse; it consists of folds of black crape, between each of which is a row of black cloth leaves: this trimming forms the collar, which is of the same shape as that given in our print, and likewise ornaments the bottom of the sleeve.

It is a considerable time since we have seen any thing so novel or tasteful as this pelisse, which is made in a style exceedingly advantageous to the shape. The trimming is also very well fancied, and is quite new. We think it likely that this trimming, and others of a similar description, that is to say of a broad flat kind, will be very prevalent during the ensuing winter.

Promenade and undress carriage bonnets are worn in general exceedingly large; and for mourning those head-dresses are certainly very appropriate: they are always of black crape over black sarsnet; the crowns are very low; the brims have an uncommon width in front; they are mostly rounded at the corners, and always ornamented with a very full *ruche*. The *ruche* and the lining of the brim frequently consist of white crape, particularly for young ladies; those more advanced in life, or who wish their mourning to be of the most sombre kind, have the whole bonnet in black. The crown is ornamented with black crape, disposed in various ways, either in the style we have given in our print, in bows, or *ruches*, of which one is placed at the top of the crown, the other at the bottom. Crape flowers are also in very general request, and we have seen some bonnets ornamented with very full bunches of cypress leaves.

Dishabilles of Norwich crape,

made in the robe form, of a three-quarter height, are very general for morning: they are trimmed all round with a broad border of plain muslin or long lawn, with weepers to correspond; and are worn with lawn or muslin handkerchiefs, and large mourning ruffs, which in general are rounded at the ends, and do not quite meet in front of the throat.

Black bombasine is universally worn for dinner dress, and is also adopted for social evening parties. There is a good deal of variety in the form as well as the trimmings of dinner gowns. Frocks are very general; some are cut quite low and square round the bosom, with very short sleeves, which are formed of full puffings of black crape placed between bands of bombasine. The bust is trimmed with black crape, variously disposed; but *ruches*, though so long worn, appear to us most prevalent. The bottoms of the skirts are always very full trimmed with black crape; some have a broad band of crape formed into bias flutings, which are placed across; others are trimmed with black crape leaves, of which there are two or three rows placed one above another. Corkscrew rolls of crape, which are very narrow, and always four or five in number, are also a favourite trimming; and we have observed several gowns trimmed extremely high with black crape tucks.

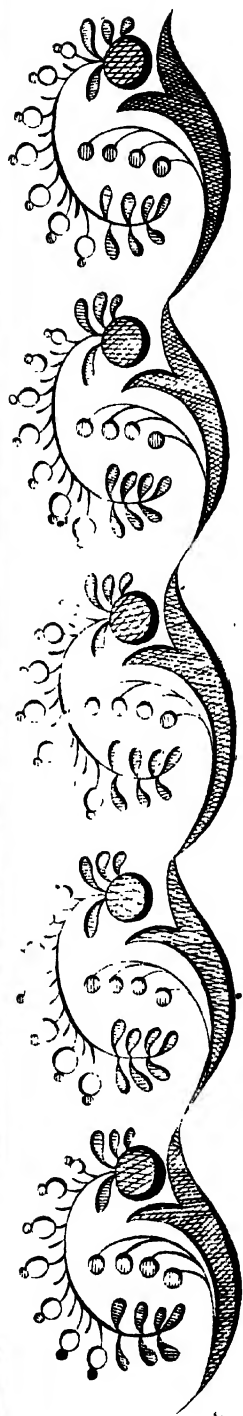
The bodies of other dresses are made partially high round the back of the neck; the back is plain, and buttons up behind with small jet buttons; the front has a little fulness at each side of the shoulder-strap; the middle of the bust is

plain, and sloped gradually on each side; the waist is very short, and the bust is trimmed round with a single row of crape disposed in *wolves' mouths*. Plain long sleeve, ornamented at the hand to correspond with the bust, and finished at the bottom of the skirt with a similar but broader trimming.

We recommend this dress, at least the manner in which the body part is made, to those of our fair subscribers who are of the middle age; it is at once delicate and becoming. We understand that several matronly ladies of distinction have given orders for dresses made in this style, and we shall be glad to see it generally adopted.

Black crape over black sarsnet is universally adopted for full dress. The most elegant style is that given in our print. We have, however, noticed another, which we consider as very tasteful and worthy of attention: it is a frock; the body, formed of a fulness of crape, is made to fit the shape of the bust by jet beads, which form a kind of stomacher; the back is full; the shape is formed on each side by jet beads, and it is fastened behind with small jet buttons. A short full sleeve, the fulness looped in various places by little jet ornaments. The bottom of the skirt was trimmed with a deep flounce of black crape, which was looped in the drapery style with jet ornaments, and headed by a row of small crape roses.

We understand that it is expected, dresses both of bombasine and black crape, trimmed with white crape, will be worn, particularly by young ladies. We consider this as very likely, because it is still very deep mourning, though less



MUSLIN PATTERNS



DRAWING ROOM WINDOW CURTAIN.

gloomy than all black: we have not yet, however, seen any of them.

Several trimmings, composed of black crape and intermixed with scarlet, are we understand in preparation for some very dashing *élégantes*. This mixture of black and scarlet has of late years been tolerated even in the deepest mourning; in our opinion it is far from appropriate: we remember upon a late ever-to-be-lamented occasion it was seldom seen, and we believe it is now likely to be confined chiefly to those ladies whom the French would style *merveilleuses*.

Head-dresses, both for full and half dress, are mostly made in white crape. *Toques* and turban-hats are generally adopted in the former, and caps in the latter; they are always of a round shape, and the cauls low: some have narrow borders; others have no border, but

have the head-piece formed in the *toque* style, that is to say, disposed in very full folds: these last are always ornamented with flowers.

Toques are usually made without any other ornament than the crape tastefully disposed in front. Turban-hats are either ornamented with flowers, or if black, with jet beads. Head-dresses are at present either entirely white or entirely black; and the former, as we have just observed, are most prevalent.

Very young ladies wear jet combs, sprigs, and tiaras, in full dress; but for dishabille, *belles* of all ages wear simple undress caps, which are in general muslin, long lawn not being much used.

It is almost superfluous to mention, that all ornaments for the hair, &c. at present are composed of jet.

Gloves and shoes are always of black shamois leather.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 32.—DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAIN.

THE draperies of this design are arranged and decorated in the style of the Vatican embellishments, and are suspended from a cornice by silk cords and tassels; the curtains are edged by a border of foliages and figures in lozenges, ovals, and other formed tablets. The material with which they are composed

is an exquisitely fine woollen cloth, on which the border is painted by hand, as is frequently done on velvet; and the cornice is decorated in a similar way, with the addition of gold fillets and mouldings. The sub-curtain is of muslin, withdrawn by cords and tassels.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE following new works are in the press, and will shortly be published by Mr. Ackermann:

1. *High Quarrel with the Pope*: a correspondence between the court of Rome and Baron von Wessenberg, Bishop of Constance, in which

the bishop disputes the authority of the pope in Germany; with an account of his endeavours, and every probability of success, to effect a general reformation in the German Catholic church. Demy 8vo.

2. *A complete History of Litho-*

graphy, from its Origin down to the present Time, by the inventor, Alois Senefelder: containing clear and explicit instructions in all its branches; accompanied by illustrative specimens of the art. Demy 4to. hot-pressed.

3. *Observations on Ackermann's Patent Moveable Axles*; illustrated with designs and numerous testimonials of approbation, both English and foreign, will appear on the 1st December.

4. *The Cabinet of Arts*, being a new and universal drawing-book: forming a complete system of drawing and painting in all its branches, etching, engraving, perspective, projection, and surveying, with all their various and appendant parts; containing the whole theory and practice of the fine arts in general, from the first elements to the most finished principles; displaying in the most familiar manner the whole rudiments of imitation, design, disposition, and invention: illustrated with upwards of 130 elegant engravings: to which is added an appendix, containing several curious and useful miscellaneous articles; by T. Hudson (author of the *Accomplished Tutor*) and J. Dougall. This valuable work reappears as a second edition, with additions, in which many new plates will be introduced; it will be comprised in 30 monthly numbers, each containing four plates, three plain and one in colours, and twelve pages of letter-press. No. I. will be published on the 1st of January next, and be continued monthly until completed. The whole will form two handsome 4to. volumes.

5. A striking likeness of the late Sir Samuel Romilly, engraved by

H. Meyer, from a drawing by T. Maynard.

A society of gentlemen, anxious for the encouragement of industry and reduction of poor's rates, have put forth the following inquiries, to which they request replies from those who are capable of giving information, addressed to providential secretaries at the King's Head, Poultry: 1. If such of the poor as have small families, and are out of work, or whose low wages are insufficient to maintain them, were supplied with a small portion of land, nearly rent free, with the means of erecting a cottage, if necessary, on the same, would it prove a stimulus to industry, be accepted and cultivated, and eventually render parochial relief unnecessary? 2. For persons with large families, say six children and upwards, in similar circumstances, would it be considered likely, if a cow and a sufficient quantity of land, say one and a half or two acres, at a low rent, were supplied, that such would be enabled to live without parochial assistance? 3. What effects might such assistance be expected to produce in a given number of years (say ten or fifteen) on the moral condition and happiness of the poor, especially of the rising race, and the welfare of the community at large? 4. If approved (and the money necessary to accomplish it could be raised), your opinion is requested as to the best mode of carrying the same into effect? 5. Your opinion is requested on the propriety of large and populous places employing land for the occupation of their poor, under suitable superintendence, which has in some instances been

practised, with a view to enable them to subsist without parochial aid? 6. Any other information on the subject of furnishing employment to our industrious poor, not prejudicial to existing occupations, will be esteemed.

A work of imagination, entitled *Frankenstein, or The Modern Prometheus*, in three volumes, will be published towards the close of the present month.

In the press, *Scripture Costume*, exhibited in a series of engravings, accurately coloured in imitation of the drawings, representing the principal personages mentioned in the Old and New Testament; drawn under the superintendence of B. West, Esq. P. R. A. by R. Satchwell: accompanied with biographical and historical sketches; imperial 4to.

In the course of December will be published, in one 8vo. volume, *The Life of Jesus Christ*; including his apocryphal history, from the spurious gospels, unpublished manuscripts, &c.

Dr. J. Carey has in the press a new edition of Dryden's *Virgil*,

with remarks on the text, as corrected from Dryden's own two folio editions.

Dr. Carey has also in the press a new edition of his *Latin Prosody made easy*, and Drakenborch's *Livy*, the Regent's pocket edition.

A Letter addressed to the Proprietors of the Bank of England, on the division of the profits of that corporation, by C. Arnot, solicitor, will shortly appear.

Edward Wortley, a narrative, and *The Baile of Scotland*. a tale, in three volumes 12mo. are now ready for publication, and will appear in the course of this month.

Abeillard and Heloisa, a new and original didactic poem, is now in the press, and will be published in a few days, called a Nineteenth Century, and a familiar History of the Lives, Loves, and Misfortunes of Abeillard and Heloisa, a matchless pair, who flourished in the twelfth century, by Robert Rabelais the younger. The work is altogether historical, but accompanied by various curious and ludicrous elucidations.

Poetry.

STANZAS

Addressed to Miss D. P. CAMPBELL of Zetland.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

MAID of the North! unknown but by thy song,

Accept the simple tribute of my praise:
Thine are pure feelings, natural and strong,

Their pensive beauty breathing through thy lays.

Vol FI No. XXXFI.

Each flow'r thou cullest wild on Zetland's shore,

Becomes, beneath thy genius and thy care,

A cultured blossom 'mid thy bloomy store,

Worthy with those of richer realms to share.

Methinks I see thee wand'ring by the wave,

Telling thy troubles to the passing gale;

3 C

E'en hope seems swallow'd up in sorrow's grave—

Hope! *first* to comfort us, and *last* to fail.

Genius had taught thy many a tender lay,

When all thy hours were gentleness and peace;

And when woe's gloom o'erclouded this bright day,

Thy songs, though sung in sadness, did not cease.

Those themes that once amusement only sought,

Thou gavest to the world, and hope was thine;

Too vainly fancying that world was fraught

With goodness, and that pity was its shrine.

Genius has always judg'd the world like thee;

Like thee, too, it has reap'd the thorns of care;

Unheeded ev'ry pity-asking plea,

It shrinks abash'd in silence and despair!

Would that my means were strong as is my will,

To snatch thee, timid suff'rer, from thy grief;

But sure there must be those remaining still,

Who can extend thee—Heav'n's own boon—relief.

Not only *can* but *will*, so Hope would say;

While buds of peace may yet around thee swell,

And pour their brilliance on thy blighted day!

Maid of the North, still cherish hope! farewell!

A NEW SIMILE,

Addressed to the soft Sex by a Sufferer.

What simile can I discover

That may fit

A humble, tame, and married lover?

This is it:

He is like an instrument

His mistress's fingers stray'd on;
Passive and obedient,

Only to be play'd on!

Be she cross, or be she kinder,

He still hears

(For 'tis useless not to mind her)

All her *airs*:

He must ever be in tune

When his lady takes him;

If he's *sharp*—ah! very soon

Flat enough she makes him!

What instrument? *piano-forte*?

He? ah, no!

He must only be in short

Pi-a-no:

For that simile, still worse,

When with *force* he meddles,

She soon *piano* will enforce,

By trampling on his *pedals*.

Then a harp does he resemble?

Sweet and soft.

Beneath her hand his heart-*strings*
tremble

Very oft.

Yet in her arms the harp still stands

When she plays so clever;

He often comes too near her *hands*,

But *in her arms*—oh, never!

Then a flute to sooth and cheer her

No; 'tis hard,

But to her lips he ne'er comes nearer

Than a yard.

Orpheus, with his oaten flute,

Made Pluto to admire;

Before her face he would be mute,

He'd see 'twas vain to try her.

Then is he like a violin

In his shapes?

That's the thing—he's ever in

Dreadful *scrapes*.

He's sure as *empty* quite that wins

Such a dame to wed, sir;

For she'll torment him till he grins

Just like a *fiddle-head*, sir.

JERRY junior.

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